This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

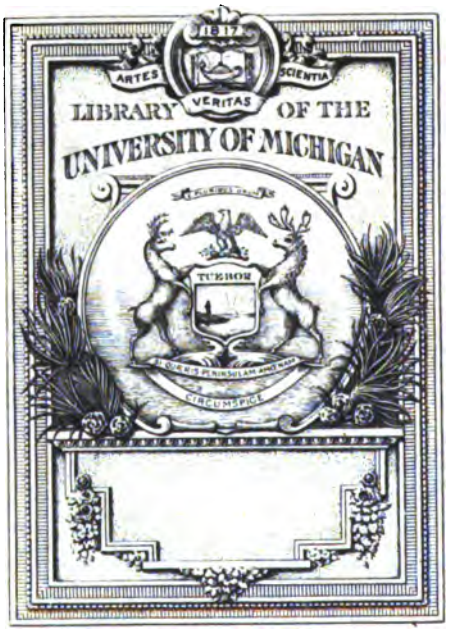
+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 439228 DUPL

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

A
.U

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Engraved by J C Pease from a Daguerreotype

Edson B. Olds

LATE M C FROM OHIO

P. L.

Engraved for the Portrait Gallery

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOLUME VI.—NEW SERIES.

EDITED BY

SPENCER W. CONE.

New-York:
LLOYD & COMPANY, 335 BROADWAY.
1856.

Digitized by Google

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper,*
16 & 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOL. VI.

A

PAGE

After the Battle, ... 88
A Morning at the Church of the Pilgrims, ... 42
A Mother lost, ... 118
An American Dictionary, ... 189
Atrocious Judges, ... 244
Agriculture and Education, ... 411, 448
Aspen Court, ... 429

B

Bunsby Papers, ... 520
Baden-Baden, ... 106
Be up and doing, ... 362
Battle of the Books, a review of a review, ... 497
Beranger on the Second Empire, ... 583
Books and their Influences, ... 556

C

Cyclopædia of American Literature, ... 344
Chronicles of Persepolis, the, 58, 131, 290, 297, 378, 456, 534
Chronicle of the Month, ...77, 168, 251, 388, 422, 512, 587
Crime of Office, the, ... 114
Civilization—Barbarism, ... 289
Charlemont, ... 343

D

Doubt, ... 577
Divan, the, ... 388
Death and Sleep, ... 416

E

Edgar Allan Poe, the late, ... 334

G

Granada, to, ... 17
Great Britain and the United States, ... 263, 349

H

Henry VIII. of England, Memoirs of, ... 431
History of Religious Ideas, Mrs. Child, ... 261
Horatio Seymour on the Topography and History of New-York, ... 468

PAGE

Horace Binney Wallace, ... 428

J

Jackson and New-Orleans, ... 201

K

Kingsley's Poems, ... 188
Kansas, the War in, ... 398
Know-Nothingism, ... 486

L

Letters from the United States, Miss Murray, ... 260
Love in Absence, ... 70
Life and Works of Goethe, ... 157
Literary Notices, ... 88, 157, 260
Lady of Montcabel, the, ... 212
Love's Confidence, ... 454
Life of Washington, Irving, ... 346
Life of Schamyl, ... 347

M

Memoirs of Catharine II. of Russia, ... 426
Maddalena, ... 57
Music, ... 84, 175, 433
Mormons at Home, ... 342
Medea, ... 104
Mystery of Music, the, ... 146
Men and Times of the Revolution, ... 306
Monthly Literary Record, ... 342, 426, 592
Modern Revolutionary History of Ireland, .. 551

N

Next President, the, ... 316

O

Our Ocean Steam-Marine, ... 417

P

Progress of Baptist Principles, ... 160
Poets Past, the, ... 200
Philosophy of Life, the, ...218, 296, 377, 455, 589
Public Opinion, ... 228
Penitence, ... 455

Digitized by Google

R

PAGE

Roberto Corsini, ... 71
Richard Cumberland, ... 889

S

Some Account of the Life of Spencer H. Cone, ... 520
Seward Republicanism, ... 19
Stream of Life, the, ... 124
S. E. F., to, ... 145
Songs and Ballads of American Revolution, .. 207
Sunlight and Shadow, ... 447
Sectional Know-Nothingism, ... 480
Sparrowgrass Papers, ... 519

T

The Union, dangers which beset it, ... 1, 89, 177
The Convention—the Candidates, ... 521
The Devil to Pay, ... 577
The Cloven Foot, ... 151
Transplanted, ... 280
Toiling and Hoping, ... 429
Theology of Inventions, ... 344
Table Talk of Samuel Rogers, ... 325
The Union — The Democratic Party — The Administration, ... 425

V

Vitravianae, ... 27, 126

W

William Wordsworth, ... 281, 363
Widow Bedott Papers, ... 88
Wisdom and Folly, ... 569
Webster's Orthography, ... 541

The present Volume contains portraits on steel of the following distinguished individuals:

HON. EDSON B. OLDS, OF OHIO.
GENL. AARON WARD, OF NEW-YORK.
HON. JOHN B. WELLER, OF CALIFORNIA.
HON. THOS. L. HARRIS, OF ILLINOIS.
HON. HEMAN J. REDFIELD, OF NEW-YORK.

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1856.

THE UNION—THE DANGERS WHICH BESET IT.

NUMBER ONE.

When storms and tempests howl around and beat upon our Union and our Republican institutions with a fierceness that threatens their entire prostration and ruin, no patriot should repress the expression of his fears, but should pour them out into the public ear, freely and without reserve. No man who can reason from cause to effect, can so far misunderstand the signs of the times, as not to see, that the intense sectional excitement, increasing in bitterness and inveteracy every day, which Abolitionism, aided by Northern "Know-Nothingism," has produced, must, unless extinguished by the miraculous interposition of divine providence, end in the disruption of this mighty Union, and the consequent destruction of our free institutions and the liberty of our people. It is impossible, too, that this Union can be dissolved, without being followed by the erection, first of several petty Republics —then Oligarchies, and then, Kingdoms. The fate of the Grecian Republics and others, warn us of the sad but inevitable consequence of such an event. At one time, such was our confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people, and the strength of the ties that bound the Union together,

Digitized by Google

that we believed the most terrific political or fanatical tornado could not prostrate them; the most awful earthquake could not shake, or the severest thunderbolt shiver this Union to pieces. That, however, which Washington foresaw, and against which he warned his countrymen, with the most paternal and anxious solicitude—sectional partyism—is upon us, in all its most dangerous and fearful aspects, and the fears of our great statesman and patriot, about to be realized.

In this excited, dangerous, and threatening condition of public affairs, which may result in calamities to us and to posterity, which no pen is adequate to describe, no man should be idle or indifferent, but, without regard to party affinities or party associations, should do all that in him lies to avert them, if, upon the true principles of the Constitution, the rights of the States and the equality of citizenship, it can be done. No man, though his country or his party may have wronged him, can stand aloof in this great crisis—this trying hour of the Union, of free institutions, of liberty and of civil and religious freedom. He should lay all his wrongs, all of his resentments, upon the altar of his country's good, and employ all his energy and influence to avert the threatened storm. The historic pen has recorded for our imitation, many examples of such a noble self-sacrifice, made by patriots and statesmen, whose names illume the pages which record them.

Every reflecting and intelligent mind ought to know, every one must see, that in a government extending over an area of country so expansive as ours, with a climate so variant, and interests so diversified, there must be some mutual compromises of interest and conciliations of feeling in order to promote the success of the government, and secure other, greater and more important interests. Upon this principle and with such feelings, the Constitution was framed, was ratified by the States and approved by the people; and upon this principle and with these feelings, must the government be conducted to attain the great end of its establishment. Sectional hostility, sectional hatred, sectional jealousy and sectional partyism, are no friends to the Union, the Constitution, free institutions, liberty or prosperity. Beneath their blows, dealt by artful, ambitious, and unscrupulous hands, they must all fall and be buried in a common ruin, the monuments of mad ambition and reckless fanaticism and folly.

When we contemplate the structure of our Federal and State Governments, and see in them, their adaptation to secure the power, the wealth, and the prosperity of the Union and

Digitized by Google

the people, so far as national subjects are concerned; the fitness of the State Governments for every thing of domestic or local concern; the necessarily, sublimely, high destiny of power, of wealth, of prosperity, of influence and of freedom, which attend our onward march, if the Union and our free institutions be preserved, we can not but execrate the parricidal and traitorous hand that would strike a fatal—a suicidal blow against such a system.

Many of our wisest, most sagacious and most patriotic statesmen, have always feared the slavery question, as the most dangerous and trying to the Union, which traitors and fanatics could agitate; and have tried by every means which the threatening aspect of the case seemed to require, to repress it within safe bounds. And, perhaps, their efforts would have been successful, had not two other elements, each of which is equally, if not more exciting and dangerous than slavery, entered into the controversy, to increase its heat. We refer to the proposed disfranchisement and proscription of Roman Catholics and adopted citizens, all blowing from the same thrice-heated furnace. In the Northern States, the Abolitionists, the Free Soilers and the new order of "Know-Nóthings," composed, mainly, of Whigs, all working harmoniously together, are using their strongest and most unremitted exertions to make the question sectional, by proclaiming that "*slavery is sectional.*" To meet this tyrannous and dangerous sectional antagonism of the North, the South is driven to present an unbroken front; maintaining, however, a cordial fellowship and alliance with those of the North, who, in defiance of sectional considerations and sectional appeals, peril their political fortunes upon the Constitution, and the Union as the Constitution made it, and the rights of the South as the Constitution guarantees them. With such a patriotic, intrepid, and devoted band, the South should determine to stand or fall.

This controversy having become, and daily becoming more and more excited, bitter, and sectional, it becomes a subject of interesting inquiry, why is it so, and where the fault lies. That slavery, religious bigotry and the disfranchisement of naturalized citizens, are the *pretended* prominent causes, we can all see; but that ambition, power, and a determined purpose of tyrannical domination by the North,* over

* *J. G.* is too sweeping, in using the term NORTH. The assumption that the *North*, as such, is filled with a crusading spirit against the South or its institutions, is false in fact and pernicious in theory; an assumption which does more to endanger the relationships of the two portions of the Union, and promote *real* sectionalism of

Digitized by Google

the rights and interests of the South, to the extent of entire subserviency, is the hidden cause, we have no doubt, as the progress of the controversy will certainly develop.

We have no purpose of discussing the slavery question, either in its moral or religious aspect. It is here; the Revolution and the Constitution found it here, and the Federal Government, by the Constitution, has no power to establish or abolish it, or to declare where it shall, or shall not, exist. All its power, upon the subject, is to provide for the reclamation of fugitive slaves. When we look to the Constitution as our instrument of imparted powers. and bear in mind, that slavery existed at the very time of its adoption, and find, that no such power is imparted to the Federal Government, it should be decisive, that no such power exists, and that none such was intended to be imparted. If, then, no such power is imparted to the Federal Government, the establishment, abolition, or prohibition of slavery, either in the States or territories, would be a usurpation of power and a palpable violation of the Constitution. The South has never sought, and does not desire the establishment of slavery by law, anywhere. It has only sought its protection where it exists, or shall be established by the States.

If we were to enter into a history of the introduction and progress of slavery in this country, we might show some facts reflecting no credit upon the North, taking their present *professed* opinions about slavery as the standard of judgment. We might show that their own citizens were the captors, the transporters, and dealers in this property. We might show, that at the formation of the Constitution, the five New-England St , those that are now boiling over with rage about slavery, a ed by South-Carolina and Georgia, kept open the slave-trade twenty years, while Virginia sought to close it; and that of this twenty years, the Northern ship-owners, ands lave-traders made the most profitable use.

From the very formation of the government, to the present hour, there has been a large party in the North, now increased, we fear, to a majority, opposed to the progress of the South. They seem to have determined to reduce the South to a state

---

feeling and action, than all the mad ranting of the party called Abolitionists. There is an *Abolition party* in the North, as there is a *Secession* party in the South, and the number of foolish and wicked men in the United States is pretty equally divided between them. To call the whole North Abolition is about as fair as to call the whole South Secession; an exceedingly left-handed compliment to the sense or virtue of either.—EDITOR DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Digitized by Google

of provincialism and vassalage—all under the pretext of preventing the "*extension of slavery*" as they call it. This purpose was first strongly exhibited, by their opposition to the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, of Florida in 1819, and later to the annexation of Texas, and the acquisition of California; and this is the same party, with new adherents, that is now harassing and oppressing the South, and hunting down Catholics and naturalized citizens.

The first act of positive aggression by the North on the South, was in 1820, in what is called the "Missouri compromise." This so-called "compromise" was in fact a prohibition to every slaveholding State, to carry any of their slaves into any of the territories of the United States north of the State of Missouri, and of the line of 36° 30′, commencing on her western boundary, annexed as a condition of the admission of Missouri into the Union, as a State, although, under the Constitution, Missouri had a right to admission, without any such restriction—a restriction, not upon Missouri, but the citizens of the United States, without discrimination, and upon a territory which was thereafter to be divided into States, each of which would have a right, under the Constitution, to establish slavery, and to demand admission into the Union, upon terms of perfect equality with the original States. Which could not be, if the question of slavery was closed upon her. This so-called compromise, then, was void, as being unauthorized by the Constitution, and violative of the constitutional rights of those who were not parties to it. It was an act of unauthorized power and unmitigated tyranny, and is not entitled to be respected or treated as a compromise. Let no man talk of statesmanship, of patriotism, or of good faith who talks about the faith of a mere legislative enactment, founded on a palpable breach of the Constitution. By the so-called compromise acts of 1850–51, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill, this restriction—not upon Missouri, but upon the citizens of the slaveholding States and the unborn States—was removed, and the constitutional rights of the citizens of all the States and of the territories, placed upon that exact footing of equality which the Constitution originally placed them upon. The new States formed out of the territories, will have each, for itself, exclusive jurisdiction, to determine this question of slavery. These are the acts stigmatized, by those very faithful and patriotic Abolitionists, Free-Soilers, and Know-Nothings of the North, as faithless and perfidious! —a faithlessness and perfidiousness that stands upon the Constitution, and accords to every State and every citizen an

Digitized by Google

equality of right and of privilege, secured to them by that instrument.

It would be well to glance for a moment at the history of this slavery question in Congress, and see what part these Northern law-abiding, good-faith men acted, commencing with the Missouri restriction itself. Upon that question, a majority of the Northern representatives voted against the admission of Missouri, notwithstanding the territorial restriction. Upon the admission of Florida, Arkansas, and the annexation of Texas, the majority of the Northern delegation, *principally Federalists and Abolitionists*, voted against it, on account of the pro-slavery clauses, or non-prohibition of slavery in their constitutions. While the treaty with Mexico was negotiating, and the acquisition of California and New-Mexico were in anticipation, the celebrated, so-called, Wilmot proviso was introduced in these words:

"*Whereas*, in the settlement of the difficulties pending between this country and Mexico, territory *may* be acquired, in which slavery does not exist. And, whereas, Congress, in the organization of a territorial government, at an early period of our political history, established a principle worthy of imitation in all future time, forbidding the existence of slavery in free territory; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That in any territory, which may be acquired from Mexico, over which shall be established territorial government, slavery, or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, should be *for ever* prohibited; and that in any act or resolution, establishing such government, a fundamental provision should be inserted to that effect." This resolution, which was a palpable violation of the Missouri compromise, the territory to be acquired lying on both sides the compromise line, was sustained, on a motion to lay it on the table, by the whole Northern vote, *except* 21 *Democrats.*

Again; while the United States Senate were in secret session on the treaty with Mexico, it was proposed by a Northern member to annex to the treaty, the following article:

"Provided, That there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, in the territories hereby ceded, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." For attaching this article to the treaty, there were 15 Northern votes—an article which palpably violated the Missouri compromise line, if that was a final compromise line; if not, it palpably violated the Constitution.

Digitized by Google

In 1852, Mr. Jackson, of Georgia, in order to test Northern sincerity, as to the finality of the compromise measures of 1850–51, introduced this resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the boundary of the compromise of the Constitution, and believe it to be the intention of the people generally; as we hereby declare it to be ours individually, to abide such compromise, and to sustain the laws necessary to carry them out—the provision for fugitive slaves and the act of the last Congress for that purpose included; and that we deprecate all further agitation of questions growing out of that provision of the late Congress, known as the compromise, and of the questions generally connected with the institution of slavery, as unnecessary, useless, and dangerous."

In this resolution, a fair test of the finality of this compromise, which Northern men so falsely and so unblushingly charge the South with having violated, was presented, and what was the result? *Sixty-four* Northern men declared by their votes that they did not regard it as final, and that they would not abide by it. To all this, may be added the facts, that time after time, from the Missouri compromise to this time, petitions after petitions, legislative resolves after legislative resolves, have been poured into Congress, from the North, seeking a course of legislation utterly at war with every feature of these compromises, and many of their representatives have, over and over, and over again, declared, that these compromises were not binding, and that the North would not abide them. What, then, had the South to do but to take position upon the Constitution and there abide? This is what she did do, by the repeal of the Missouri restriction and the Kansas and Nebraska bills. To prove still more conclusively, how little these Northern crusaders against the rights of the South regarded their obligation to abide these compromises, FORTY-FIVE of them voted to repeal the fugitive slave bill in 1852. These facts acquit the South of the charge of "faithlessness," and "perfidiousness," and fasten them on the North—that is, that portion of the North, which have determined, and are pursuing with unfaltering purpose, the ruin of the South, and those who have made this charge a pretext for rallying under the piratical flag.

What do we now see? After the compromise of 1850–51, which every patriot hoped and believed would stay this disquieting, this threatening, this dangerous slavery agitation, and restore that harmony and fraternity of feeling between the North and the South, which their mutual interests and their political relations required. After the Constitution had been

Digitized by Google

restored by the repeal of the Missouri restriction and the Kansas-Nebraska bills; after California had been admitted, in faith of the compromise, as a free State; and after the measures of the Democratic party had been approved and indorsed by the people, and the Abolition and Free-Soilers were in rapid retreat; a new party springs up, and enters the field, in a strain of piety, of patriotism, disinterestedness, abhorrence of party distinctions, and love of country, scarcely ever equalled, and never surpassed. But *mirabile dictu!*—a party which, when you come to poll it, is composed mainly of the old Whig party, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, and a few Democrats, who, deluded by its extravagant professions, or seduced by the prospect of a more speedy participation in the distribution of the "spoils," abandoned their own party.

This party, however antagonistical some of its professions may be to the Abolitionists, is now making common cause with them, in a desperate effort to overthrow the Democratic party, which has planted itself upon the Constitution, determined to maintain it to the last extremity against its combined assailants, or be buried in its ruins. To give effect to these assaults, break down the Democratic party, and secure the spoils of office, two engines of even force, have been added to the Slavery question; the proscription and persecution of Roman Catholics, and the disfranchisement of adopted citizens. Appealing, by the first, to the bigotry of all Protestant sects, and by the last, to the selfishness of nativism, every bad passion has been stimulated into action; and now anti-slavery fanaticism, religious bigotry, and native selfishness, are, in united columns, assaulting, with exterminating purpose, the new ranks of the Democracy—an assault, which, if successful, will either prostrate and ruin the South, by reducing her to a state of provincialism and entire subjection to the North, or break the Union into fragments.

When we look at the Constitution of the United States, we search in vain for any power, either to establish, abolish, prohibit, or intermeddle with Slavery, as a system, in the States or in the territories, in any form or shape. The attempt to derive authority to prohibit Slavery in the territories, from the power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations, respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States, has been so often made and rejected, that it would be a waste of time to discuss it. Such an authority can not be deduced from it. If it could, it would be in direct conflict with other powers of the Constitution. If Congress has the power to prohibit Slavery in the Territories, it has the

Digitized by Google

right to establish or abolish it. This deduction from the power to regulate, is just as strong as the deduction of the power to prohibit, and no stronger.

This Slavery question being so prominent a cause of the political agitation and sectional strife of the day, it may not be amiss for the South, the interests of which are so dangerously involved, to ascertain the true position of parties upon this question, in order that they may ascertain, in the hands of which, their rights and interests are best secured. That the Abolition party is boldly, inveterately, and uncompromisingly against the rights of the South, we all know. That the so-called "American party," or that part of it which recently assembled at Philadelphia, and published, what they call, a national platform, affects to propose to abide the laws, as they now stand, and quiet agitation is also known; but this platform expressly pretermits the expression of any opinion upon the constitutional power of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the Territories, which is a virtual surrender of the whole question; for they had as well attempt to blow down the fortresses of Sebastopol with a ram's horn, as to calm agitation, by this mere expression of opinion.

But suppose there was virtue enough in this 12th article of this milk-and-water platform, to do any good, if it were national; the inquiry necessarily recurs—is it national? Is it not known that this article was adopted by the votes of the slaveholding States and New-York, twelve of the free States voting against it?* Is it not known, that this party, in every Northern State, has repudiated and scornfully rejected this article, and in its stead, adopted resolutions, breathing the present hostility against the rights of the South, at every point? There are, perhaps, fragments of this 12th-Article party in the city of New-York, in Pennsylvania, and in Ohio, but these fragments are very small. Is it not true, then, that this party is sectional, entertaining conflicting views with the Southern section, which timidly declines to stand upon the Constitution, the only secure position? We heretofore charged that the Northern Whigs were against the South, upon the vital questions involved in the Slavery subject. They denied it; but the truth of the charges is now manifest, and the Whig party is dissolved. These "Americans," as they call themselves, deny that the Northern Americans are hostile to the rights of the South—what are the proofs? They, by their own strength, or the aid of the Free-Soilers and Aboli-

* It is generally not known that twelve of the free States abandoned the Convention on account of its adoption.

Digitized by Google

tionists, have filled every gubernatorial chair with an ultra-Abolitionist or a Free-Soiler, they have sent 113 out of 126 members to the House of Representatives, rabid Abolitionists and Free-Soilers. Their every legislature has had a majority of the same cast: they have driven from the Senate of the U. S. five pure, able, accomplished, and patriotic Democrats, whose sin was that they sustained the Kansas-Nebraska bills, the Repeal of the Missouri Restriction, and the Fugitive-Slave bill; and put in their place, the most rabid Abolitionists, and in no instance did they elect or aid in electing a single man, Democrat or Whig, who voted for, or whose opinions were favorable to the Kansas-Nebraska bills and the Repeal of the Missouri Restriction—but, hunted them down with all the ferocity and vindictiveness of the insatiate Abolitionists. Between the "Americans," North and South, there seems to be great harmony of purpose as to one thing, and that is the overthrow of the Democratic party, but no harmony of principle or action upon the Slavery question.

The Democratic party is the only *national* party now in existence, the only party that has maintained, and is maintaining, in good faith, the true principles of the Constitution, upon the Slavery question. It was the Democratic party, mainly, that resisted the Missouri Restriction—that annexed Texas—acquired New Mexico and California—passed the Fugitive-Slave law—passed the Utah, Kansas, and Nebraska bills, and repealed the Missouri Restriction; and has now staked its existence upon the true constitutional issue, that the Federal Government has no power to interfere with the subject of Slavery in the States or in the Territories, in any form except to provide for the reclamation of fugitive slaves. "Non intervention" is the motto inscribed upon its flag. This is the whole Southern ground, and why should any Southern man unite with this coälition of Abolitionists, Free-Soilers, "Americans" and spoilsmen, in overthrowing the Democratic party, when that party is engaged in a most desperate conflict, in defense of the dearest rights and most important interests of the South? The Democratic party, though in a minority in the recent elections in the free States, in every State, except Massachusetts, Vermont, and New-York, presented a most formidable array—one sufficient to justify the confident expectation that in the next elections, they will triumph and preserve the Constitution and the Union, if the South be true to itself. It is true that many who call themselves Democrats were Abolitionists and Free-Soilers, but they have abandoned the ranks of the Demo-

Digitized by Google

cratic party and are now acting with this new coälition. There is now a national Democratic party in the North, agreeing with the Democratic party in the South, in which there can not be found an Abolitionist, a Free-Soiler, a Whig, a Federalist, or a Know-Nothing. Of all these it is thoroughly purged, and presents that sublimest of all spectacles in party warfare—a party foregoing all personal considerations and sacrificing itself to principle. But these men, our very devoutly religious, virtuously country-loving, and overflowingly patriotic "Americans" of the South can not sustain. But they can act in concert with those, who domineer over, and own their purpose to invade and trample under foot the rights of the South. We would most respectfully and fraternally inquire if this Southern American party is not taking counsel of their former prejudices against the Democratic party, and not of their calm, dispassionate, and patriotic convictions of truth. Do they not know, can they be so blind as not to see that, with the aid of this Northern Democratic party, we may serve the Constitution and the Union, and without it, both are lost? Do they not know, that the South, of itself, is not strong enough? Why, then, this suicidal policy?

But the Northern branch of this newly-organized American party was not content to risk their success upon the issues, which Abolitionism and Free-Soilism had made with the Democracy; they contributed the two new and formidable elements above referred to, religious bigotry and selfish nativism. Thereby appealing to, and exciting afresh, the dying prejudices of Protestant Christians against Roman Catholics, and native-born against adopted citizens. We will briefly advert to these elements.

That religion is a spiritual principle, not of man, but of God, we suppose no one will deny. That it is God, and not man, or an association of men, that can impart a spirit of religion to the human soul, is, we suppose, equally true. It must be conceded, then, that every man is responsible individually to God, and not to government, or his fellow-men, for the truth or falsehood of his religious opinions. Government can not assume the responsibility of an individual's false opinions about religion, nor can the individual throw the responsibility of his error upon the government. Government, then ought not to undertake to make, or unmake, religious creeds, for any man, and proscribe him for non-conformity. This whole matter of religion, is a matter entirely between God and man, and is a matter which God himself keeps under his own supervision

Digitized by Google

and control. Experience has proved beyond all doubt, that truth when unfettered, is the most successful antagonist to error, and by it many a system of error in religion, morality, politics, and philosophy has been exposed and corrected. Religion being true, created by the Spirit of the Almighty, it is amply sufficient to overcome any erroneous creeds, or false systems, particularly in a country where there is freedom of speech, and of the press. Every connection between the Government and the Church, in any age, has never failed to corrupt the Church and strengthen the power of the Government. Every attempt to coërce religious opinion, has resulted in retarding the progress of Christianity. But why need I discuss this question? The memorable and immortal Virginia statute of religious freedom, has presented the arguments of this question with a power and energy, an eloquence, a conclusiveness, which I can not pretend to imitate. The sages and patriots of the revolution, who formed the Constitution, in full view of all the corruption which the connection between Church and State in the old world, and of all the tyrannical proscriptions, devastating wars, bloody persecutions, and cruel tortures to which it had given rise, and appreciating in all its force, the great and incomparable value of religious freedom, in its most unrestricted sense, cut it off from all connection with the government, by the following comprehensive provision: "But no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust, under the United States." The proscription, which the American party proposes to effect, by combination against Catholics—native-born as well as foreign, is, in letter and in spirit, at war with this provision, and results in this—that the Constitution ought to be amended and this provision struck out, or this attempt, by secret combination and profane oaths to subvert it, frowned down. Two of the States preceding, and almost every other State in the Union, after the revolution, approving this fundamental principle of religious freedom, adopted and incorporated it into their constitutions. From that time to this, pure and undefiled religion has spread with unparalleled rapidity; numerous sects have sprung up, rivalling and emulating each other, so as to foreclose all chances of supremacy in either. Bible, tract, and missionary societies, have multiplied to an almost indefinite extent, and although Catholicism has increased, Protestantism has increased in a five-fold ratio, until now the Protestant membership exceeds the Catholic 6 to 1. The ministry, 20 to 1. The churches, 30 to 1; and the population attending public worship, 14 to 1. Thus demonstrating

Digitized by Google

most conclusively, that with the Bible, the press, the pulpit, and the freedom of speech, Protestantism has nothing to fear from Catholicism. Even in monarchical Europe, somewhat liberalized, Catholicism is waning, and Protestantism is rising. Here, where the conscience is free, and religion unconnected with the civil Government, Protestantism is triumphant, and Catholicism itself becoming more spiritual. Judging of the future by the past, there is no reality in these pretended fears of the Pope.

To justify this movement of the American party, it will not do to hunt up Roman Catholicism, from the musty records of the seventeenth century, for the history of its corruptions and enormities, while in its meretricious connection with the despotic Governments of Europe—for in that search, the eye could not fail to fall on the like corruptions and enormities of Protestantism, from the same cause. There is nothing in the political history of either Catholicism or Protestantism, while in the pursuit of temporal power, attractive to the eye of an American freeman, or a pure religionist.

But this American policy is very artful, it will not take its ground against religious freedom boldly; on the contrary, religious freedom and religious toleration, is the theme of their song; the temporal power of the Pope, is what they are so much alarmed about—a temporal power, which, as the Irishman would say, has been advancing backwards rapidly for fifty years. Well, now, what is the temporal power of the Pope, which is so frightful and alarming to these, our watchful and vigilant political nurslings? This frightful Pope, whose power every petty prince in Europe laughs to scorn, is temporal prince of 17,000 square miles in Italy, not a third the size of the State of Virginia, with subjects numbering about 2,600,000, and they so imbued with the spirit of liberty, that the Pope is compelled to employ French and Austrian bayonets to keep them in subjection. His ecclesiastical power as head of the Church, imparts to him no temporal power, beyond his own immediate dominion, as proved by the fact, that he is in the midst of powerful Governments, none of which acknowledge his temporal power, or yield any obedience to his authority. They treat him as they do all foreign powers. What temporal power he claims, or in what way he ever attempted to control or intermeddle with the temporal (for it has no ecclesiastical) affairs of this Government, we have yet to learn; for very few Catholics have ever been in the councils of the country, federal or State, certainly not in sufficient numbers to subvert the Gov-

Digitized by Google

ernment, establish Catholicism, or subject us to the authority of the Pope.

But, say the new-fledged "Americans," the Catholics of the United States owe a temporal allegiance to the Pope, paramount to, and in conflict with, their allegiance to the Government of the United States. This charge has been the hobby of bigots and tyrants for a great many years, and was the prolific source of all the bitter persecutions and intolerant proscriptions and disabilities with which the Catholics of England and Ireland were pursued for so many years, and which did not entirely cease until 1825. This charge was always untrue, and is now untrue, and there is no apology for its declaration and industrious propagation at this time. Where, and in what of the authentic records of the Church is it to be found, whether in its ritual, its litany, its articles of faith, or in its moral discipline?

In the "Faith of Catholics," page 175, extracted from a book published in England in 1680, is found the following:

"Nor do Catholics, as Catholics, believe that the Pope has any *direct* or *indirect* authority over the temporal concerns of States, or the jurisdiction of Princes. Hence, should the Pope pretend to absolve or dispense His Majesty's subjects from their allegiance on accout of heresy or schism, such dispensation they would view as frivolous and null."

To the doctrine of this proposition a general assent is given by the Catholic teachers.

About the close of the last century, William Pitt, then prime minister of England, with a view of doing an act of justice to the Catholics, proposed interrogatories, to the faculty of divinity in the six principal and most celebrated Catholic theological universities of Europe, each of which promptly and unequivocally denied the existence of any civil allegiance to the Pope. The answering universities were those of Paris, Douay, Louvaine, Alcala, Salamanca, and Valladolid.

In Milnor's End of Controversy, page 367, published in 1801, it is said, after a long able review of this question,

"It is not then, the faith of this Church, that the Pope has any *civil or temporal supremacy*, by virtue of which he can depose princes or give or take away the property of other persons out of *his own domains;* for even the incarnate Son of God, from whom he derives the supremacy which he possesses, did not claim here upon earth any right of the above-mentioned kind; on the contrary, he positively declared that his 'kingdom is not of this world.' Hence the Catholics of both our

Digitized by Google

islands, have, without impeachment even from Rome, *denied upon oath* (the oath of allegiance) that the Pope has any civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or preëminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm."

In 1825 the Irish Bishops were summoned before a committee of the British House of Commons. Amongst themselves they selected the most eminent and learned of their body to represent them. Being apprised of the subjects of the inquiry, they had ample time to examine and weigh and duly consider them. Their answers are briefly cited:

Doctor Doyle is asked:

"Can the Pope absolve the king's subjects from their allegiance?"

A. "No."

Q. "Is it in his power to deprive the king of his kingdom?"

A. "It is not, indeed."

Q. "Can he by any means excuse a Catholic from his allegiance?"

A. "Most undoubtedly not."

Q. "Is the claim some Popes have set up to temporal authority opposed to Scripture and tradition?"

A. "IN MY OPINION, IT IS OPPOSED TO BOTH."

The Right Rev. Dr. Curtis, Archbishop of Armagh, in the same examination and in answer to the same question, says:

"I do not think it very conformable to it. I do not say exactly it is oppossed to it; but certainly he has received no such power from Christ."

Doctor Murray, Archbishop of Dublin:

"The Pope's authority is wholly confined to a spiritual authority, according to the words of our Saviour, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' His spiritual power does not allow him to dethrone kings or absolve their subjects from the allegiance due to them; and any attempt of that kind I would consider contrary to Scripture and tradition."

Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Tuam:

"It never was admitted as a doctrine of the Catholic Church that the Pope had temporal authority outside his own dominions."

In 1852, a committee was appointed to inquire into the orthodoxy of the Maynooth College in Ireland, who issued their report. They examined the professors, and propounded the same questions that were propounded to the bishops in 1825, above referred to. The answer of Dr. O'Hanlon, which is, in substance, the answer of all, reads thus:

Digitized by Google

"With regard to the first doctrine of Gallican liberties, is it not a question in dispute among Roman Catholics? It is, though we may regard the opinion which attributes either direct or indirect temporal power to the Pope or to the Church as being almost obsolete. The only writers who have attempted to revive it in modern times are Dr. Brownson, a recent convert to Catholicity, and an editor of an American Review, and the famous Lamennais, who was condemned by the Holy See, for the extravagance and eccentricity of certain doctrines which he held. I might here observe that in a document addressed from Rome, by Cardinal Antonelli, to the Irish Catholic Prelates, so early as 1791, it is expressly affirmed that the Holy See, regards that man as a calumniator, who imputes to it the tenet, 'that an oath to kings separated from the Catholic communion, can be violated, or that it is lawful for the Bishop of Rome (the Pope) to invade their rights and dominions.' Pope Gregory XVI., also, not only in his evangelical letter of 1832, but in his reply to the declaration of the Prussian Government in 1838, lays down principles which appear to me to be irreconcilable with the opinion which invests the Pope or the Church with direct or indirect temporal authority. He adopts the doctrine of Tertullian, and some others of the early fathers, that no cause whatever can justify the deposition or dethronement of a king, and that the people should patiently endure every sort of tyranny and oppression rather than have recourse to so violent and dangerous a remedy. This doctrine is as incompatible with the deposing power of the Pope as it is repugnant to the ideas of the political writers of these countries."

Richard Watson, one of the very ablest, most learned, and most pious of the Wesleyan Methodists of England, and who would compare favorably with any divine of any church, in his Theological Dictionary, p. 824, thus defines the temporal power of the Pope.

"Roman Catholics, or members of the Church of Rome, otherwise called Papists, from the Pope being considered by them as the supreme head of the universal Church, the successor of St. Peter, and the fountain of theological truth and ecclesiastical honors. He keeps his court in great state at the palace of the Vatican, and is attended by seventy cardinals as his privy councillors, in imitation of the seventy disciples of our Lord. The Pope's authority in other kingdoms is merely spiritual, but in Italy he is a temporal sovereign. Louis XVIII. and the allies having in 1814 restored him to his throne, and

Digitized by Google

to those temporalities of which he was deprived by Bonaparte and the French revolution."

The result of all these inquiries and this controversy has been, that all the proscriptions and disabilities theretofore imposed upon Catholics were removed in 1825, in Great Britain and Ireland, and they now enjoy all the franchises and privileges of other subjects.

In our second number we shall show from the "record" the falsehood of the assumptions of this hybrid American party with regard to the Catholic citizens of the United States, and the hollowness of the pretense by which so many well-meaning but weak-minded people have been deluded.

TO GRANADA.

TRANSLATED FOR THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, FROM THE SPANISH, BY C. A. W.

In that bright vale, where Ow's waters glide
And Xeriel's waves receive the sparkling tide,
Girt by the gardens and the groves that lie
In rich luxuriance 'neath a southern sky,
Reposing there in majesty serene,
Thy beauty, stately Granada, is seen;
Thou shinest there, mid nature's works sublime,
The peerless Houri of a western clime.

Oh! who could seek, with toil and exile's pain,
Honor and wealth in distant climes to gain,
And scorn the loveliness of scenes like these—
Wealth without toil, and innocence with ease?
Oh! neither gold, the sage's fame, nor power,
The short and fleeting phantoms of an hour,
Could match a life like Ow's long summer's day,
Dreamed amid thy fairy palaces away.

Through summer's burning suns the cool breeze blows
From thy Sierra's everlasting snows;
And cloud on cloud, in gorgeous splendor rolled,
Adorn thy sky with purple and with gold.

Digitized by Google

The rose, the jes'mine, and the orange flower,
Spread their bright hue o'er garden and o'er bower,
And in the shadowy grove, or marble hall,
The cool streams murmur and the fountains fall.

The west wind sighing bends the lily pale,
And spreads its fragrance o'er the blooming vale;
While from the Alhambra's palace-bowers is heard
The plaintive music of the evening bird.*
Oh! when the silver moon its glittering beams
Casts on thy ancient towers and fountain streams,
No fairer sight was seen of mortal eyes
Since our first parents walked in Paradise.

Who then could see thee, Granada, nor feel
A patriot's love, a patriot's burning zeal;
Who would not strive for thee till hope was o'er,
And with despairing grief their loss deplore,
When adverse fate the haughty Moor brought low,
When passed his glory to a Christian foe;
Though doomed to roam at fortune's fickle will,
Thy memory, Granada, is with him still.

And on that fatal day, when all proved vain,
What wild laments arose upon thy plain!
But longer, wilder did the chorus swell,
When thy sad monarch wept his last farewell.
And still on Afric's lone desert strand
The Moorish sentinel will musing stand;
While gazing fondly o'er the distant main,
He seeks with longing eyes thy towers in vain.

And when from Afric's coast the storm, set free,
Sweeps in fierce tumult over land and sea,
And the wild wind, with sudden rise and fall,
Moans through the Alhambra's wide and lonely hall,
It seems to sound the sad lament of those
Who, forced to fly before their Christian foes,
Still mourn, in climes beyond the swelling sea,
The loss of glory, Granada, and thee.

Digitized by Google

SEWARD-REPUBLICANISM.

QUERY first.

What's in a name? Sometimes, look you, there may be a whole history. Trench in his late work on "the Study of Words," argues to prove that words are *facts* and *things* in the progressive history of nations. Now a name is a word, and if words be things—there's something in a name.

Query second.

Why will men persist in stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in? It never deceives for a great while. At the first, we grant you, the similitude of grace beguiles the simple-hearted; but there is always a faint odor of brimstone about the gentleman inside, contracted from too intimate acquaintance with the distinguished person mentioned in the latter member of the query, which betrays them in the long run.

Two queries which naturally introduce to the attention of the unbiased and unsophisticated reader the portentous combination of substantives at the head of this article.

Will any young American, whose ideas are ordinarily clear, and whose knowledge of Lindley Murray is what is commonly called good—oblige us by parsing the sentence "Seward-Republicanism?"

We premise that the compound is none of our making. The liberty is one we should never dream of taking with honest Yankee English. Speak of the "King's English," and it would be quite a natural arrangement, but to handle republican English in that way, as one might say—without gloves—heaven save the mark!

Our young American friend meantime has come at it. From the manner of his parsing, we shrewdly suspect the young rogue of a tendency to Democracy. He says "Seward," improper noun substantive, twistified into an adjective for the purpose of governing the proper noun Republicanism, for the benefit of the improper noun, and the incalculable loss and damage of the proper noun.

A parlous boy: there's the making of a member of Congress in that boy. We beg the potential voter's pardon. We were thinking of the time when members of Congress were—eh?

Digitized by Google

Is there such a word as honest in the language now-a-days? Seward-Republicanism, then, is Republicanism and Wm. H. Seward, in one and the same person. A monstrous combination. Convince us that it is practicable, and the Centaur and Proteus will be fabulous no longer. The wildest extravagances of heathen mythology will be common-place realities. The many-headed and many-handed Vishnu and Gaudama shall walk amongst us unnoticed. Your Hyppogriff shall caracole in our streets, and the Marids of the genii cut and come again, at their pleasure, without startling the most nervous fine lady from her propriety.

And yet the term has become one descriptive of a fact, or state of facts, and is in every body's mouth. It has given name to a party, and it is

A BID FOR THE PRESIDENCY!

What fact, or state of facts is it descriptive of; and to what kind of a party has it given a name? These are the questions the solution of which we are about to seek.

In seeking a definition of Republicanism, we need not be at the pains to travel back to Greece nor Rome. To Italy or France our readers would thank us little for going in search of any political definition the terms of which were to be applied on this side the Atlantic. Let us content ourselves then with the general definition of a republic; and the specific one of American Republicanism. Facciolati defines a Republic to be "*res communis et publica civium una viventium.*" Dr. Johnson—"A state in which the power is lodged in more than one." A very lame definition. According to the idea of Cicero, that is the best-constituted Republic into which the force of royalty, the wisdom of aristocracy, and the honesty of the people enter as components.—Vide his De. Rep. Liber 1, c. 29. "*Esse optime constitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari, sit modicè confusa.*" An opinion clearly shared by the framers of our Constitution, since they added to the royal prerogative of the veto power, vested in the President, the aristocratic features of Senators superior in dignity and length of office to their co-legislators, and Judges appointed for life, or during good behavior. We might add the definitions of Montesquieu, and, indeed, of almost all other publicists and writers upon political ethics. But, there is in all of them a certain vagueness and crudity, arising from the fact, that they are fetched from a region of possibilities, dimly conceived by their authors, but never from a reality with which they have had actual contact. Nor is this

Digitized by Google

strange, since the United States is the only *fact* of pure republican government which has yet existed in the world.

Our experience, therefore, must give the world a clearer and more comprehensive definition than it has yet learned.

The American idea of a Republic, derived from a daily consciousness of the reality of its existence and effect, is that of a body politic or political society of men, the government whereof is lodged in the hands of representatives chosen by the people and directly responsible to the people for the faithful discharge of the trust committed to them. This idea, sublime in its simplicity, pervades the entire govermental organism of the confederacy. In the distribution of its parts, and the necessary conditions of its action, the government becomes more or less complex. But, it is only complex in appearance, not in reality. The duties with which each agent is charged may be different, and so the whole appear complex; but, the principle which controls one controls all, and that is, direct responsibility to the People for the charge committed to any, and its necessary surrender into the hands of the people at the expiration of a fixed term. Hence, its simplicity. Thus, the note of the encyclopedist is directly descriptive of our political condition. "The word republic is sometimes understood to be equivalent to *democracy*, and the word republican is considered as equivalent to *democrat*."

The United States are a Democratic Republic. Hence, the Democratic party proper has, time out of mind, appropriated and had tacitly conceded to it as its peculiar property the term Republican. Under that name it has won its victories, consolidated and reconciled the diverse interests of a country, vast and varied in its conditions of life, society and avocation, and, finally, imposed all its distinctive principles upon the government as laws of existence.

It divorced Bank and State. It prevented the Federal Government from becoming a common contractor for the building of roads and bridges, under the pleasing title of Internal Improvements. It created a Specie Currency, by a system of sub-treasuries. It conquered free trade, and destroyed the idea of govermental protection of class interests. It rescued the public lands from State or individual speculation, and it now stands the only barrier between the Union and the hybrid crew of many-colored fanatics who aim to destroy it.

One by one its positions have been yielded to it by its opponents. One by one its principles have been conceded as laws

Digitized by Google

of national existence, and those most clamorous against them compelled to acquiesce, and admit their own opposing systems to be "obsolete ideas." But let us not fall into the stupid mistake of believing that this retreat is more honest than the Parthians. Watch them as they fly, and you will see that they merely remove to a safe distance from the foe they fear, and then, with an undying hatred, fit another arrow to their bow.

Defeated, therefore, on all subsidiary questions, it is to the grand issue they now direct themselves, and their final arrow is hurled against the Union itself.

Therefore, we have selected Mr. Senator Seward as the object to which we would direct the watchful attention of every lover of his country, since it is to his bow that this fatal arrow of disunion is now fitted, and by his arm we must expect it to be directed without remorse or pity. A desperate aspirant for the Presidency, governed always by the Jesuitical rule, that "the end sanctifies the means." His soliloquy is that of the crook-back Dickon—

> "Will men not say that to possess the crown,
> Nor things divine, nor human, barred my way?
> Well, let them—they can't but *say I had it*—
> I was not *fool* as well as *villain*."

His ambition despairing of a legitimate issue, is willing to ruin that it may rule.

But shall William H. Seward drive the people of America into the gloomy and perilous scenes to which disunion would conduct them? When so many greater have failed shall he succeed? Shall pigmies achieve what giants have labored for in vain? It can not be believed.

But he is a cunning ape, and his fantastic tricks before high heaven have a deep purpose in them. Observe, we do not do the people of the United States the injustice to affect that it is a great or wise man against whose purposes they must be on their guard. It is a more dangerous enemy still—it is a cunning and wicked man of mean ambition and reckless character; a man too narrow to be controlled by large ideas, too selfish to conceive a great and statesmanlike design—who threatens their peace and safety. This man has read the history of the Democratic party closely. He knows the power of a word as a popular symbol; he remembers that Democratic republicanism has stirred the heroic sentiments of liberty and equal rights in a thousand bosoms, by the very ring and echo of its

Digitized by Google

name; that by the charm of that true symbolism, it has drawn those thousands, whilst yet ignorant, into its school, and there educated them into wise and patriotic citizens, and lovers of their whole country. He knows all this, and hating all it means, he would yet steal the symbol itself, and prostituting it to the vile uses of the agitator, the sectionalist, the socialist, the abolitionist, and all his motley crew of "landless resolutes, whom their o'er cloyed country is ready to vomit forth"—use it as the means of destroying all it symbolizes.

Standing thus, scowling in baffled hate at the principle which has so long defied him, yet nursing in his bosom the design of tricking from it its own weapons and plunging them in its bosom, we can conceive of no apter representative, than this man for Eleazar, in Old Marlowe's Tragedy of "Lust's Dominion," when he exclaims:

> "Come, purple villany,
> Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
> That, under thee, I closelier may contrive
> My vengeance!"

It is a vengeance which he seeks for baffled hopes and disappointed schemes. How shall it be achieved? Clearly the old name of "Whig" will do nothing to help him. It has become odious. That name so holy once; around which, in the infancy of the Republic, the fondest affection and proudest memories of the patriot clung, as to something inestimably precious; the name which summoned up at once, pictures of heroic resistance to British tyranny, and calm, intrepid vindication of the rights of freemen—a name linked with every thing which adorned and sanctified our struggle for independence—was appropriated by gentlemen of Mr. Seward's kidney; it became identified with the purposes of a party, unremittingly hostile to the true interests of their country—a party, whose existence was one long lingering defeat, and whose history is written in the unvarying success of its opponents—and in a few years, the very name itself fairly stunk in the nostrils of the people. "Sauve qui peut," became the motto of all who bore it, and you may well believe Mr. Senator Seward does not mean to be the hindmost.

Next holiest in the minds, and sacred in the hearts of Americans, is the word—Republican. But have we not heard of a "cut-purse of the empire and the rule:"

> "That from the shelf, the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket!"

Digitized by Google

'Twas so in Denmark: and, look you, how apt our modern political Claudius, is to follow in the footsteps of his Danish prototype. He will have the "precious diadem" of the Democracy—Republicanism—in his pocket, before your wizard can say, "hey! presto! change!"

Thus indeed, we may consider the Whig party as re-baptized, and the child, with a retrospective irony, which is perfectly Dantesque in its immensity, is called "Republicanism." The solemn farce has been played; the ceremony is complete: verily complete, for it has been baptized, at the last election in the State of New-York, in the identical waters wherein its aged parent Whiggery was drowned, or "se defendendo" drowned himself—the waters of defeat.

Could any thing be more mournfully ludicrous than this strange jumbling of birth and burial? A band of spectres paler than those which beleaguered the walls of Prague—the ancient but defunct Whig party—swathed in the cerements, and rustling in the gloomy pageantry of the grave, stand wildly tossing their fleshless arms, and grinning and jabbering with their bare and ghastly jaws, around the baptismal font of the last of the Federal line. Unhappy babe! They dare not even give it its father's name. A bill of attainder is filed against him in the high court of the people. His estates are confiscated—for he had devastated and overthrown cot and castle and corn field, to make a royal park of "Protection" for his delight. His heir inherits nothing but hatred and contempt. It will never do to give him his father's name. But the high-priest of the old dispensation has an inspiration. Let us call the child by the name the people love; but when he is old enough we will teach him his own name, and what a store of hate he has laid up, against these same people who have driven his fathers out from amongst them. So shall he grow strong, and cunning in safety, and bide his time, and revenge us when it comes: Let us call him Republicanism!

And so they baptized him, and then went back to their own place, where Milton says, "ice performs the effect of fire."

It will not do therefore, for any to delude themselves with the idea, that the late and ignominious defeat of Black Republicanism in this State concludes the tragedy. It is merely the first act. There be yet four to come, and the name of the author upon the title-page assures us that no trick, surprise, nor strong "situation," within the range of political melo-drama will be omitted. Mr. Author and Manager Seward, has already "rung" in the music. Presently we shall have the "gas"

Digitized by Google

turned on, and a little more light upon the subject. Another touch of the bell, and the curtain rises upon the drama of Black Republicanism. You fancy, perhaps, that the hero is enacted by Toussaint L'Ouverture. Not a bit of it. William H. Seward is the star, and the play is cast with all the strength of a motley company. "No eye hath seen such scare-crows." Abolitionism; Fourierism; Socialism; Free-Soilism; Free-Lovism, and all the "Isms," mouth, and strut, and rant, and "o'er do Termagant" to a delighted audience of saints and tabbies; whilst meekly ranged on either side the stage, like Bombastes' army, the tattered remnants of the Whig party stand agape, and swear this God doth speak brave words. And it is this forlorn, forsaken crew of knavish fools, and foolish knaves who are to disturb our quiet, and make night hideous with threats of disunion! Ye Gods it doth amaze us.

When John C. Calhoun stood up and spoke such threats, mad and foolish though he was, there was a melancholy grandeur about the man which warded hate aside, and turned our harshest thoughts into a gentle pity. It seemed a sad, disheartening thing, to see a great and honest man a monomaniac on the subject of slavery, and in his paroxysms tearing the laurel from his own brow, dashing down his own statue from its niche in the national gallery—and, refusing to be immortal, "narrow his mind" to the limits of a single State, and the plaudits of its venal press. But when William H. Seward stands up to do the same thing, we are irresistibly reminded of Jonathan Wild attempting the character of Coriolanus. The first is a grand old gloomy portrait by Salvator Rosa; the last a grotesque etching of Tony Johannot.

But with the ludicrous and repulsive in the last picture mingles also something of the terrible. The craft of the man supplies the place of knowledge, and his patient industry in evil-doing that of genius.

Thus, in organizing a new party from the scattered remnants of the old regular whig army, he has imitated Fra Moriale, Conrad Lando, and Sir John Hawkwood, and recruited his band of "free lances" with every desperate adventurer, ruined gamester, or discharged servant, who would wear his livery. Added to these, the class of insane persons popularly known as "Ism-ites," absurd reasoners but desperate fighters, and we have the whole "material," moral and physical, of the new Black Republican party.

The tactics of this party are the ordinary tactics of Condottieri. Living upon the spoil of honest men, their harvest must

Digitized by Google

be reaped in a time of civil turmoil and confusion. State, therefore, must be set against state, and community against community. Geographical lines must be made to bound rivalries, and divide neighbors into hostile encampments. Distrust, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, must be insidiously sown in hearts once bound together by the strong ties of consanguinity or of affection. Numberless petty broils, and sectional wars must distract attention, and afford pay and plunder for the free lances of Black Republican chivalry. The South must be taught to believe the North, from Mason & Dixon's to the Canada line, little better than a grand abolition confederacy; and the North goaded with the idea that "Southern chivalry" is perpetually loading its revolver or sharpening its bowie-knife for the benevolent purpose of cutting its throat or blowing out its brains at the first convenient opportunity.

Is the picture overdrawn? The people of the United States know that it is not.

Are the means and methods of the arch-agitator fairly set forth by us? Every Northern man knows that they are.

And who is there that is ignorant of the purpose of it all; who so fondly ignorant or confiding as to believe either William H. Seward or his party honest in their love of the Negro? Submit the matter to any test that human ingenuity can devise, and, our life upon it, the hardest-hearted planter between Maryland and Texas has more true tenderness for the bodies and souls of his slaves; will do more unselfish acts for their benefit, and conduct himself towards them with a more manly and Christian spirit of sympathy and affection than could be gathered out of the souls of all the ranting Black Republicans together. How grandly beautiful, with what a holy magnificence, above the discordant clamor of these political birds of ill omen, these bats and owls, the burden of whose boding scream is ever the filthy word Disunion, rise the appealing tones of Madison:

"Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire.

"No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in de-

Digitized by Google

fense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties, and promote our happiness."

S. W. C.

VITRUVIANAE.

BY PETER KOCH WREN, ARCHITECT.

CHAPTER FIRST.

MORE OR LESS INTRODUCTORY TO THE AUTHOR'S STYLE.

THE days of temples are passed. It is an age of utilitarianism. I have an ambition, also, to be useful to my fellow-beings. I shall, therefore, devote to their service the accumulated stores of my learning and experience. As a "place in the country" is the end and aim of nine out of ten of my fellow-citizens, who do not know a cabbage from a cart-wheel, I shall dedicate this work chiefly to a series of useful rules and suggestions, for the building of Italian villas, Elizabethan cottages, Swiss châlets, Gothic castles and other such very tasteful and appropriate improvements of the old-fashioned country house.

To plunge, then, at once, into the middle of the subject, I anticipate your impatience, my dear public, and shall proceed to tell you "How to build a house." The mechanical part of the operation you had, perhaps, better leave to the carpenter and mason. The plan I shall be happy to furnish you.

The following plain and simple rules will, I think, singularly assist you.

First. Put it up so that it will stand alone. A house which becomes inclined in early youth, is apt to crack before it reaches mature age, or an angle of forty-five degrees, and to allow the wind too much familiar access. Now, the "wind," says Sir Lytton Bulwer, "is disagreeable when it whistles through the key-hole." It is apt to be more so when your

Digitized by Google

gable indulges in a general response to the popular Scotch air of "Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad."

Second. Before you put up an illustrated villa or cottage ornée, be sure you have counted the cost. As the best "notes on building," I would suggest a constant reference to your book of "notes payable."

Third. Always secure a good aspect, which we would have you understand to mean, place your house so, that when people come to see it, they will not amuse themselves by what is vulgarly called, "taking a sight at it," an operation commonly performed by a close juxtaposition between the thumb and the olfactory organ of the observer.

If you can place it so as to have the sun on both sides of it at once—it will be an advantage.

Fourth. As a general rule, the entrance should be in a convenient place for getting in and out. If, however, any local peculiarity obliges you to choose another place, it will, perhaps, be better to do so. You may, under such circumstances, console yourself with the adage, that "the furthest way round is the nearest way home."

Fifth. You should be particular about the kitchen and indispensable offices. If, however, you have, before you reach them, spent more money than you know where to borrow, the kitchen may be entirely dispensed with, as you will have "food for thought" ready cooked at all times. The purchase of a cow, which you may keep in the kitchen-garden, will, also, afford you an admirable opportunity of learning how to "chew the cud of bitter fancies."

Sixth. If your destiny, in your country home, is to be a mere idler, the smaller your house is the better, as you will have a greater chance of confining your attention to your business.

Seventh. If you propose being an early riser and feeder, you will find a dining-room superfluous. After breakfasting with the "early birds," upon "worms," which, we are informed, that class of the community catch in great numbers, you will find a bite, at noon, with the cattle very convenient. This advice is founded upon the supposition, that your rural tastes will, naturally, lead you to "go to grass."

If, however, you make the late afternoon, or early evening meal, the principal event of the day, you can drink your tea, and will, consequently, have no need of a "*salle à manger*."

Eighth. You will, of course, provide a gem of a room for your wife—Mrs. Dobkins. Should you, however, be in the

Digitized by Google

habit of calling her "my duck," the nearest pond may entirely obviate that necessity, and relieve you of a great deal of trouble.

Ninth. Your *salon*, parlor, or drawing-room—as you please—never being used, you will, naturally, spend the most pains and money upon it, and may also occasionally enliven the tedium of a stormy day, by unlocking the door, if Mrs. D—— will lend you the key, and, examining yourself in the grand mirror, request the gentleman you see there to explain his reflections, and say, what he means by insinuating that there is any truth in the adage, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

You will then cautiously retire, first being careful to observe that the slip-covers to the furniture have not been removed since the last annual visit of your fine neighbors, the De Bounces.

We shall next proceed to consider the LIBRARY. The provision of such a room is a necessity, provided you have any books to put in it, or any desire to read them when you get there.

If, however, your collection is "small and select," consisting of the "Complete Housewife," for Miss Dobkins, and a backgammon box, labelled "History of England," for yourself, a pair of swinging-shelves, in the general sitting-room, will be at once ornamental and convenient, and effect a decided saving both in expenditure and space.

THE GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING-ROOM.—As this should be near the hall, you can have a closet to serve instead, cunningly contrived under the main staircase. You will, by this means, secure great ease of access and complete retirement.

Mud being the prevalent characteristic of the country, and cowhide boots indispensable luxuries, the principal furniture should consist of a boot-jack and a pair of slippers.

The tin basin and the jack-towel you will, of course, take care always to have ready in the wash-house. In warm weather, the bench by the well is the more eligible position for them.

THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE should, by all means, form a communication between the first and second floors of the house, unless, like honest Dennis Bulgruddery's, your house is only two stories high, and both on the ground-floor, when the staircase principle may be altogether omitted from the elevation: it can, then, be considered entirely *off* from the main hall, which may serve, on occasion, either as a ball-room

Digitized by Google

or a ten-pin alley. In holiday times, however, the barn-floor offers a fine area of unobstructed space for both purposes, and affords a degree of primitive enjoyment to the dancers, altogether unattainable in "gilded halls," not that we are supposing your hall to be gilded, but that the quotation is appropriate to the dignity of the subject, and the slight reference to gold, in connection with dancing, highly suggestive of your having to "pay the piper," at the end of the holidays.

THE SLEEPING APARTMENTS, if you are of a convivial disposition, had better be upon the ground-floor, and handy to the "dairy," unless the "milk" is kept "lying about loose." Should you, however, decide upon the second floor, or upon having a second floor at all, a staircase—roomy, easy of ascent, and with the fewest possible turnings—will be found advantageous to health and longevity.

The bed-rooms being used entirely for sleeping purposes, light will not only be superfluous, but entirely out of the question, as, the less light one has to sleep by, the better. Windows may, therefore, be dispensed with to the greatest advantage. A ventilation hole, like those used, we believe, in Glasgow, under a special exemption from that blessing of English constitutional liberty—the window-tax—being quite sufficient.

Habits of early rising, and a large increase of health and wisdom, will accrue from this sensible and useful retrenchment.

A door to each room will, we are disposed to think, be found indispensable.

THE SERVANTS' STAIRWAY ought to be entirely distinct from that used by the family. It is exceedingly awkward, and sometimes annoying, to find John Footman making love to Sally Housemaid on the first landing, or Peter Groom and Dolly Cook comparing gains on the second, and debating the question of how soon they may prudently set up a "public," or a steamboat-bar on your "missings."

CHAPTER SECOND.

OF STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

YOUR architecture should spring naturally from the situation and prevailing features of the country, and your house be, as it were, the principal plant produced upon your grounds. The verdancy of having a country house at all, and the improba-

Digitized by Google

bility of your producing any thing else, will, however, secure you a close approximation to this desirable characteristic.

To make assurance doubly sure, however, and "take a bond of fate"—if the gentleman from whom you purchase have not given you a surfeit of every thing in the nature of bonds, by taking yours for two thirds the purchase-money at ten per cent, and a bonus, it may not be amiss to point out a few of the grand divisions in SYMPATHETIC ARCHITECTURE you would do well to attend to.

If, for instance, the country be a CHAMPAIGN one, a detached tower shaped in the form of a *bottle* will be highly picturesque, appropriate, and suggestive. The introduction of the cork-form in your out-buildings will be found an admirable extension of the design, and afford a pleasing evidence of your accuracy of taste.

In the neighborhood of large rivers, or numerous lakes, nothing could be in finer keeping than the *ark* or *flat-boat*. By the adoption of this form the annual recurrence of the spring freshets will add the agreeable variety of a yachting excursion, unattended with any of the trouble of such an amusement, to the monotony of an ordinary country life.

Five years' experience of a country life in the kingdom of New-Jersey has disposed the author to believe the flat-boat style appropriate to almost any rural site, as no one but a decided "flat" would remain, over a month at a time, in the country, of his own free will.

In a mountainous country a CASTELLATED residence is not inappropriate.

Great care, however, should be taken in adding the towers, or wings, as they are peculiarly apt to furnish your purse with the same unfortunate appendages.

In a future chapter we may go more particularly into the subject of the different styles; also the method of warming and ventilating. The latter, however, we consider of little consequence, as, in the country, we always found it much more difficult to keep the wind out than let it in; indeed, every country house in which we were ever so unfortunate as to pass a night, sent us home with the ear-ache, and a stiff neck, and appeared to us to be particularly dedicated to the worship of Æolus.

DRESSING ROOMS—linen-closets, housemaids, and housekeepers' rooms, bathing-rooms, etc., etc., you may think about, but had much better take it out in thinking; as the more you

Digitized by Google

have of them the worse you will be off, on the time-honored principle that fools build houses for wise men to live in.

THE HEIGHT and proportion of the rooms must, in a measure, depend upon the size of the building. If your house, therefore, be twenty-four by thirty-two feet, it may be an agreeable, but it will be found a delusive anticipation to expect your hall to be twenty feet wide, or your drawing-room to be forty by fifty.

If it be a frame building, fourteen feet from plate to sill, it will also be an error to calculate upon having a sixteen-foot ceiling to your parlor, and, at the same time, room for a high-posted bedstead on your second floor. With these slight and unimportant restrictions, you may make your rooms any size you please.

Your DINING-ROOM, to secure the comfort of the diners, should be at least sixteen feet wide. A good cook, however, will be much more certain to secure their comfort, and it would, perhaps, be better to attend to the dimensions of your cook than your dining-room, as, without her, no matter what plan you lay down, the whole thing will very soon be as broad as it is long.

We had intended to direct you where to put the fire-place, but it would be idle to do so before settling the question of the cook, as it would be merely getting out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Your DRAWING-ROOM should not be square, but rather long than otherwise. As we expect, however, to be longer than otherwise before we have a drawing-room of our own to test the propriety of our directions upon, we shall not draw any farther on our imagination for this apartment.

What rules should be applied to *long corridors* and galleries we are not prepared to say. Some good hints may be found in Lord Byron, however, as to their appropriateness for the residence of a melancholy man, and we refer the reader, therefore to his celebrated work on moral architecture, called Don Juan.

After all, it would perhaps be as well to let the long corridors alone, and content yourself with a passage-way below, and a shelf for a pot of mignionette under each window.

We shall devote our attention in the next chapter to the KITCHEN, and as that department offers a large "range" to the artist, we hope to do it particularly brown.

Digitized by Google

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THERE is little in looking back upon a disastrously resulting State election, to inspire us with very fanciful or visionary anticipations as to the future, or induce us in very exulting strains, to sound the praises of a party, that thus sacrifices its honor and integrity upon the altar of selfishness. Were the whole Democracy of the Union, thus sadly "distracted, divided, and dwarfed," we would leave them to fight their own battles, write their own laudatory, and their own epitaph. The obstinate, fool-hardy selfishness, which has disgraced their leading men, has nullified and nothingized, for the moment, the once impregnable and "lion-hearted Democracy" of the Empire State. The *fact* is all we wish to put on record. To which faction the larger part of this disaster is attributable, we leave others to determine. It is sufficiently humiliating to view the scene before us; and if possible to read a moral in it, that may hereafter guide us in safer paths, and lead us to truer honor. Whenever the Democracy of New-York shall again be united; when the unselfish spirit of Silas Wright shall inspire and control the hearts of her leading men; then again, as we still fondly hope, her masses shall move arm in arm, and shoulder to shoulder, in defense of the time-honored political principles, which so often, in the most trying times, and on the most momentous occasions, they have triumphantly and gloriously vindicated,—then, and not till then, shall we retrieve our wounded honor, and once more be pointed to from our sister States, as the "Gibraltar" of the Union, and the Constitution.

Whilst we look at the dark side of the picture, let us not forget that all is not lost. When we look abroad over the vast army that is to be marshaled for the battle of 1856, we do not everywhere behold the banner of Democracy trailed in the dust. Far from it. In every State of the Union a spirit of harmony is springing up, and the spirit of discord in our ranks dwindling away. The great body of Democratic men, out of New-York, are acting unitedly and energetically, and are achieving results which should inspire us with hope, and teach us to follow their example. We have in anticipation, a National Convention, which, by a firm and patriotic course, in per-

Digitized by Google

mitting no jot or tittle of true Democratic faith to be sacrificed on the altar of Sectionalism, in selecting men, as candidates, who have shown their hand, uttered their opinions, and pledged their sacred honor to that faith, may again, *even here*, produce harmony, and enable us to enter the contest of 1856, with sure prestige of victory. It is possible for the Democracy of New-York, to regain the proud eminence on which they stood, when in 1852, they rolled up a majority of twenty-eight thousand for Pierce and King.

It is not impossible that selfishness had something to do in producing that unparalleled majority; not so much, however, as it has openly and shamefully done, in reducing it to two impotent and contemptible minorities. Is it not possible, nay probable, so far as selfishness caused the discordant material of 1852 to combine in a solid and impregnable phalanx, that in 1856 it may perform the same beneficent office? It is a spirit of Mammon we admit—that "least erected of the spirits that fell." But so long as the "loaves and fishes" are necessarily a component part of what is achieved by victory, the party most likely in his judgment to succeed, is certain to have, if not to be cursed in the end, by his support. The Democratic party is not the only one he is ready to serve. He is already counting his accumulated treasure of Know-Nothingism. He is by turns Irish, Anti-Mason, Abolitionist, and Mormon, just as the chances of success appear in prospect; and if he fail to thrust himself forward, and stand in the front rank in the contest of 1856, on the side of the Democratic nominees, it will be because his grovelling and sordid perceptions, can not see the "loaves and fishes" in that direction. He helped the Whigs in 1840, but deserted them the moment his expected National Bank was vetoed. He gave them a lift again in 1848, but quit them the moment "Galphinism" exploded, and their credit began to run low.

We contend that the administration of President Pierce has been a good and an able one. No jot or tittle of our national honor has been sacrificed, nor has the country, from any want of enlightened statesmanship or sound policy, on the part of the government, suffered in any of its vast interests. In our November number we showed conclusively, that the President's vetoes of three important acts of Congress, of the last session, were not only justifiable and called for, on grounds of positive justice and sound policy, but that they were in strict accordance with the opinions and decisions which have emanated from our purest and wisest Democratic statesmen, for the last half a century.

Digitized by Google

The administration is not to be condemned for that cause, even if it have suffered the inevitable consequences of coming into power by so vast and unexpected a majority. We will not stop to "basket up the family" of troubles, naturally and almost inevitably resulting from having so many to feed. The most common mind will discover the difficulty at a glance; and we fear that our merely hinting at the idea, may induce or provoke some ill-disposed persons, to throw back upon us the insinuation, that we are not likely at the next trial to encounter the same evil. Jefferson used to say, that one or two was the safest majority in a house of Congress. We suppose the safety consisted in there being little danger of such a majority being split up into cliques and factions.

Speaking of Jefferson, reminds us of the man who did more than any other to lay a solid and durable foundation of pure republican principles, upon which the Democratic party might plant its standard and be invulnerable. It is to the period, in which his influence had such controlling power over the destiny of his country, that we can also look for a sample of such integrity and devotion to those principles, as whenever practised and lived up to, will shield them from danger or degeneracy. He, like all his Democratic successors in office, had fanaticism and Federalism to contend with. In his time, the priesthood were alarmed lest the Bible should be suppressed, and all the infidelity that had disgraced France, prevail here under legal sanction. They therefore united with the Federalists in denouncing him as a Jacobin and demagogue. The pulpit became a political forum, and a great many good old ladies, and some very honest men, were exceedingly frightened, both in Connecticut and Massachusetts. The Federal party were powerful in wealth, as well as in the eminent talent and learning of their leading men. The wealth was not held back when it could be brought to bear upon the envied popularity of the "*Democrat*" Jefferson. (We owe the Federalists what it is worth, for the *name* they gave us in derision, and when we have made it respectable, have tried to steal.) The talents of that aristocratic party, were bitterly, constantly, and intensely employed in defaming his character, and in misrepresenting and distorting his motives and policy. No denunciations of the patriot Jackson, in our times, were more bitter and relentless than were bestowed upon Jefferson, from the day he became the powerful rival of the elder Adams, to that in which he surrendered the presidential chair to Mr. Madison. No times have been more trying to the popularity of a public man. The

Digitized by Google

republic was, as it were, in its infancy. Its strength was not developed. Its resources were limited. The country was threatened, both at home and from abroad; yet no man has since taken a more decided stand, or more unflinchingly maintained and defended the national honor than did he. The force of his character, and the integrity of his party were such, that although he came into power by a mere casting vote in the House of Representatives, he was at the end of four years triumphantly reëlected by the people, and brought the second term of his service to a brilliant close, by the election of a Democrat as his successor. We shall need just such a Democratic party next year. They were a goodly heritage, left by Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Madison, for his support in what he was to encounter in the war of 1812.

The hatred of the Federal party for every thing Democratic, did not end with Mr. Jefferson's administration; but, if possible, was exhibited towards that of Madison in even greater violence and atrocity. The same priesthood, and the same politicians were still alive; and their bigotry on the one hand, and disappointed ambition on the other, seemed to have lost none of their virulence, but on the contrary, to have reached in madness, the verge of treason. On the fanatic side, in the war of 1812, England was toasted as the "*Bulwark of our religion, and the World's last hope.*" On that of the politicians, Madison was denounced in every form of malignant vituperation of which language is expressive. Such things ought not to be entirely forgotten; and therefore we will offer the following, merely as a sample, for it is only an instance among ten thousand. It is a sentiment offered by a distinguished Federalist, on a public occasion: "*James Madison—unfit for Heaven—too bad for Hell: may the angel of darkness convey him beyond the bounds of either.*" We do not mean to insinuate that either Fusionists, Know-Nothings, or Abolitionists would now so far forget themselves, as to denounce President Pierce in terms of such utter disrespect; but they have come as near to it as the present state of civilization will permit.

The noble Democracy which Mr. Jefferson had trained, were the shield and buckler of Mr. Madison's administration to the end of the war. Its close was brilliant. It shed a light upon the enormities perpetrated towards their country by the Federal party, Hartford Convention and all, which caused them to shrink from public view. The party was never heard of again, *as such*, for ten years. It had been practically dead from the election of Mr. Monroe, to that of Mr. Adams; and the first

Digitized by Google

notice we had of its resurrection, was the announcement by Josiah Quincy, of Boston, we think on the 4th July, 1825, in a toast in honor of Mr. Adams: "*Those who fell with the first Adams, have risen with the second.*" The election of 1828 taught them, that if they had thus *risen*, it was only to *fall again.*

Of the faithfulness and energy of the Democracy, not only in the violent struggle which resulted in General Jackson's election, but in the subsequent events that marked the administration of that heroic man, it were useless here to speak. They are as familiar to all as household words. It is enough to say of the Democracy of Jackson's time, that they stood by their principles, and their illustrious leader, with unflinching firmness to the last, and placed in the chair of state as his successor his *chosen man.*

But General Jackson, great and faithful as he was, did not leave to Mr. Van Buren a duty without its great and embarrassing difficulties, He had himself most evidently foreseen, that a financial crisis was approaching; for, in the summer of 1836, nearly a year before the expiration of his official term, he had caused an order to be issued, requiring the payments for the public lands, purchased on speculation, and not for actual settlement, to be made in gold and silver, instead of banknotes, which had up to that time been received. The crisis his wisdom and forecast had thus anticipated, did not arrive till after Mr. Van Buren's accession in 1837. It was such as caused an almost universal suspension of specie payments, by the banks throughout the country, a prostration of business, and a general state of bankruptcy for several years.

In this emergency, Mr. Van Buren called a special session of Congress, and submitted to that body a remedy for the then existing evil, so far as the public treasury is concerned, which has since been reädopted, and as we trust become a settled policy, to wit: that all the public dues, of every nature and description shall be paid, and all its disbursement made in specie. The proposition seems not to have been finally acted upon by Congress, till the people in the election of a new one, had had an opportunity to be heard. But in the first session of the next Congress, Mr. Van Buren's sub-treasury bill became a law, and received his approval on the 4th of July, 1840. It was in the midst of the political hurricane of "*Tippecanoe and Tyler too*;" and in that drunken canvass, in which professed religion and positive debauchery, walked arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder, it had before its passage become the

Digitized by Google

only open issue the enemies of Mr. Van Buren offered. The man of straw without principles, whom they had chosen for a candidate, was, under, the circumstances of the crisis, triumphantly elected President of the United States. Many men supposed, that thereupon, the Democratic party would wrap itself in grave-clothes, and die off as decently as possible. But the history shows a far different result.

At the fall elections of 1841, it became perfectly apparent that the "*Coon*," and not the Democracy, had gone into a state of defunction. The *animal* was practically "*skinned*," from Maine to Louisiana. Nevertheless, it struggled hard to live, and had a sort of spasmodic existence. Under the banner of that great and talented man, (however fatally he may have erred in politics,) Henry Clay, the Whig party rallied again, and made a desperate effort against the Democracy, in 1844. It was a well-fought field, and, unlike that of 1840, it was a pitched battle, on the ground of political principles and principles of public policy. The friends of Martin Van Buren were wounded deeply, that he was not the chosen candidate to bear the Democratic flag in that fight, and have an opportunity to retrieve, *in his own person*, the defeat of 1840. Nevertheless, they were Democrats still, and no matter who the standard-bearer might be, they were determined to have their full share of the fight. And so they did. New-York, wounded, as her Democracy might justly feel, at M. Van Buren's rejection by the National Convention, when he had gone into that body with a large majority, little less than two thirds, still stood firmly by the principles and the usages of the party. Silas Wright, then a Senator and the leading one in Congress, had been offered the nomination as Vice-President on the ticket, with Mr. Polk, and had declined it. But, when it seemed certain that Mr. Polk must lose the vote of the State and with it his election, unless the very strongest man in the affections and the confidence of the people of New-York could be placed in nomination, at the head of our State ticket, Mr. Wright's magnanimity was appealed to by the party. The great personal sacrifice he made when he accepted the gubernatorial nomination, and yielded his exalted position in the Senate, can scarcely be fully appreciated. Nor could such a sacrifice have been expected but from the most unselfish patriot whose name adorns the history of the Empire State. The close of the canvass told the value of the service he had rendered. It had secured the election of the Democratic ticket, and, with that triumph, the vindication and reëstablishment of the solid,

Digitized by Google

constitutional principles of public policy, which had marked the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren; and Mr. Van Buren, in his retirement, can not but regard one of the fruits of that campaign as a trophy of inestimable value. It secured the reënactment of the sub-treasury of 1840, upon which he had staked his reputation as a statesman; and the "*sober* second thought" of his countrymen has settled down upon it in contentment and peace, fully persuaded that it is the best and safest financial system, both for the government and the people, the wisdom of man can devise.

What administration of this government has conferred higher or more substantial benefits upon the country than that of Mr. Polk? If the Whigs of 1844 were alarmed at the annexation of Texas, and trembled, like the king of Babylon, at the war with Mexico, how deeply should they lament the acquisition of California, the establishment of the tariff of 1846, and the reëstablishment of the independent treasury, whose *everlasting* condemnation they vainly supposed they had pronounced in 1840.

The principal object of this article is to call to mind a few of the high claims the Democracy of the United States have upon the confidence and gratitude of the country, and to demonstrate, that the party who have accomplished so much are neither disbanded nor disheartened; but, on the contrary, are looking forward, with confident and firm resolves, to new triumphs and the achievement of still richer national benefits.

With the causes which produced the defeat of General Cass, in 1848, the people of New-York, at least, are perfectly familiar. If the Nicholson letter, asserting the right of "*squatter sovereignty*," had any share in producing the result, that truly great and patriotic man will find a source of just pride, in the fact, that the Congress of the United States, with the approval of a Democratic President, have as fully carried out his views on that question, as they have those of Mr. Van Buren in regard to the sub-treasury. *Neither of those men needed the Presidency to make him great.*

The defeat of General Cass accomplished nothing that the Whigs could claim as a victory, except the temporary possession of power without the means of using it for the establishments of any of their aristocratic dogmas or doctrines. The administration of Mr. Fillmore was relieved of its monotony by the "Compromise Acts" of 1850, in the passage of which the greatest and best men of both parties could and did cordially unite.

Digitized by Google

Benjamin F. Hallett, when the anti-masonic party to which he had belonged, was sold to the Whigs, in refusing to ratify the contract, pronounced the Whig party "the *inherent* minority in the United States," and their history, thus far, indicates that Mr. Hallett was not far from the mark.

In 1852, the Whigs offered a "military chieftain," as regular a "war, pestilence, and famine" chief-captain as was General Jackson; one who had never drawn his sword but to be victorious; covered with laurels; ten times the man, in a military or civil point of view, that either Harrison or Taylor had been; the *first choice* of the great body of the Whigs; *available;* having all the *isms* and fanaticisms on his side; acceptable to the Romish Church; delighted with "the sweet Irish brogue," and wondering at the varied richness of the German tongue.

Against such a candidate the Democrats placed in the field Franklin Pierce, of New-Hampshire, a man who had not been named in connection with the Presidency beyond the limits of his native State, twenty-four hours before his nomination. *If the veracity of the Whigs can be relied on*, his only military glory consisted in having fainted before Chapultepec. His principal *available* qualities were his acknowledged ability, his sterling patriotism, and his unswerving fidelity to the principles and usages of the Democratic party. He was placed before the country on a political creed or platform, unmistakably plain and explicit in its terms, openly avowed, widely promulgated, at war with all the *isms* and fanaticisms, imploring the aid of no section or faction, but appealing, boldly and fearlessly, to the whole people of the United States for their verdict on its merits. The *principles* on which Franklin Pierce rested for victory were sufficient to insure it, no matter how small in stature *he* may have *seemed*, when compared with the "Giant of Gath." The "*giant*" took four States, the "*stripling*" the balance.

His administration has been distinguished by a faithful adherence to the platform on which he was elected. The Kansas-Nebraska Act, brought forward in Congress, and so ably and successfully advocated by the talented and intrepid Senator from Illinois for a time, threatened to raise a serious question; inasmuch, as it abrogated the "Missouri Compromise." A party was immediately organized, and made its appeal. Its only visible effect, thus far, has been the rending asunder of the Whig party proper, and giving the largest half to the "Know-Nothings," who seem to KNOW ENOUGH to repudiate the sectional malignity of the other portion; and they

Digitized by Google

will *learn*, in due time, that intolerance in matters of religion, in this country, is not only unconstitutional, but an "*inherent minority quality*," in a political party.

The triumphs of the Democracy during the present year, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Indiana, North-Carolina, New-Jersey, Georgia, Maine, Tennessee, Florida, and other States, are far from indicating the disorganization and dissolution of the party. These elections have been, necessarily, of a local character, and, in such cases, the Democracy are seldom out in the united strength they muster at a presidential canvass. In Ohio, although a year ago, the "fusion" of Whigs, Abolitionists, and malcontents in general, carried the election by an uncounted majority, it appears the good old Democratic party is still alive, and, at the recent election, have brought the "fusion" majority to a very low figure, with every prospect of its utter annihilation in 1856. This is the only Western State where "fusion" of Abolitionism and Whiggery has really effected any thing. If we recollect well, the "Dutch have taken Holland," in Vermont. The Cincinnati *Gazette*, whose editor is of the Seward school, extends its hands imploringly to the Know-Nothings, and exclaims: "*Without the aid of the American party, Ohio could not have been, and* CAN NOT BE *carried against the Democratic party.*" We shall see, within a year, whether salt-petre, when combined with the other ingredients of gunpowder, will explode.

New-York has ever, and, from her great population and commercial position, both on the sea-coast and the Western waters, will ever, exert a vast influence upon the elections of the country, and, particularly, upon a presidential election. The instances are few, confined, we believe, to *one*, where her Democracy, *when united*, have failed of success,—the anomalous election of 1840, when Mr. Van Buren was defeated. We were divided and distracted before the nomination of Pierce, nearly as much so as we are now, but, when reünited, we swept the State overwhelmingly. Shall it be done again? There is no note of fear, of disaster, or defeat in any other quarter, amongst the great Democratic family of the Union. Let the leading men of the Democratic party, in New-York, study the character of Silas Wright, and imitate his example of patriotism and magnanimity. W.

Digitized by Google

A MORNING AT THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS.

LIFE has its myths as history has; actual and substantial personages, it is true, but so inflated with assumptions, or magnified by rumors, that the real mingles with the fabulous, the distinction between the master and the disciple fades, and is lost in the shock of tumultuous mediocrity. They are the peculiar products of no geographical section, nor exclusively the emanation of particular professions or employments. They have a nubilous existence in the columns of the political press, and are found among the pious components of the Church But the myth political differs from the myth clerical, both in characteristics and in influence. Apotheosis overtakes the one while on his knees before the people for the *accolade* of "honorable," and for the emoluments of office; while the other arrives at canonization through the servility of the congregation whose admiration he has conquered, and whose conscience he enthralls. This one exerts despotic sway with an arbitrary power; but that one controls while seeming to persuade, and dictates while appearing to obey. The result, however, is in each case the same; the abject flattery and the mental abasement of the followers, and the imperious dogmatism or the dissimulating domination of the leaders. Were society exhausted by this classification, social progress would be arrested and human interest sacrificed by the conflict of human passions. But happily, it absorbs but a comparatively small portion of the members that compose, or of the thought that stimulates the civilized world. While the few are striving for the opportunity of ambitious elevation, or the many for that of plastic servility; for individual aggrandisement on the one hand, or for common deprivation on the other; the destinies of the race accompany the multitudes that move in the thoroughfares which religion has prepared and civilization has opened for liberal institutions; and which both have designated to be the paths of progress towards the greatest social happiness. A pause in the journey will permit us to examine the digressions of the erratic ones, and to profit either by the disclosure of their errors or by the example of their virtues.

Henry Ward Beecher occupies a large space in the public

Digitized by Google

eye. At once editor and preacher, he possesses the most powerful means of impressing public opinion. With the results of his labors we have nothing now to do; it is to his manner and to the field of those labors that we purpose to address ourselves. It certainly is neither strange that a champion in the columns of a newspaper should come to be regarded by his disciples as a Leviathan of literature, nor unaccountable that the most intrepid of declaimers should become a theological Corypheus. While there is much to sustain the partiality of his friends, there is more to shake the impartiality of their verdict. Both they and he are amenable to an apellate jurisdiction; and at the bar of the public we arraign them for judgment.

It is no easy task, that of polemics. No ordinary abilities are required for its prosecution, and no ordinary use of those required will secure their success. When the orthodox Christian is confronted in controversy by the heretic, the Bible is the arsenal to which both resort for the accustomed weapons of theological warfare; but when conflict is driven between the deist and the divine, the clangor of strange arms startles synods from their repose. Spiritual dogmas are assailed, and revelation itself is attacked. Spiritual infallibility and spiritual pride —the banners behind which a priesthood intrenches itself—are converted by the enterprising foe into hostile fortresses. Reason is invoked and cogently applied; nature is summoned from her fastnesses to the affray; every stratagem of every art, every argument of every invention; all devices and all considerations compose the panoply of the free-thinker; and saintly mediocrity, at its almost tension, though armed with an orthodox formulary, and with the theology of a ritualist, can rarely be restrained from availing itself of the privilege of a free fight, "to count itself out." Not so with Henry Ward Beecher. He enters the arena with the assurance of the victor of a hundred fields. No skirmishing diverts his enemy or fatigues his own strength. He never defends, but always attacks. The first scratch of his pen draws blood, and all his lines flows in an empurpled stream. Positive are all his positions, unrelenting all his antagonisms; platitudes he puts to flight pursued by unnumbered terrors. With him religious controversy is a war to the death, and submission to peace but a truce with the devil. Compromise with error he would undertake as soon as the defense of Iscariot, and to temporize with an adversary attempt as soon as to mingle nectar with gall. He despises the arts of the gladiator, though evidently familiar with them. Hardly has he shouted his battle-cry be-

Digitized by Google

fore he rushes upon his enemy, and with downright blows and main strength attempts his position. If successful, no chivalrous consideration for the vanquished restrains his triumphal note; if defeated, no artifice is employed to conceal his disappointment. In every event he views things as they are, and is content that others should do so too; and well he may be. The public he writes for is the Beecher public; the eyes it uses are the Beecher eyes. Fragmentary truths cast into the hopper of its conscience come out Beecher; and their incarnate product is idolized as the ground-work of its faith. A reverse, however disastrous, is, therefore, with his devotees, unequal to his disparagement; and though at first humiliated by the consciousness of defeat, yet the perverse pæans of his friends do not fail to be eventually mistaken by him for the evidence of his success. It is surprising that the faculties of the man have not yet succumbed to this frequently-recurring syncope. That they have survived unimpaired, while it is evidence of their strength, should be, to a wise man, the occasion for averting the danger of their future destruction.

It is difficult to characterize definitively the style of Mr. Beecher's writings; accurately speaking, they have none. Every phase of thought that impresses his mobile mind exacts corresponding peculiarity of expression. The ponderous oppresses the fluent on the same page; the familiar makes intrepid forays into the precincts of the grave, and whole caravans of similes bear their knapsacks over bleak districts of abstract argumentation. But this variety is unattended either by eloquence of diction or by appositeness of language. His thought involuntarily presents itself to a magazine of words collected without selection, and abundant without arrangement. The result is inevitable. The whole commodity is expended on the instant; and sentences which were intended for repertories of exact dialectics are frequently obscured by an uncertain vocabulary. Critical precision is out of the question. The habit of his mind, while admirable for invective and adapted to satire, unfits him for the accuracy of exposition, and disqualifies his logic. Qualities such as these make the debater—the polemic they destroy. The reader is never elevated by the standard of Mr. Beecher's literature; his mind never imbued with the excellence of his performance. The fluent thought which glides on diaphonous wings from garnered stores of classic lore, never lubricates the harsh current of his page: the progress of his work discloses no scholar's plastic hand embellishing with taste and enriching with learning the products of

Digitized by Google

his invention. A direct road, and a rough, is the road to his purpose. Awaiting no eminence from which, as from vantage-ground, to commence a journey to which his reader is invited in exploration of the country beyond, he plunges fearlessly into bog or morass, as may happen in his way, and diligently following the labyrinth of moral depravity, exposes the monster and drives him howling from his lair. The pioneer sometimes hears forest-echoes of crashing sounds and sees branches tossed and trees uprooted, and knows the dread tornado. So when the world's moral wilderness is shaken and doleful voices sound along its aisles the pilgrim takes good heart that Henry Ward Beecher is smiting "root and branch." Action is impressed on all his productions, whether he hymns his Maker, or excoriates an atheist—it is action that predominates. Between it and stagnation there is no middle state for him. Moderation would be as much treason in his counsels as in his religion, it would be heresy; and quiet as ruinous to his career as to a planet would be repose in its orbit. Motion is his characteristic. He inspires more by the multiplicity of his thoughts than by their separate value. Isolated, they are weak: it is their aggregate that prevails. Thus distances are inseparable from his reasonings; not that he dwells in his footsteps, or protracts his journey, but that his pace is of the minutest and his route the longest way round. It can not be said that Mr. Beecher is great as a writer. Destitute of language and deficient in strength, not even beauty of arrangement can be claimed for the preservation of his productions. They are of the day, ephemeral; and when the day shall have passed, not less surely will have passed away his writings. It is something strange that this should be so. He is one of a numerous family distinguished for their attainments and their genius. Of all his brothers, not one who does not excel him as an author; while some have attained eminence for their terse, nervous, and elegant diction. The muses are walking by the side of his sisters, and with one, genius herself delights to abide. Wonderful family! happy fraternity; among whom intellect has been distributed in largest proportions; by whom it has been most largely endowed; and yet amongst whom Henry Ward Beecher is not the superior.

But it is not as an author that our subject excels. His chief distinction is derived from the pulpit, and his peculiar excellence is perceptible only when in the midst of his congregation.

Reader, have you ever been to church? It is worth one's while to go there; and whether it be to cathedral, chapel, or

Digitized by Google

meeting-house, does not matter, so long as there are people inside, and a man at the desk. One has before him then a scene for abundant observation. Population may be as accurately classified by the pews of the tabernacle, as by the tables of the census. The segregation of the wicked in the aisle, is perhaps as emblematic as the approximation of the godly to the nave. The vicinity of the chancel abounds with those whose carriages choke the narrow way with a fashionable cortege: an equestrian order of lacquered saints, who would decline the heavenward journey, unless performed with the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. Unnoticed sinners throng the sides and attempt religion in the galleries. No royal banners indicate their section: a pedestrian troupe, half-hidden by the display, and quite silenced by the pretensions of their titled brethren; these have entered the wicket-gate, and hopefully tread the steep and rugged path to the New Jerusalem. All orders of men assemble to worship in the temple of the living God. A somnambulatory spiritualism carries the merchant to the mart, who is inclining a dreamy ear to the preacher's inventory of the treasures above. The reverie of the lawyer relinquishes his case, when the scripture, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him," startles his instincts with fears of escaping clients. The exterior of the politician implies a respectful assent to the text "We are all His children," while his mind is assiduously operating a compromise of his share in the common filiation of humanity to the father of lies. From the profounds of sleep emerge the genii, who tell down ingots of gold to the wrapt senses of the money-changer. Affluence rustles in its silks; poverty is mindful of its pride. The mistress ogles whom the maid admires; the vagabond reprobates what the hypocrite contemns: while but a precious handful reverently receive the tidings of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

By far the greatest number of those who frequent churches, seek sanctuary for their sins; few only seek sanctuary from them. These rescue from reproach the hallowed precepts of the Master: those subject to suspicion the professors of His faith. It is very questionable to what amount of sanctity, an exacting scrutiny would entitle a saintly congregation of the modern ingredients. Perhaps the attempt were better omitted, for indeed it would be appalling, were the conventional habitation of virtue and religion to be discovered to have become but the occupation of a hypocrisy and the retreat of a rascality that have exhausted the safety of every other device. It was

Digitized by Google

a saying, as characteristic of its rugged author, as it was appropriate to his times, that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." An easy transition, both from the times and the proverb, might discover to the modern sage both the scoundrel and his refuge in the religious twilight of a New-York church. The fretted roof and groined arch, not ignobly reflect the subdued but gorgeous tints that fall from mullioned windows; luxurious appointments court the senses, and solace the indolence of the assembled worshippers, no discord interrupts their religious repose. The chaunt, the hymn, the organ's solemn swell, combine the harmonious opiate, which presides over the somnolence of belle, burgomaster, and beau; and if by chance an unguarded sleeper topples down, his doom, unlike that of Eutychus, extinguishes no life, but only perturbs some nebulous body in the system of fashion, whose restoration requires a power as miraculous, as that which restored him of Troas to the dwellers in the third loft. Drowsiness oppresses the effete sensuality, that expects for the homage of its presence the reward of salvation. Curiosity excites the pruriency of those, whose youth of calumny it is hoped, may be expiated by the discovery in their age of others as bad as they. Envy rankles, jealousy corrodes. The strains of the last night's revels occupy the ear that should be intent on the truths of to-day. Even the preacher forsakes his official obligations to simplify for the turgid involutions of an obscure style; and the language which criminal artifices have yet spared to nature, becomes, when wrested to the purposes of an ambitious rhetoric, but anagrammatic of the thought: that, it is to be hoped, is still spared to religion. From such a scene Christianity mournfully recedes. Her primal simplicity shrinks from sacerdotal pomp, and abhors even the virtues, when on parade. She withered beneath the austerity of the cloister; she will perish under the frivolity of the church. Early persecutions chastened her children and purified their faith. Later security has acquired for her a popular favor, which even now has converted her porch into the vestibule of fashion, and filled her courts with its devotees. Once the implement of salvation achieved for man, she was afterwards wrested to the purposes of his oppressors. Weary centuries of bigot sway crushed the hopes she had inspired; and man's doom was read in the footprints of superstition. The morning came; the face of the evangelist was pleasant on the hill-tops; the dwellers in the vales received his tidings, and the nations returned to the worship of God. Yet a more formidable trial is Christianity undergoing now. The gloom of

Digitized by Google

the ascetic has given place to the complacency of the communicant; the monk's cowl to the mummer's mask. The rod with which the priests compelled the affections of nature into universal obedience to a spiritual despotism, when transferred to the divine, blossoms in a dominion established in the flattery of the senses, and in the arrogance of an exclusive caste. Good men wonder at the pact, which chartered profligacy holds with subsidized virtue, and tremble that the Church is the course and the goal of their career. Good men grieve that the mysteries of the renewed birth have been bartered for those of spiritual progression; and sorrow that the house, which it is written, shall be the house of prayer, has been made by the necrologists of the new dispensation, a den of thieves. When phantoms defeat the truths of revelation; and phantoms displace their convictions; when religion is dissolved in the lascivious embrace of eternal progression; and sin established in the prospect of punishment eternally postponed; when earth assumes the livery of heaven, and His altar smokes with complacent sacrifice, good men groan with a fearful agony, "How long, O Lord! holy and true!"—and earth and its destinies, and the mysterious heavens, and prophetic nature, testify, "yet for a little season." The application of this picture is not universal. Exceptions there are as emphatic as they are rare. Churches where worship is not a ceremony, nor religion a rhapsody of words: the members of which are more heedful of their neighbors' than of their own wants, and the pastors of which are more heedful of their own than of their neighbors' infirmities: churches whose labor is with the harvest of the world; and whose theology embraces a humanity commensurate with the beneficence of God. Such erect no architectural pile, nor gather beneath the gilded dome; a severe simplicity characterizes their taste; utility directs them; and if the insignia of affluence ever attend their efforts, be sure that their benefits are proportionate to the means employed. They are to be found, though at wide intervals, throughout the land. Indeed, our cities are sometimes blessed with their presence. I had even heard, that such a church there is in Brooklyn, set like a city on a hill, and that its candlestick is supported by Henry Ward Beecher. Now the reputation of a minister is as often the manufacture of his congregation, as the congregation is the product of that of the minister; certain it is, that in this instance, rumor had invested the people with a social efficacy, that reflected the attributed qualities of the pastor, and whether his accommodation to their aggregated idea, or their subjection to his personal mastery

Digitized by Google

were the process of conjunction, critical analysis alone could determine, and careful observation alone would disclose.

It was a clear cold morning, that which brought me to the Church of the Pilgrims. The angularity of Plymouth Rock had evidently been consulted by the architect who planned it; and as evidently was the rigor of the winter of 1620 the idea attempted in the order of its architecture. A short flight of slippery steps presented a frigid approach to a melancholy vestibule. Very precise bricks from very red walls, seemed to stand sentinel on corners which they very sharply turned. Pillars shot up with a swell, seemingly bursting with a consciousness of the magnitude of their support; and doors swung with a swagger wide, as if emulating old Grimes's heart, which is popularily believed to have been as "open as the day." The interior diminished nothing of the outer effect. Walls of the very plainest gleamed coldly with a finish of the hardest and whitest; and a ceiling impended from above like a suspended sea of ice. An organ sent up its glittering spires from behind a choir, whose ever-recurring trios suggested a search, by a Rule-of-Three process, for some unknown quantity of music. Below them and in front, was seated Mr. Beecher, the archetype in appearance of all that was formal in the walls, cold in the vestibule, and angular in the rock. A singular effect was produced by the arrangement of the church. A broad shelf of thickly-peopled gallery, extending quite around, projected declivitously from every side to the central floor; and as the eye dwelt on the assembled mass, either from above or below, continuous gradations of amphitheatrical heads seemed to be looking down upon their favorite athlete. In the area in the midst stood an elevated daïs;—a pulpit it could not be called, which had the properties of none. A simple structure furnished a support for the necessary devotional books, and a plain sofa the requisite means of personal seat. There he sat, the object of attention to all—Henry Ward Beecher—to the devotee a god—to the curious an enigma—ambitiously simple and ostentatiously plain; studiously placed by the topography of his church in the focus of vision, and in the centre of thought. The congregation was dense but reverential. The occupants of each pew seemed the members of one family; and their multiplication assimilated the worship to that of a large family circle. The absence of old men was notable; those present being of the middle age, plain and thoughtful people, whose features active habits had impressed with intelligence, and business had stamped with the spirit of the age. A very large proportion were children; so

Digitized by Google

that one could not but feel, when adjusted in his seat, that he had been received into the embrace of a domestic brotherhood, whose interests were his own, and whose admirations he could not but largely share. There were exceptions, however. Strangers crowded the aisles. Among these, curiosity was the predominating passion; or, when actuated by a better motive, there still was wanting the indefinable impress of the Beecher household. Here and there members of the anti-tonsorial fraternity exhibited the natural badges of their faith. Mustache and beard presented formidable evidence of the capillary philosophy of their owners, while the smooth faces and polled crowns resisted this covert impeachment of their importance, by an arrangement of features which plainly enough spelled that "Good wine needs no bush." But all eyes are now fastened on the minister. He has arisen from his seat, and stands before his people. Languor oppresses his action; his voice is inaudible beyond the immediate pews; his energies seem oppressed with the listlessness which characterizes his posture; and the worship of the day is attempted as if a fatigue. Profound stillness reigns—each gesture is noted and every look treasured. In a conversational tone, now, he reads the chapter of the day. It is the act of a formalist, and its spirit is perfunctory. The excellence of the truth appears to inspire not so much as gospel sanctions seem to command. Emphasis neglected, and distinctness disregarded, the reader makes his way slovenly through his task; and as the sacred book is closed, the hearer feels that the Scriptures acquire nothing of beauty at the hands of Mr. Beecher. More feeling, however, is perceptible in the rendering of the hymn; still there is a painful absence of animation, and as the organ clothes the thoughts of the poet in music, the stranger sits in disappointment who had expected an orator in the preacher. A feeble invitation precedes the act of prayer—no effort elevates the people to God: the first sentence brings God down to the people; and then with an easy peripatetic conversation God is chaperoned through the dwellings, and is informed of the occupations of each: of the wants that should be supplied, and of the blessings that are expected. A more copious catalogue of desirable favors it were difficult to imagine. Reforms that should regenerate, succeed amendments that may recompense; and righteousness and reward are strangely coupled. Individual interests take precedence of the general weal; domestic wants dwarf the spiritual; petitions for grace come side by side with solicitations for prosperity; and the prayer concludes with an ingenious

Digitized by Google

medley of customary invocations, proverbial memorials, and familiar formularies, couched in such phrase, that the absence of originality is barely remarked in a diction with which originality would struggle in vain. But the performance is not without its merits. If feeble in utterance its source is pure; if characterized by familiarity it is evidently sincere. Its quiet commencement doubtless summoned devotion to hearts that were more intent on a return to the request than on its zeal, and satisfaction attends the universal consciousness at its close, that what each would have preferred has been duly asked. As expectation is still seated on all countenances, you doubt whether the attraction of the day has yet appeared; and it is true that it has not. The uneasy motion of an audience settling to repose, agitates for a moment, and deep attention fixes every eye. Swaying figures grow erect in front, and from behind anxious faces incline to catch the coming words. Now he stands up, and his utterance is for all. Inert, as if some veteran of powers too often tested to challenge fame by show, he stands, and by an admirable indifference, secures the general interest. At seeming random he presents a text, the one most adapted to his hearers—the best suited to himself; and drawlingly rehearsing it, with an impromptu pause, languishes into relation with his hearers. Now flows smooth the current of his thoughts. From untrodden regions he presents unusual considerations, and hastens their pertinency by epigrammatic application. Then abandoning his position he moves with practised tread along the ways of familiar life, and enters upon scenes in the description of which he employs a thousand present sympathies; and, armed with them, descends with accumulated force, from unexpected quarters, upon his theme. The minds, that at first, though baffled, yet continued their explorations, first glow with uncertain light, then flash with a sudden illumination of the subject; others follow with faculties bewildered as if by the members of a riddle, and when most inclined to give it up, are startled into place again by a quiet solution of their doubts. The voice of the speaker has no attractive properties; it is not heedful, even of ordinary care; but adhering to the inner mouth or escaping through the passages of the nose, whether it rises from one or descends from the other, its cadences are inaudible, and its modulations nasal.

Yet, there are times, when, indignant at oppression or stirred against titled meanness, he escapes from his lethargy, and the full swelling tones of denunciation are in your ear, and the thunderer is before your eyes. These are the electrical

Digitized by Google

shocks of his sermon. The repose of the narrative is assailed, and sudden lightning reveals a landscape like Brulah, or an abyss like the valley of death. Now commences a scene unparalleled in Christendom. An excitable mind has fired at thought of human wrong, and a genius of exquisite susceptibility has stripped to the task of avenging justice. By a few master-strokes the criminal is denuded, and a storm of invective beats upon the incarnate vice. Analogies fail, and comparisons are useless in the deleviation of the sequel. Fast gathering epithets heap opprobrium—sarcasm gleams with a lurid light from accumulating masses of ludicrous illustration—ridicule blights—satire blasts—and the prostrate enemy, crushed and helpless, receives from his inexorable victor, what sheer exhaustion has alone left him—derision and contempt. The ocean in a storm were no inapt illustration of the congregation, the while. Eyes reflect each varying passion which incites the preacher—rigid muscles and fixed features affirm his indignation—unrestrained satisfaction attends with decided manifestations every reverberating blow; and as pathos subdues, or raillery inflames, tears suffuse or laughter convulses the general countenance. Such is Henry Ward Beecher, the Divine—simple in manner—pregnant in matter, and triumphant in effect. His congregation has been formed upon his model. The useful is their rule of life; and whether dignified by commiseration of human woe they adorn the mart or, wriggling with the ministerial facetiousness of the pulpit they degrade the church—usefulness is their object—the pursuit of which preserves them from buffoonery, and the accomplishment of which preserves them to respect. And so in this every-day life, where the laugh abounds will be found the joyous disciple of Beecher; and where wretchedness weeps will be gathered the hearts of his congregation.

But a more careful measure is to be applied to the intellectual man. His mind, though nervous, is not of a high order. His thoughts do not expand outward synthetically, by generalization, but penetrate inward by contraction and analysis. You vainly look for the symmetrical chain of cause and effect, forged at a heat, in Titanic stithy. Incomplete reasonings lodge uncomfortably in asthmatic sentences; broken images are hurled, confusedly, into paragraphs, like broken candy—palatable, to be sure, but broken. Disconnected thoughts chase each other in the routine of a kaleidoscope, and, with its brilliancy and fractional ideas, make experimental excursions, only to be withdrawn, and replaced by fractions of others, the rela-

Digitized by Google

tive parts of which are not yet born. He exemplifies the extreme of trituration of mind, and manifests its obvious advantages. He is sorely deficient in language. His vocabulary is limited not only, but so inopportune, that verbal necessities induce the use of barbarisms. It is this deficiency, perhaps, which accounts for his recourse to allegories. They frequent every part of his sermon. In the midst of an argument, between consecutive sentences, and, sometimes, even intersecting one, the figure is seized and pursued with avidity. Though, by this means, his sermon becomes bizarre, yet it by no means loses its strength. Order is disregarded, but material is abundant. Method there is none; but each sentence has point, and everywhere, interspersed with maxims, proverbs, and quaint sayings, float gay images of holiday life, or sombre pictures of sadder hue. With all this, however, there is associated neither dignity of manner nor elevation of thought. Household objects suggest similes; daily occurrences furnish anecdote, and the thought which, at its induction, was worthy of the solemnity of the occasion, is soon overtaken by figures, wrenched into attitudes so grotesque or distorted to purposes so perverse, that gravity can be predicated as little by the minister as by the mountebank, and is observed as little by the congregation as by an audience of the Ethiopian Minstrels. Where burlesque is employed by the pulpit, and salvation is sought amid transports of fun, the scene is more dramatic than religious, and the disciple descends to the actor. And this were without redeeming features, did not an ever-present susceptibility of the goodness of God, unmistakably characterize the thoughts of the preacher, and chasten his conception, even at its utmost levity. It is when, forsaking his monotonous under-tone, he launches eye and voice upon a tempestuous sea, that the social affections sway, and the tenderest emotions guide his utterance to the index of a warm and compassionate heart. Indeed, strong domestic attachments are the basis, not only of the character of the man, but of the energies which he displays. And so, families surround him. Children gather in fraternal groups, and the whole people sit in affiliating rows. All hearts are moved by the genius of the place, and when the affecting scripture is rendered in melody, over infants, at the baptismal font, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," the suffused eye seemingly sees how He "took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

It would be difficult to conceive a power of describing

Digitized by Google

natural scenery less than that possessed by Mr. Beecher. His gulfs are all black, all his chasms yawning. His tempests have black jaws, as death has, and the coloring of his clouds is uniformly black. Whenever his imagery, in any degree, depends on natural phenomena, the same fault occurs. Famine he makes to "suck up a harvest," and he stoutly calls on his hearers to "hover over a thought." It were better with him had he more confidence in the native strength of the substantive. He seems to be unconscious of its independent power, and, frequently, a pure and sturdy Saxon noun is so encumbered with adjuncts that the idiom of the language is smothered in foreign importations. Adjectives he should dismiss, and, instead of transfixing every emotion with a descriptive epithet, it would be better were the task of description to be relinquished to a simple statement of the emotion. Such are some of the Beecher peculiarities of manner and of style. But, above and beyond these, are the notable peculiarities of the man.

It is quite a mistake to apply to the measure of his faculties either the graduated scale of verbal criticism or the conventional rules of a careful rhetoric. His contempt for both does not seemingly affect the despotic influence with which he sways the common mind, an influence secured by a compliance with none of the canons, but in opposition to them, and preserved not by a politic toleration of popular errors, but, by an uncompromising war upon them. It is not so much the principle which he condemns, as it is its representatives, whom he denounces. Error, to be sure, he explodes; but sin he attacks. Heresy he confounds by argument, or pursues with reproaches; but unmeasured indignation he heaps upon hypocrisy, and cant provokes his most potent ire. It can not be said, that he preaches religion; at least, that religion which recalls but to release, and reclaims but for a Sabbath, the sinner of the week. His business seems to be with man as he is, not as he has been, or is to be; not with him, only, as with principles starched as the occasional holiday suit in which he presents his Sunday side for a seven days' lustration; but, with him, at all times, everywhere, in all his duties, habits, and pursuits. He evidently intends that his followers shall expect from him no transcendental *splurges* from stations in the clouds, but just "the stated preaching of the Gospel," on Brooklyn Heights. Crusades he rejects from the artillery of the Church; for he abominates long journeys, in quest of regeneration. In his own phrase,

Digitized by Google

he strives to "make Christ usable," and, with suitable instructions, prescribes Him for all occasions. An eccentric critic of the last age, surmised the chief pleasure of the angels to be in the exquisite sense of the ludicrous. Perhaps the evidence is not quite conclusive, that what was but conjecture, in the last age, is doctrine in this; but, whether addressed to the tastes of a spiritual or to those of an incarnate presence, certain it is, that the humorous so abounds in the Church of the Pilgrims as to satisfy the drollest, whether of angels or men. Architectural simplicity he has studied, with an evident view to effect. The vaulted roof, the stately pillar, the frieze and the entablature, ill accord with the trenchant sarcasm, the familiar raillery, the plain speech and secular manner of Mr. Beecher. He is purely a stump-preacher. His message is assumed to be derived immediately from heaven, and is delivered without intermission, to men. Pomp depresses, and ceremony disarms him. With the skies above, and the goodly earth about him, he thunders as from a natural tribune. But, swathed in canonicals, and perched at a modern pulpit's height, the vigor of the man would succumb to artifice, and grow torpid under the tyranny of form. A cathedral would be his coffin—its gorgeous drapery the funeral trappings of his mental obsequies. He is the man of his generation. Sixty years since, Henry Ward Beecher would have driven nails into the fabric of society; sixty years hence society will drive nails into him. He is doing the work of his generation, unprompted by the past, disconnected from the future. An able-bodied, energetic, intrepid man, inspired by benevolence and guided by reason, he batters down presumption and supports merit; strips hypocrisy and celebrates virtue, and so will he continue to the end, and be seen no more. The grief of friends, the commiseration of the good, the affliction of those whom he comforted, and the regrets of those whom he endowed, will more fittingly chant his *requiescat in pace*, and his memory will be interred with his bones. But, it is no light burden—the work of a generation like ours. The greatest mind alone is inadequate to it. A heart of commensurate dimensions is required also; and even then, when faculties and feelings conspire, their product is as nothing if not fortified by physical energy. At times when the world leaned upon science and rested upon discovery, speculation was the implement of progress. But philosophy is no longer a motive power; the student no longer the hero. Ours is the age of action. The knowledge of the past has been pressed into the service of the

Digitized by Google

present, and at a wonderful pace is modern invention urging society along. Mind, to be felt, must be moving. Brains, without legs, are useless. It is not the calibre of the ordnance, but the impetus of the ball, that sends it crashing along the path of destiny. Of each department of every pursuit, in all occupations, is this true, whether the Senate, the Bar, the Church.

It is sad to reflect, that the upward of thought has been so utterly relinquished for its onward—sad to see that the onward of man is not necessarily his upward also. And yet, how necessary to duration is the True, a wiser than philosophy has taught; and that progress, without endurance, is vain, requires no philosophy to teach. The great practical lesson for this age yet to learn, is, that national security depends on national faith; not a subservience to dogmas and creeds, nor superstitious observance of fasts and ceremonies, but an intelligent apprehension of the inseparable relation between man and God, and of the impossibility of its violation without human disaster.

Though this lesson is to be learned not altogether from the Church, yet there should it be earliest inculcated, and there its earliest rudiments be taught. A nobler work can not be conceived—nor one in the achievement of which immortal honors can be more nobly won: not prosecuted by the feeble light of traditional faith, nor contracted to the feeble proportions of missal and ritual, but, expanding with the generous impulses of a just enthusiasm, emanating from conscious affinity with Deity, and guided by a reason equally divine. Republican France, by the introduction of Reason into her churches, became the atheistical Republic of the last century: it would be singular, indeed, were Republican America, by the exclusion of Reason from her churches, to become the atheistical Republic of this.

Digitized by Google

MADDALENA.

MOTHER! my breath grows shorter—I scarce can whisper now;
Dark shades weigh down mine eyelids—the death-damp's on my brow.
I know that I am dying: yet not for that I moan—
But I must leave thee in the world, a widow and alone.
Oh! weep not for me, mother: no sting is in the dart—
I go where there's oblivion for this poor broken heart.

'Tis hard to leave thee, mother; but oh! 'twere worse to stay,
And see thee watch me, daily, wither and pine away.
Hush! hush!—you never scorned me—your breast was not defiled
With sheltering and caressing your sinful stricken child.
God left you to me, mother, when he took all beside,
To lead my erring spirit back to the Crucified.

Through thy pale lips, my mother, He spoke those words to me,
One heart on earth hath pardoned—"Neither condemn I thee."
All through the shameful daylight, all through the sleepless night,
I heard the angels whispering, I saw them clothed in white;
They stood around thee, mother, to aid thee, by God's grace,
And gazed, like loving children, upon thy gentle face.

Again I see them dimly, and seem to hear them say
That He who has forgiven, has sent for me away—
Sent his own holy angels for one so vile as I,
To clothe me in white raiment and bear me to the sky.
Shed, then, no tear, my mother, though we so early part:
I go where there is pardon for this poor broken heart.

Hark!—if you meet *him*, mother, tell him the love I gave
Died not until this body was cold within the grave;
Tell him that I forgave him my weary, wasted life,
And prayed he might be happy with her he made his wife.
Yet tell him not: the message might roll back memory's tide
She never harmed me, mother—I would not curse his bride.

Hold me still closer to thee: all things are fading now,
Except the holy angels—I saw one kiss thy brow.
Let me, too, touch it, mother. It is not hard to die
When such as these are waiting for sinner such as I!
Joy, joy and hope, my mother: a little while we part,
To meet where sin nor sorrow can come to break the heart. S. W. C.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR, FIVE YEARS OF THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER FIRST.

HOW I WENT INTO THE COUNTRY.

SHORTLY after my admission to the bar, I committed the common imprudence of getting married.

My practice never having been large enough to support me as a bachelor, the addition of a wife was one of those providential arrangements which fit a man as Tom Callender's wig fitted his friend John Gilpin.

What would not support one was, of course, a potential California for two, and the possibilities.

As I am about to withdraw the veil from five years of my life, it may, perhaps, be proper to mention at the outset that my name is Quigg, and that I have been distinguished, from my youth, by an amiable temper, severe industry, and a profound confidence in my fellow-men. In fact, if I had ever possessed a fortune large enough to permit me to do good without serious personal inconvenience, I flatter myself I should have been a distinguished philanthropist. Indeed the Quiggs have always been more or less distinguished. They are a very old, and exceedingly respectable family.

My grandfather was a major in the militia, and my great-aunt Deborah married an alderman.

I have been told, too, that one of my ancestors wrote verses. But the family is very tender upon that head, and I could never learn his name.

I believe it is not unusual for folk to commence a story at the wrong end. Most commence life at that place, and the story of a life or part of a life might naturally be expected to follow so general an example. I should have a very good apology to offer too; for in fact, from the first moment I abandoned the limits of civilization, as comfortably walled around

Digitized by Google

by the boundaries of city life, I have never been exactly certain which end was foremost.

However, I have begun at the beginning, and will endeavor to preserve in some sort the natural order of those remarkable events which I am about to relate.

My name you are already acquainted with. I have, therefore, only to inform you that, to the best of my information and belief, I am the son of my father. My parents were good and happy people; happier in nothing, however, as will be readily admitted, than in having so excellent a son as myself.

This brief account of my birth, parentage, and early education, ought, I think, to entitle me to the entire confidence of my readers.

By way of securing me in honest and virtuous courses, my revered parents determined that I should be bred to the law. If they could have made the law bread to me, they would have done a better thing.

The summer before I was married, I was taken with the afflicting distemper which usually results in that species of moral suicide. I fell in love: deeply, terribly—over head and ears in love.

The great distance one has to fall into that abyss, the rapidity of the descent, and the severe shock sustained, make it quite a miracle how any survive the accident. Death, however, seldom intervenes. A brain-fever is usually the worst of the consequences.

In the summer of 184–, then, I, Clarkson Quigg, Esq., attorney at law and solicitor in chancery, fell in love. It was a violent attack. The faculty gave me up, and my best friends considered my case hopeless.

Early in the month of July the object of my pious adoration went up the Hudson River to spend the summer. Of course I went with her.

A sultry summer-day; a crowded steamer; the glorious Hudson. Solitude in the crowd. Alone with the goddess of my dreams. Seductive picture!

We talked sentiment beneath the Palisades. Our souls were elevated to a heavenly communion by the grandeur of Anthony's Nose.

Ah! if Providence had only granted us, at that moment, a small boat all alone by ourselves, a faithful dog, and a German flute, together with a guitar for my divine Julia, the measure of our earthly felicity had been full. Wanting, however, those sublime accessories, we nourished our young romance of

Digitized by Google

passion with the fuel of imagination, and got as far away from reality and common-sense as the most exacting novelist could reasonably require from two people in our situation.

It was, however, the place, that old house among the trees where we sojourned all those sunny days of summer-time, which finished us; quenched the last lingering spark of worldly wisdom, and fooled us into marriage.

There were mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins there with us. But I will not linger over them. That sort of people are always in the way of lovers; always just where they are not wanted. I leave them, as I wished oftentimes they would leave me—alone; since I am not engaged in recalling the sorrow of that time, but the sweet infatuation of our youthful ecstasy of love.

About four miles north of Hyde Park then, and on the banks of the Hudson, was the scene of those events which gave a color to all the after-purpose of our lives.

A wide lane led up to the house from the "Old French road." On either side the lane towering giant-like in the air, rose up some of the finest locust trees I have ever seen. Before the house especially, were five of enormous size, and so old the oldest neighbors said they were great trees in their childhood, and were probably remains of the original forest which there bordered the river.

The house itself was a long, narrow, one-story-and-a-half Dutch mansion of the olden time of New-York. Quaint and comfortable, it squatted behind its trees, and as the smoke rose up from its chimney, seemed like a comfortable old broad-sterned burgher seated in his "bowerie." The eaves came down at the back of the house almost to the ground, and in front a broad piazza stretched its comfortable length.

A lovely reach of meadow-land lay behind, the house, through which a brook made its way with many strange twists and windings. This brook came down by way of a rocky hill which lay a little to the south, and formed in its descent a hundred tiny cascades. Amongst these were some very picturesque; and from the summit of the rocky elevation a single waterfall, worthy of the name, took its first leap of some twenty feet downwards to the valley. When a storm came to swell the brook, the waterfall could be heard at the house; and, indeed, at such times it made quite a grand and imposing figure, and lifted up its variable voice almost to the roar of a cataract.

A succession of rude steps in the rocks, partly natural,

Digitized by Google

partly the work of man, led up the hill by the brookside till at the last step you came suddenly upon the sweetest possible little lake lying, like a forest mirror, framed among the old trees, and reflecting the fantastic shadows of the moving clouds from its waveless surface.

Here, here, we, alas!—we, Julia and myself, used to sit the livelong summer's day, and indulge in choice selections from the British poets. How every tender passage, every soft quotation took a particular and touching application, and received an eloquent commentary from the language of the eyes, do ye not know, O lovers?

The shadows of the forest were around us. The sunlight glinted through. The lake lay at our feet, reflecting tremulously the fleecy clouds as they sailed across the sky "like ships upon the sea." The trees above spread their broad green arms, and the little leaves clapped their hands. The birds, loving fools like ourselves, twittered and giggled with mischievous delight to see us getting into the impracticable labyrinth of love, and rushing madly into the jaws of the Minotaur of matrimony.

And why do I relate these things? Why do I mention the lake, the forest, the old Dutch farm-house? Alas! it is because having been so happy there, all our fondest memories and brightest fancies became foolishly and fatally connected with the idea of a country life. The country alone would satisfy us. There the sky was bluest. There the birds sang sweetest. There the very silence was eloquent, as with the tongues of angels. The calm and quiet of the soul had there its birth. Love was cradled there, and lay so sweet "all canopied with bowers." The day-spring of the soul, the heart's sunrise, and the opening gates of Paradise, with all that lies beyond the morning's doors where, paved with sunbeams, to eternal bliss the road leads on for ever—all—all commenced with "babblings of green fields."

That road, in ecstasy of hope and loving prophecy of endless joys succeeding, we were to tread down to a remote old age; and always travel it by way of the rural districts.

And we tried it; poor deluded creatures. All that thing began up there; or, rather, all those three things—moonshine, matrimony, and a country life.

It began up there. Up in the country. Up by the waterfall. Up by the lake upon the mountain-top. Further up still—in the morning clouds, the sunny, misty, rosy morning clouds of youth and love.

Digitized by Google

Therefore we determined to be married, and as soon as possible afterwards to move into the country. We resolved to retire from the horrid city, to leave that place of crime, cram, conventionalities, frippery, and falsehood, and go away to the paradisaical peace and purity of the country.

CHAPTER SECOND.

EXODUS.

SUMMER went. Autumn came. The leaves grew red. We were as green as ever.

We were married.

I had a terrible head-ache the next morning. My brother-in-law was indelicate enough to refer to the arrack-punch of the bridal evening; but, I felt convinced that it was nothing but nervous susceptibility.

Our first season in town was as brilliant as our prospects were gloomy; and, by spring, rich in all the new polkas, but terribly low in cash, we began to think seriously of the future.

Hoyle says: "When you are in doubt, play trumps."

Now, the country is the very ace of trumps, for all new-married folks, whose tastes, habits, and antecedents are at war with the state of their finances. Added to this was the memory of that little garden of bliss, where we had passed the summer preceding our espousals.

Of course I bought a farm.

To the character of a landed proprietor, I proposed adding my professional one, and tilling the rugged soil of law, as well as the arable land of agriculture. Coke and Selden, Wirt and Emmet, Story and Webster were beautifully mixed up, in my imagination, with wheat and ruta-bagas, compost and summer-fallow. I proposed opening, for my neighbors, a new vista, through which their astonished gaze should be directed to unheard-of triumphs, in the art of farming; whilst, at the same time, they were to be charmed, in the county court, out of their usual stolidity, by the magic of my eloquence. I foresaw much profit, and great fame from this combination of industrial and æsthetic effort.

How I succeeded in the practice of the law, I shall relate in another chapter, in which will be found a full report of the great case of Bivins *vs.* Smithers.

I very soon heard of a place—a charming farm, near the

Digitized by Google

thriving village of Persepolis, in the kingdom of New-Jersey.

I went to see it. The manner of travel was by a railroad, laid with the flat rail; which is a flat bar of iron spiked upon strips of wood. These bars frequently curl up before the wheels, and shoot through the cars with the velocity of a musket-ball. The chances, therefore, of being pinned to the roof of the car, like a specimen beetle, afforded an agreeable variety to the usual dullness of railroad travel.

I reached the place. It was spring—the month of April. The mud was two feet deep; and such mud, a dirty red, every touch of which stained like red paint.

I had nothing to wear but a pair of patent-leather boots; and, so accoutred, started at sunrise—the first sunrise I ever recollect to have seen. And if that was a fair specimen of the luminary, at that unchristian hour, I am free to confess, I have no desire ever to attend his "*lever*" a second time.

We walked over the farm. I thought I must follow, because a great fellow in cowhide boots, led the way, and I was ashamed to play cockney, and back out. My inspection of the farm and my patent-leathers, finished about the same time, and my first purchase, in the village of Persepolis, was a pair of "high lows," to return to the city in.

On my return, a deluge of questions awaited me; all, however tending to this: Was I not delighted with the farm? Of course I was. We had, all of us, made up our minds, beforehand, to be delighted with it, and I was not going to show the white feather first. But a mere assent would not do. I must go into ectasies, to please them, and I went into ectasies. I represented it as a paradise; as the magic garden of Solomon, which Shedaud the Sultan saw, and the splendor of which surpassed that of Eden. The Gardens of Gul—I think I compared it to those; certainly, I should have done so—were nothing to it; and it only awaited my darling little wife, to play the Eve there, to bring back Eden to a work-day world.

The papers signed, sealed, and delivered, which constituted us landed proprietors, we boxed the furniture, and embarked upon the Central Snake-Head Railroad, for Persepolis the new.

It was the first day of April. "*Dii avertite omen!*" The day was one of those spring days, half-oppressive, half-chilly. You sweltered in the sunshine, and froze in the shade.

A cold dinner, at the County Hotel, did little to revive our drooping spirits. But all were on tip-toe as soon as dinner

Digitized by Google

was over, to look out for the new carriage, *our* new carriage, a miracle of coach building, a rockaway, with an aqua marine colored body and silver mountings.

Directly, a farm-wagon, drawn by a pair of horses which I recognized as mine, drove up to the door, at which, in too brief a time, Tom Steele, the coachman, appeared, to announce to the ladies that he had come to take them up to the house. The stupid rascal, the lazy rascal, had brought the farm-wagon, to keep from muddying the carriage. They gazed, but who shall paint that gaze? Not I: it was enough to see it. There was no help for it, however. It was getting late, and into the wagon we all bundled—two gentlemen, three ladies and four servants. All Persepolis was at the windows and doors, to see us pass on our way to "Rougemont," for so we had christened our mansion, from its situation upon the top of a red-shale hill.

We reached it, at last, under a severe fire of sighs and groans, mingled with an occasional exclamation, from the male members of the family, the reverse of pious. The exterior of our house I shall, perhaps, hereafter describe. But, at that moment, we thought only of the interior, and our thoughts were not all happy. Built by a queer old bachelor, who had no more notion of convenience than one of his horses, that interior signally failed to realize the promise of the rather pompous exterior, with its pillars, porticoes, and other architectural frippery.

In fact, it consisted of a kitchen, wash-room, dairy, a uselessly large hall, two parlors of the same size, and six chambers of different sizes. From the hall, doors opened into every thing; so that every point of the compass was represented by a crack, and, like "John Gordon Nott's" renowned castle, there was not a "room which was not a rheumatic."

The principal chamber was large enough for a theatre, and the parlors were barns.

That night we slept upon our arms. Worn out with pulling and hauling; searching for every thing, and finding nothing, we slept where we fell, and woke, next morning, to struggle again, amid the general wreck.

Crates, barrels, boxes, trunks, and hampers formed pyramids of terror in every room. Boxed sofas and pianos; chairs, curiously bandaged about the legs, like beggars, with rags and straw; half-opened packages, and crockery, in perilous places, all lay strewn in most admired disorder and discomfort.

And so, feeding, for the most part, upon cold bread and

Digitized by Google

meat, we gradually emerged from chaos into that state of semi-purgatory which ensues upon the putting up of bedsteads and putting down of carpets, miscalled "putting to rights."

But I will not dwell upon the horrors of that first month. With the succinctness of a diary, I will sketch our first year in country-quarters.

At seven A.M. we breakfasted. At twelve we dined, and at eight P.M. we went to bed, thoroughly tired of Rougemont, the country generally, ourselves in particular, and all the world at once. Let me recall the principal events of that dismal year, events, however trifling in themselves, huge and well-defined as snow-crowned mountains to us.

First the breakfast-table was injured in its legs by the journey. Bullfinch, our dog insisted upon crossing beneath it, instead of going around it as any well-bred dog would have had the sense to do. Bullfinch knocked out the lame leg as a matter of course, and down came the table. Coffee-pot went into mother-in-law's lap, hot water into mine. Wife with divided interest grabbed at mother with one hand, and husband with the other, which naturally brought us all in a singularly mixed condition on top of the table. Total destruction of chany, and a curtain lecture on dogs.

Second. Bought forty hens with the place. At least they were represented to me by the owner as the female of the domestic fowl. But to save our lives we can not find more than two eggs for breakfast.

Two eggs among five of us.

Not much to crow over there.

Old Tom Steele, our coachman, a very fine, reverend, sensible old nigger he appears to be too, says the hens *steal* their nests. Very likely, or else what becomes of the eggs? Forty hens must lay more than two eggs a day. And in so respectable a neighborhood as ours it can not be possible that any body interferes with our hen-roost.

Old Tom, who is as great a hunter as he is pious and trustworthy, says, however, that there are a great many "coons" about.

"Its mos adiculous," says that dusky philosopher, "how fond dem varmink be of egg. Eat all he see."

I should like to catch a "varmint" at it.

Decidedly we must have a coon-hunt, and also search for the stolen nests immediately. This becomes the more necessary as the scarcity of eggs has given rise to serious discontent in the family. The woman folk have even indulged in some ex-

Digitized by Google

ceedingly foolish insinuations, as for instance, that there are "two-legged" coons about.

Just as if any one ever heard of a "two-legged coon."

Bought a barrel of cider. No lock to the cellar-door, but consider it perfectly safe. Tom Steele, and Judy the cook, being, from their conversation, very high-toned temperance people. I couldn't even induce either of them so much as to taste it, in order to give an opinion of its quality. Opened, at his solicitation, an account with Mr. Vandelars, the grocer. Custom, and the cultivation of neighborly relationship, being much more an object with him than cash.

Really, the people of this place seem exceedingly kind.

Mr. Guff, the blacksmith, also desires my custom. He don't care *when* I pay him!

Has then the golden age returned? are we in Arcady the blest? And does it find its first development in the kingdom of New-Jersey, and village of Persepolis?

After a day or two, Sam Bivins the butcher, found us. Bought lamb. Bivins did not seem to have a great variety. Our leg and another were all he had to stand upon. Promised us beef, however, in a few days, as Mr. Dyscamp, our next neighbor, is going to kill a beef, and had promised him a quarter.

Gradual improvement in the poultry. Three eggs for breakfast. At this rate we shall get on finely. An increase of one egg a week, will be more than four dozen in a year, and we shall have more than we know what to do with.

Four hens, however, reported missing. That excellent colored person, Tom Steele, says he met them last night in the woods, and has no doubt they have made their nests in the trees, "Cos dar wing was not clipped."

Widow Vanstyne has a little farm back of ours. Her son, a fine ingenuous youth, came up the other morning and brought with him two strange-looking little birds. They had very long beaks, made a queer "caw-cawing" noise unlike fowls in general, and were entirely without feathers.

Archie Vanstyne says his mother heard we had trouble with our hens, and sent him over with these. They belong to a remarkable species, and are called the "Chinese fowl." Archie did not know whether they were Shanghais or not; but was certain they "*crowed wonderful.*" The good woman has only four herself, and it is very kind in her to let us have half. I gave Archie therefore two dollars apiece for them. They

Digitized by Google

say this kind of fowl are remarkable layers; so if we only get them along, we shall have no more trouble about eggs.

One comfort at least we have, and that is Judy the cook. She is a perfect household treasure. An excellent plain cook, and one of the soberest and most moral persons in the world.

I am sorry to say Judy has appeared quite unwell for several days.

That venerable negro, also, Tom Steele, is decidedly under the weather. Both complain of much pain in the head, and occasional sickness at the stomach. I suggested a little stimulus to both, but they repulsed the idea of liquor with virtuous horror.

To-day cook's indisposition increased to such an alarming degree that she had to go to bed, and my dear wife had to commence her housekeeping in reality by—cooking dinner.

We ate it; ahem! And really, considering it was the first leg of lamb she had ever seen in its natural state, and the first potatoes to which she had been introduced in the condition of "natives," it was a remarkable dinner.

Tom Steele, that respectable, pious, ancient colored person, was unaccountably absent all day.

Rained cats and dogs. Mud six inches deep, and of the consistency of glue. No Tom Steele; no body to do any thing. Begun my agricultural experiences in earnest, by milking the cows, an operation which, I regret to say, did not result in a flattering success. The old fools would not stand still a minute. I got on the right side, and cried, "mooly; mooly; shew, shoo now!" all the time; but they only frisked their tails and kicked up their heels the more, the more I halloed to them, till I was obliged to give up the milking as a bad job; and content myself with feeding and "bedding down" the cattle, and locking up the chicken-coop.

No Tom Steele to be seen yet.

Towards nightfall, Judy came down stairs, and went about her work in a very strange, wild manner. Directly she went into the cellar; and upon her return, her eyes rolled terribly. Indeed, she barely reached the kitchen, when she fell upon the floor. Rushed to her assistance; and endeavored to learn what ailed her; but could get no other answer than "O my head! O my head!"

My wife suggested brain-fever; and all the women were urgent to have the doctor sent for. Brother-in-law, Tom, and

Digitized by Google

I helped the sufferer up stairs. As we came down, Tom whispered:

"Drunk as the ——!"

And it was so. "Heaven shuts the nose at it and the moon winks." Judy drunk! My confidence in humanity is becoming undermined.

Next morning Caleb Shultz, a near neighbor, and testy old bachelor, called over. I took him to see my Chinese fowls, and described the singular properties of the breed.

Caleb eyed me for some time with a puzzled air.

"Chinese fowls!" said Caleb.

"From the Central Flowery Land," said I.

"Shanghais!" said Caleb.

"Wonderful birds," said I. Caleb's face flushed. I did not like to remark it, thinking he might be subject to rush of blood to the head. His cheeks began to swell. He clenched his fist, squared himself, took a firm stand, and looked at me with a terrible eye.

"What's the matter?" said I soothingly.

"Matter enough, sir," sputtered Caleb. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"My dear sir ——"

"Do you think I'm a natural-born idiot, sir?"

"I— upon my word, I don't understand you."

"I should think not," roared Caleb. "What the —— do you mean then, sir, by trying to *sell* me with your infernal Chinese fowls?"

"Really," said I, now quite beside myself, "I have no desire to sell you, nor the fowls. I have just bought them at two dollars apiece, and consider them a great bargain."

"Oh! you do, do you?" cried Caleb with a diabolical sneer. "Now Mr. Quigg, you may think yourself a very smart man; and maybe you are. But it will take more than a 'York' lawyer, Mr. Clarkson Quigg, to make us believe that two young *crows* are a pair of Chinese fowls."

"Crows!" said I innocently, "who was talking of crows?"

"Who was?" echoed Caleb, sardonically. "Why, sir, I was. Your Chinese fowls are a couple of unfledged crows, sir. And the next time you wish to try a *saw* on a Jerseyman, try it with something beside crows, sir."

And away stalked Caleb with indignant strides. I looked after him sadly for a moment; then I put my hands under my coat-tails, and, for the space of half an hour I ceased not to gaze upon the Chinese fowls.

Digitized by Google

It was a fact. I saw it now. I heard it in their "caw." They were crows, two crows, two little crows, crow all over; nothing but crow!

I don't think I looked any body straight in the face for a week after that little development in natural history.

The neighbors call occasionally; quite as often, it seems to me, as they are wanted. The carpets are just put down. The furniture and every thing is in apple-pie order. Of course every body who comes leaves a legacy of red mud behind them. A figure, seen in the distance, instantly takes the shape of one of Carlyle's "Mud Demons," and fervent prayers are offered that it may be providentially directed anywheres else but to those "new carpets."

In addition to the legacy of mud, every visitor has left us a new bequest of distrust in humanity. Each has favored us with a full, true, and particular account of his or her predecessor. The profoundest secresy is enjoined by each. But really I begin to think secresy would be criminal. My hair stands on end with horror.

Mrs. Vrelinghorst, it appears, has had two husbands, and no body knows what became of the first. Mr. V., the second, died suddenly, and it is thought lucky for the widow that there was no post-mortem examination of the body.

The three Miss Vendersneers are old maids. What they said, Heaven forbid I should repeat; but if the half of it be true, the number of children in this county who are not wise enough to know their own fathers, is shocking to contemplate.

Mrs. Armendorff, another very pleasant and lady-like women, according to Miss Aurelia Crammin's account, is a disgrace to her sex, and a terrible story of maternal vengeance, which I may hereafter relate, confirms the fact. The hero was her own son; the heroine a beautiful Creole girl, who awakened the jealousy and pride of the mother, and drew upon herself a vengeance unsurpassed in the annals of female cruelty.

Amongst other things, have learned that all Persepolis knows who I am. Persepolis has discovered that I am a Jew. Why? Because I am guilty of an unshaven chin, and guiltier still in a moustache. Quigg is a good name, it is said; but if mine be not "Abrahams," or "Levy," there's no truth in beards. What a delightful place.

Went into the cellar to draw a little cider. Found the faucet turned and all the cider run out. Heard a groan from one

Digitized by Google

corner. Began to feel queer. Fancied the house might be haunted, and the spirits partial to cider.

Another groan. Gathered courage to investigate, and found, actually found Tom Steele, that fine, reverend, pious, temperate, and philosophical colored man, that veritable "Uncle Tom," lying dead drunk in the corner.

The stupendous scoundrel had turned the faucet, clapped his mouth to it, and let the cider run down his throat till he was literally filled—like a demijohn.

Beside him stood his hat. Something white glittered in it. Looked, and found it half-full of—*eggs.*

Discovered upon inquiry in the village that we had supplied one store with that article for several weeks, and that I—I, Clarkson Quigg, Esq., was debited against the eggs with *seventy-two* quarts of bad rum. And what adds venom to the injury, is that all Persepolis turns up its nose and insists that the story of Tom Steele is a fiction, and that I drank the rum!

Tom and Judy, I am happy to say, expiated their sins by a fit of the "delicious triangles," and having been summarily ejected from the premises, have been replaced by white folk.

A thousand similar occurrences took place during our first year; but I will not trouble the reader with their rehearsal.

More stirring scenes, and events of larger issue, indeed, speedily drove them from our memories.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

I WOULD I were a sunbeam, that
    I might depart the skies
When first the light of risen day
    Upon thy pillow lies,
And, lingering, kiss with gentle touch
    Thy sealed eyes.

I would I were the breath of morn,
    That I might early bear
The sweetness of the violet
    Unto the chamber, where
Thou sleepest, and might fan thy brow
    With perfumed air.

Digitized by Google

ROBERTO CORSINI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

EVERY Monday, according to immemorial usage, the tables were set out in the principal apartment of the palace; and, by the light of crystal Venetian girandoles, in the midst of profound attention, the play went on.

Politics was excluded from the noble assembly. Of religion they spoke no more than if such a thing had been unknown to them. Play absorbed every thing.

It was Monday night. For two hours nothing had been heard but the rattling of the cards, when Signor Roberto Corsini rose quickly and strode up to a table, which was covered with piles of gold and bank-notes.

"My lord," said he, to one of the players, "put up two hundred pistoles for me. I'm not in luck, and it is my last stake."

The two hundred pistoles rolled out upon the table. In two turns of the cards, the money of Corsini, and of the player on whom he betted, was in their adversary's hands. The player who had lost rose, and politely offered to yield Corsini his place. He accepted, and his first bet was two thousand sequins. "My lord Doria," said he, "let us see if chance always favors you. The proverb says, 'You are happier at play than in love.'"

"My Lord Corsini, it is scarcely generous in you to remind me, that, in a few days, you are about to marry my cousin Aglaura. You have pleased her. It is well. She has preferred you to me. That is marvellous—but—clubs—"

"I did not mean to wound you. I have no clubs."

"Then the stake is mine."

"Two thousand sequins—they are yours. I go you twenty thousand, now. That is nearly the value of the ear-rings I mean to buy for Aglaura."

"Aglaura again. The king—you have lost again, Signor Corsini. Do you wish to stop?"

"I am not in the habit of stopping when I lose. Recoil before such a trifling check? Pooh! Fifty thousand."

Digitized by Google

"Fifty thousand. Be it so."

The enunciation of this sum, made in a loud voice, attracted the attention of the other players, and they arose, both men and women, and placed themselves in a circle silently around Roberto Corsini and Doria. "You are wrong, Signor Doria, to hesitate an instant, when I offer to bet fifty thousand sequins. Do you not know, my palace is worth as much as yours?—my villa of Camaldoli, as much as your vineyards of Carrara?—and my credit equal to what we play for?"

"Signor Corsini. Your ill-humor puts a wrong construction upon my words, as well as upon my silence. Be it so. Let us play. Your fifty thousand sequins are mine."

"Yes; but my villa of Camaldoli may represent two hundred thousand. Here are the title-deeds of it."

"Go on; let us play for the Villa of Camaldoli. We will stop, when I have played two hundred thousand sequins against it."

"Yes; a thousand times, yes. Go on."

"The Villa of Camaldoli is mine."

"The cards are infamous; the devil made them; the fire of hell colored them. But will you leave your victory half finished? You have the villa; but I still possess my palace, that of my ancestors. It is second only to the Pitti, as you know. Marbles and pictures worth nearly a million! I offer you the chance for it."

"And I accept."

"Very well, then. Double or quits. What you have won against the palace?"

The cards were distributed, and, in three turns, the luck which ran so violently against Corsini, finished as it had begun. Without a change of color or a complaint, he laid upon the green table, the golden key of his palace, and opened for himself a passage through a crowd, terrified by the blow which left him landless and penniless. No one dared to stop him.

Again, however, he returned, and, leaning down, whispered, with evident emotion, to Doria. The latter made a sign of acquiescence, and the cards were resumed.

"Are you the devil that you always win?"

"I have proved the contrary, Signor Corsini, since the devil has no fancy for women, and I have just won from you your mistress, your betrothed—she whom you were to marry so soon!"

"You are a coward to say it."

Digitized by Google

"And you are a hundred times a coward to have staked her."

"Aglaura! his betrothed, the only daughter of Cavalcati, bet her away. Holy Virgin!" cried all the ladies present, in accents of anger.

"Silence! and hear me," cried the gamester. "I, Roberto Corsini, descended from the most illustrious ancestry of Italy; I, who have had among them a Governor of Trieste; a conqueror at the Battle of Lepanto; two consecrated Doges of Venice, in the fifteenth century; who still proudly count Podestas and Gonfalioneers of Florence, Roberto Corsini, lord of Camaldoli, I repeat, I stake my name."

"His name!" cried the cavaliers, with a burst of laughter. "His name!"

"It is well worth, I think," he continued, smiling bitterly, "some thousand acres of vines, in Carrara; and the glory which accompanies it, my lord Doria, is not worth less than the sum it pleases you to fix. I stake my name. If I lose, my lord, I consent never to be named again whilst I live. It is a fine treasure, that name of mine. It is inscribed in the book of life; it is traced in letters of gold, upon the register of Venice; it is written in every glorious memory of Etruria. If I lose, I agree that it shall be erased from all. By our name, in the day of judgment, the archangel calls us from the tomb. It is the key of heaven and hell. Do you understand, now, what I risk? For the last time, at what will you value it. Quick?"

"I value it too highly to fix a value. If I gain, it will belong to me. If I lose, you shall fix it yourself."

"Place yourself there, then."

And the two players made the sign of the cross. Whilst they shuffled the cards, the company, by a common impulse of terror, abandoned the hall and left them alone with each other.

Midnight struck.

A cry rose upon the night—"I am damned." And a man went out by the gate of St. Paolo.

He sat down at the foot of a dry tree, and leaned his head upon his hands and wept.

"O my Villa of Camaldoli, where the fruits were so beautiful; my palace; my Aglaura; my name—lost—lost—all lost. Could I but force it, sword in hand, from Doria; trace it upon the sand; read it when 'twas writ, or even halloo it to this solitude. But no. I have gambled it away. I have stripped myself of the right or power to resume it. The law of play

Digitized by Google

has taken it from me, and debts of honor are sacred. The world is ashamed of me. It denies the apostate who has denied himself. I am viler in its eyes than the vilest pagan. O helplessness! O misery! The very demons refuse me; for even they have a name in the creation. Satan, Satan! I call on thee."

The blush of day tinged the horizon. A band of young girls passed him.

"Will you buy a rose, of Marta; a sprig of jessamine, from Gloria; or——"

"Despair! They have each a name." He left the young girls, and ran, like a madman across the fields, crying: "Marta, Luigina, Gloria! all have a name, but I have none."

He knocked at the door of a convent. A monk appeared. "Brother," he said; "I wish to be baptized."

"You come early."

"My safety demands it."

"Are you a Jew?"—"No!" "A Turk?"—"No!" "A Manichean? a Protestant?"

"No, no! I was born in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church."

"What, then, is it you ask?"

"To be a second time baptized."

"The Council of Trebizonde has forbidden it."

"But I have lost my name."

"Find it again. The angelus sounds. God help you."

The door of the convent was closed.

"Baptism is refused me. I am no longer a Christian. Divine pity! For me no Christmas, no Easter, no Pentecost, no candle of the Virgin of Carmel, when I am sick; no word of priest to console me on my deserted couch!"

He entered a village, which was upon the domain of his sister the Dutchess of Paglia.

The curé said to him: "Good morning, Signor Roberto Corsini." His nurse called from the window: "Good morning, Corsini." The villagers cried out: "Long live Signor Corsini." He answered neither curé, nor nurse, nor villagers.

"I have no name," he muttered, and rushed away like an evil spirit which some priest has exorcised.

Vasssal and mendicant and robber scorned the man without a name. He attempted to join a band of brigands.

"Who are you?" said the chief.

"The enemy of men."

"You are our friend. What do you desire?"

Digitized by Google

To carry misery and desolation into families; to live upon the highway; to follow you to pillage or the gibbet; to win my bread with my dagger."

"Your name?"

"I have none."

"You can not be of our band. You would bring misfortune upon brave men, and the saints would abandon us, if we received you. Depart!"

A little while after this, he learnt that Doria, who, changing his name for that of Corsini, had continued to bear the latter, was overwhelmed with debt, and drawn, as it were, upon the hurdle of an infamous renown—in a word, dishonored. He was a fraudulent bankrupt. He learned, that Doria had been a prisoner in the Galleys of Cattaro, *for cheating at cards*, and had escaped.

Corsini had been cheated of his palace, his mistress, and his name. Whatever he was, what would he not give to see him?

Six months he wandered about, night and day, hopeless. Still, he clung to life; he durst not kill himself.

At last, he resolved to return to Florence. He reached the city. He stood before the palace. The street was deserted; but the palace gleamed with lights. Beautiful women passed and repassed before them.

"They are there," he cried. "It is he. It is Doria. It is Aglaura! Take back your gold; but give me back my name. Restore me my bride. My life is bound up with hers. Doria, for love of grace, give me back my name."

His cries fell unheeded. Despairingly, he turned towards the bank of the Arno. Half-dead with fatigue, he stretched himself upon the bank. Directly, he beheld approaching, gondolas, filled with musicians. Valets, bearing flambeaux, lined the banks. The wedding-festival was continued upon the river. He fancied himself in a dream. He saw Aglaura, more beautiful than ever. Her arms were bare; the diamonds glittered in her hair; her embroidered robe swept down in folds of marvellous richness.

When the different groups had descended into the little barks which awaited them; when all had passed, and swept away into the darkness, he heard a strange and terrible cry. Hastening to the place from which they had started, he saw two men hastily retiring, and crying, as they did so:

"The infamous wretch is dead!"

A man had been assassinated.

Digitized by Google

Seizing the lantern, which they left behind them in their flight, and bringing it close to the face of the murdered man, who was twisting himself like a serpent, he knelt beside him, and endeavored to discover who he was. With a handkerchief he wiped away the blood and dust, which bubbled from his lips, raised the dead and folded eyelids, and cried: "It is he! It is Doria! Great Heaven! and he is dying. His eye closes; his mouth works; his veins are blue. He is dying, and my name with him. Doria! my friend Doria! save me, for pity's sake, from annihilation. Give me my *name.* What does he say? His voice fails. Speak, dear Doria, speak! What do you wish? That I, too, should die? I will die, if you require it. But, answer me!"

"A little water, for pity's sake."

"The whole river, if you wish. But *my name* first."

"A drop of water. A red-hot iron is in my heart."

"My name! for a draught of water. Give it, and I will open your mouth, and the Arno is there. I have but to stretch out my hand. Nothing for nothing. My name! and you shall have the water—the water—a throat full! my name!"

"A little water. I stifle!"

"Three words, my good Doria. Ah! the scoundrel! He hesitates. He laughs. He is trying to roll over towards the river. No—you go not. Answer me, wretch, or I will strangle you with my own hands!" and he caught him by the golden ornaments of his dress. He bent over and gazed into his wandering eyes; he fastened upon his breathless lips; then loosed his hold, to clasp his hand, and mingle supplications with blasphemies, persuasion and insinuation with cries of rage.

A moment of silence. Doria was dead.

Then, with the smile of the atheist, he raised his foot and spurned the body into the river. "Now," he exclaimed, "now, be thou accursed for ever!"

Next day, some fishermen heard a plunge—the fall of a heavy body in the water. Running to the place, they saw only an eddy in the water.

In the museum of Florence, in the dissection-room, may be seen, in its glass-case, a glittering skeleton, the articulations of which are of copper and silver. *It is the man without a name!*

Digitized by Google

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

War—still war! News from the Crimea!—at least a mass of matter which newspaper editors and news-boys—busy traffickers in "extras"—call so. To our thinking, however, it appears singularly stale and vapid; also thrice-vamped and insufferably tedious. Good gracious, Max! what a nuisance this institution of letter-writing has grown to be. Once upon a time, Madame de Sevigné and Lady Montague exhausted the record. They were bound in volumes; they were set up upon library-shelves in the finest of binding and gilt lettering; they were the letter-writers par excellence. But now—now every nook and cranny, every hole, chink, and crevice, of the world swarms with them. We once heard a crusty old bachelor, at a watering-place, growling at the number of children in the hotel, and vow that he could n't set his boots outside his door over night, without finding a baby in the toe of each of them in the morning. Now-a-days, in this great Inn—the world—you can't set your foot anywhere outside your own door without stumbling over a letter-writer. Twist, turn, screw, rummage; beat every ground, political, moral, philosophical, mechanical, or farcical, and not the leanest of birds can you scare up. It has all been beaten before you. Anecdote! bless your innocence, reader, there's no such thing as anecdote to be had now-a-days. Who steals them all? The letter-writers. Fact? Innocent creature! Fact perished miserably a long time ago; hung himself, in despair, and his own garters. Who manufactures facts, now-a-days, *to order?* The letter-writers! Wise suggestions, profound reflections, cunning guesses, immense discoveries, prophetic revelations—who makes them all? The letter-writers. Also, who kills Cock Robin every day? The letter-writers.

You can not get ahead of the cunning rogues; they know every thing, and several other things besides. But catch me a live Washington letter-writer, and then you have the Phœnix. Fire can't burn him. Water can not drown him. Stone walls can not stop him. In fact the last are all ears for him, and tongue into the bargain. The Capitol, the President's private study, the Secretary's snuggeries are slaves to his lamp. He has but to mount to his three pair back, and rub that serviceable piece of brass, and, in a jiffy, all the echoes of all those private retreats, where the inhabitants vainly suppose themselves secure from eaves-droppers, come tumbling up-stairs to him, one over the other, and tell him—bless us and save us! what don't they tell him? They tell him what the President had for dinner, and how the roast beef being a little tough o' Tuesday—yes, sir, o' Tuesday morning—'twas then,

Digitized by Google

indeed, Franklin Pierce remarked, with an ominous twinkle in his eye, that the roast beef of old England was a tough subject; whereupon Marcy chuckled, and replied jocosely: "We'll carve something out of it for all that." To which Cushing, who, probably in honor of his Christian name, and the popular refrain of

"Heads up, tails up,
Here comes Caleb!"

is always ready for a slice of any thing, continued: "Aye—aye! We can cut and come again at the *Bull*, when we've carbonadoed the *Spaniard*." Startling and reliable information! "Now," cries the man who didn't get the public printing, or the Mission to France, "now we have got at the *animus* of the Administration. Our readers may rely upon the statement of facts. It is from our 'own correspondent,' who possesses the secret of 'fern seed,' and 'walks invisible.' In fact, he was under the table, with the President's lap-dog, when the conversation took place. Driven to the wall; with nothing indeed but old-fashioned honesty, and Democratic principle to stand upon—and *we* found out, by experience, long ago, what a miserable chance a man has on that platform now-a-days—Pierce, Marcy, Cushing, and Co. are bound to make a fuss generally, and 'talk daggers;' but Lord bless you! they will use none. Mere bluster and Greytown bravery." What a blessing a Washington correspondent is, to be sure. Which naturally brings us to the subject of our foreign relations with

England—concerning which most Christian kingdom, and Grand, Stock-Jobbing, Filibuster, Political Association, for the annexation of Punjaubs, Mahratta kingdoms, Hindoostans, and other such "unconsidered trifles" of land, evidently made, and laid out upon the map of the world, for the special purpose of being snapped up by his or her Britannic Majesty, for the time being; concerning these our good neighbors, and constant Mentors, it seems to us—and we speak it in the simpleness of our hearts, and the tenderest feeling of consideration for Uncle Bull's vanity—it seems to us, that dignified person has been making a very clumsy attempt at dancing among the eggs. To think of the staid John blustering and bragging, and sending four hundred great guns to bluster on the calm waters of the Western World. Did John really fancy that folk on this side of the Atlantic did not know that all those great guns were worn out and honey-combed, pounding away, to no purpose, at Sebastopol and Sweaborg, and would burst and blow every thing to kingdom come, the first time they were "scaled" with shot hereabout? Do tell, now, O Uncle John! what was the use of frightening all the cotton-spinners of Liverpool and Glasgow, and all the wool-men of Lancashire, and all the rest of the population of Great Britain generally? What was the use of frightening all those poor folk to death, trying to scare Brother Jonathan a little—a very little—for you know you did not expect to scare him much? What a terrible thing it is to have to be a Thunderer, and always make Olympus tremble at a nod! Printing-House Square itself has not

Digitized by Google

sulphur and iron enough to keep the game up for ever. Meanwhile we take it for granted that Franklin Pierce will be found equal to the situation; let the opposition bow-wow as it may. When there's a scratch to come to, he will be there. That he is "thar," one sentence from his late speech to the Amoskeag Veterans (Dec. 17th) indicates in a manner not to be mistaken: "A nation which can summon to the field five hundred thousand brave, intelligent, hardy men, accustomed from boyhood to the saddle, and to the use of the rifle and musket, is not in a condition *to invite aggression!*" By the light of which expression it will be well to read the following extract from the correspondence of the London Daily Telegraph: "When war was declared between the United States and Mexico, a placard appeared in the window of a gunmaker on Tower Hill, offering a bounty to all who would enlist in the Mexican service, or rather go privateering in English vessels against the commerce of the United States. I took the bill to George Bancroft, then United States Minister. He at once sat down and wrote to Lord Palmerston, then in office, and the next day appeared in the *Times* an official notice from Lord Palmerston, that all such parties who enlisted here, and were caught, *would be treated as pirates*, and punished accordingly. The notice in the window was not shown afterwards." Should the government of the United States adopt Lord Palmerston's rule, and, simply changing the scene from London to Washington, *treat as pirates* English subjects caught in the same act upon American soil, would the British Cabinet have any right to complain? Would they object to English law for English subjects?

We fancy the President and Cabinet, as a *unit*, will be found staunch. If not, we know a particular friend of our own who will say what he thinks, though the Heavens should fall for it; not that we fancy "that brave, o'erhanging canopy" will come down from any chance shot of ours, but simply as a form of expression, by which we would imply that our confidence in the Democratic party is the rule of our duty, towards any man and all men.

A principle we may discuss hereafter, but which, although of much greater importance to the world in general and to ourselves in particular, than those powers, "paired, not matched," must give way, for the moment, to the

Allies—and it affords us a singular pleasure to announce that the last council of war, in the Crimea, held Nov. 3, declare the campaign of 1855 finished. How many more they will finish in the same unfinished manner, or when they expect to commence the beginning of the end, or whether any one will ever live to see them finish any thing, except bragging, are great mysteries. "Great Arthur's ghost complains that they are slow, and Marlboro's shade walks unavenged amongst them." But what can be expected in the way of "going ahead," from a people who, when their little dot of an island is actually bound up and criss-crossed, every half-mile, with a network of railroads, are so wedded to old fashions that they dare not adopt the model of an American locomotive, but continue to run a "seven-by-nine" article, dignified with the name, with a ten-inch driving-wheel behind, a pair

Digitized by Google

of cotton spindles in front, and no cow-catcher! They do. It is a fact. Of course they can't be expected to drive the mighty engine of war at much over a snail's pace. Meanwhile "cotton," which is "king," although an amiable lady of distinguished manners and defective education, pleases herself with the idea that the "round and top of royalty" belongs to her, begins to mutter audibly in the rural districts. The war does not "pay:" "*tout au contraire;*" the manufacturers pay for the war to a tune, the singing whereof is fast stealing its popularity from that other fine tune of "Rule Britannia." In most pathetical fact, Great Britain may be said just now to be in the position of the half-pay lieutenant, in the comedy of the Poor Gentleman, and if not "more honest than poor," she is certainly more proud than either: a pleasant little flash of the latter lighting up the darkness of the Mosquito shore, and, prior to fading away into the twilight of renewed negotiations, shining quite grandly on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Also it may be seen with a kind of farthing rushlight splendor, worrying through the "thick opaque" of Mr. Minister Crampton's patriotic attempt to steal American thunder for English uses. What the President or Mr. Marcy intend to do in those premises, we pledge the public our honor, we do not know. They have not said a word to us about the matter; which, considering the uncommonly free manner and style of their communications to the "own correspondents" of the *Herald*, *Times*, and other respectable "two-pennies," we take to be very shabby treatment indeed. When we mentioned the subject to Mr. Secretary Marcy, we observed that he shut one eye; from which we naturally concluded that he meant to intimate that he had the other upon him. If the honorable Secretary, however, deceived us, and through us of course the whole country, we shall resent it. We insist upon it, the language of that eye was as clear as preaching, and we promise the country never to put our legs under the honorable gentleman's mahogany again, if he keeps any body else's "own correspondent" under it, to feed on the "alms-basket of his words," whilst, above the polished surface of that hospitable piece of furniture, he deludes our innocence with diplomatic "winks." Which naturally leads us to the second member, or as some think, the *first*, of the grand Western Coalition, which, with a very questionable hand, is undertaking to "bluff" the Northern Bear, *id est*,

France—where it is noticeable that the expression of opinion by the Emperor and the members of his government, with regard to the United States, has about it an air of common-sense and cordiality which contrasts pleasingly with the natural roughness of his opposite neighbor. The sentiment of France translates itself upon the lips of her leading men, into a genial appreciation of the character and purposes of the model Republic. In Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, they talk of peace; they say Russia desires to treat; and Prussia is anxious to have a finger in the pie. *Our* advices from Russia, on which we place more reliance than on Parisian canards or Vien-

Digitized by Google

nese "traps," indicate that the only "treat" Russia is willing to offer will be composed of equal parts of cold steel and gunpowder.

The subject of "treating" calls us naturally back nearer home, and lands us in

NICARAGUA—where, it is popularly believed, His Serenity, General William Walker, is doing a very large business on a very small capital. In any view of his acts, it is an astonishing thing to look at, that invasion, or colonization, or what you please. Nothing finer since Cortez and Pizarro. Think of seventy Yankees entering in and possessing an independent kingdom by force of arms; defeating half-a-dozen factions, with half-a-dozen armies of pick-pockets and cut-throats at their backs; capturing the seat of government, and then sitting quietly down to supper, "calm as a summer's morning;" and above all, with a clemency which has struck the heart of Central America with admiration, not shooting above a dozen refractory generals, councillors of state, and other distinguished native pretenders among the seigniory of that people! Stupendous! There's virtue for you. In connection with which subject, a striking little episode came off, "off" the Battery, "on the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." At that quiet time about three hundred gallant souls, who had heard the alarm of Nicaraguan war, and longed for fields of fame, attempted to get away in the Northern Light. But Mr. District-Attorney McKeon, in obedience to the President's orders, insisted upon putting their "light" under a bushel. Those who saw, report that the gallant District-Attorney showed more pluck than all the gallant three hundred put together, and parodying the words of the indomitable Fitz-James, exclaimed as he stood upon the vessel's side alone, like Ajax breasting the thunder-bolt:

> "This boat shan't fly
> From New-York Bay with you or I!"

In pursuance of which stern resolve he rushed, like the bearer of the fiery cross, from Barge office to Revenue Cutter, from Revenue Cutter to Navy-Yard, and, in the turn of a hand-spike' was standing out, side by side with the filibusteros, for a yard-arm and yard-arm fight. Having opened the ball, however, with a nine-pounder double-shotted, the crusaders "caved in," and meekly forbore to put the Revenue Cutter to the trouble of sinking them. The prompt action of the general government in the premises evinces their determination to preserve the *letter and spirit* of our treaties with Great Britain; and if they are broken at all, to throw the onus of the act entirely upon her. In the attitude assumed by the government towards the English Minister, Mr. Crampton, the necessity of preventing any infraction of the Neutrality laws, by American citizens, is self-evident. From Nicaragua to the United States being but a step, it affords us a great deal more pleasure

Digitized by Google

to take it in that direction than it would to go from the United States to Nicaragua. We turn therefore from the foreign to the

DOMESTIC.

And being upon that blessed soil, we beg to recommend to the serious consideration of a very large, and very foolish, portion of our fellow-citizens, especially to the "Washington Chapter of United Americans," and all others who invoke that reverend name as patron of their political faith, these grand and noble words of George Washington. Lay them to heart, O blind and foolish Know-Nothings: "The bosom of America is open to receive, not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of ALL NATIONS and of ALL RELIGIONS, whom we shall welcome to a participation in *all our rights and privileges.*" So, the Father of his Country being dead, yet speaketh. What a wonderful age of progress, perdie! Every Know-Nothing clod-hopper or counter-jumper is wiser and more patriotic than Washington! One comfort, it can't last; "So wise so young, they say do ne'er live long." There is a little common-sense returning too, vide the pronunciamento of a number of individuals who lately withdrew from the organization in Arkansas: "Those of us who were heretofore Democrats return with joy to our first love. Those who were Whigs are still so, but, their organization being broken up, claim for the future no party but their country, and expect to coöperate with that party whose organization is national, whose aims are their country's prosperity, and whose war-cry is opposition to religious proscription and secret political societies." "There is a *future* left for all men who have the *honesty* to repent, and the *courage* to atone." Probably some body will expect us to say something about

KANSAS.—We will; and what we say is, the least said the soonest mended. A parcel of scoundrels and idiots, or a lovely conglomerate of both, have been airing their valor on that distant field. We see no great harm in that; no great harm in a few hundred of them being shot, if they like. And if they have a fancy for being shot, in Heaven's name, why can't people a thousand miles off let them enjoy themselves? When the Kansas bill settled the great original right of self-government on its original basis, there was an end. After that let the gentlemen fight it out among themselves; it is no business of ours. We gave them self-government; let them use it or abuse it. They have to pay the piper: pray let them dance as long as they please.

The last place to which we turn our eyes, is that to which all eyes have been turned for a month past,

WASHINGTON.—And you shall find, at your pleasure, men who will tell you that the friends of Banks, Fuller, Richardson, etc., have each and all of them covered themselves with glory. Also, the next man you meet will tell you that they should individually and collectively be covered with cursing as with a garment. For our part we watched that gallant "seventy-four," as we

Digitized by Google

would watch old Ironsides going into battle against an enemy's fleet. Every ballot rung on our ears like a broadside from the old frigate, and every time the smoke lifted and the votes were counted, our hearts beat with exultation to see the old Democratic barkie come plunging through the hostile line, the broad pennant streaming, and every thing, from clew to earing, from truck to keelson, taut and trim; not a spar splintered, not a line or brace cut: there she rode. Whatever may be the issue, or who the Speaker, the attitude assumed and maintained by the Democratic representatives affords a sure indication of the attitude which will also be maintained by the party in the contest of 1856. It will be found a unit, and as such, the last bulwark of the Constitution against the encroachments of every other party and faction. In

New-York—a sort of suspension of hostilities has taken place, and politicians of all shades await the opening of the session of the State Legislature. The most active body in the Democratic field appears to be the "Young Men's Democratic Union Club," of New-York. They have just issued a circular asking the support of the party for a system of operation in the approaching campaign. The circular states that they propose to open, in a central position, on Broadway, a political head-quarters of the Democracy, consisting of a reading-room, furnished with the newspapers from all quarters of the Union, and a room for public meetings; the meetings to be held weekly, and distinguished Democratic speakers from every part of the United States to deliver addresses at such times as they may designate. They propose also to publish a weekly campaign paper. They pledge themselves to support *only* National Democratic principles, *and the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention*, whoever he may be, so long as he is neither an Abolitionist nor a Free-Soiler—a contingency hardly worth mentioning, as it is scarcely within the range of possibility. The scheme appears an admirable one, and, if carried out, must exert a powerful influence upon all sections of the country, and do more to harmonize the party in the State of New-York than any thing which has yet been set on foot.

There is a moral in the little "mot" below, worth some good men's consideration. It touches a sore place on the body politic.

"The following dialogue occurred between a conductor on one of the Portland railroads and a passenger a few days since:

"Passenger. 'Well, Mr. Conductor, what's the political news?'

"Conductor. 'Don't know, sir, for I haven't been to *church* for the last two Sundays.'"

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

The first concert of the Philharmonic Society drew together the largest audience ever present at any of their performances. Niblo's Theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity; a result pretty surely foreshadowed by the fact that hundreds turned away, unable to gain admission to the last rehearsal previous to the concert. It is a peculiar and very encouraging fact to be observed in these audiences, that the average youth is greater than is ever seen at any other public exhibition in our city. Our young men and maidens are safe in the hands of Mozart and Beethoven, musically, morally, and politically; and if the young learn to appreciate and love the works of the divine old Masters, we need have no fear for the permanence of a correct musical taste.

The concert with which the present Philharmonic season has commenced deserved its great success. It was the best ever given. Beethoven's *Pastorale*, Gluck's *Iphigenie*, and Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, was the work cut out for the orchestra, and they did their work well. A more interesting selection of symphonies could not possibly have been made—each marking distinctly, and standing at the front of three great eras in orchestral music; at least it is claimed by many that *Tannhäuser* is to create an era, as his mighty predecessors created theirs. How difficult it is for us, who are accustomed to the inexhaustible richness and resources of the modern orchestra, as developed by Mozart and Beethoven, to realize the commotion produced by Gluck in the musical world. What seems to us now almost naked simplicity, and a lack of fullness and effect in the *Iphigenie*, led Metastasio, just one hundred years ago, to say: "Gluck has surprising fire, but is mad: with him spirit, noise, and extravagance have supplied the place of merit." So wrote Metastasio in 1756. What would he say now if he could be present (without cotton in his ears) at the performance of some of the overtures of the modern Dramatic Romantic School? With such an example before us, we naturally hesitate to pronounce an opinion upon *Tannhäuser*, as the harbinger of a new world in music. Often as we have heard it, and much as we have read about it, we nevertheless still hesitate to believe that Mozart and Beethoven will ever be as completely shelved by Wagner and his successors, as Gluck and Piccini now are by the fathers of the modern symphony. We have a sort of belief, or notion, an intimate conviction, as the French say, that Rafello, Michael Angelo, Mozart, and Beethoven, carried their respective arts to a degree of perfection that will never again be equalled. The arts culminated in their works, and although many good pictures have been since painted and un-

Digitized by Google

doubtedly will be again; and though Powers and Crawford may chisel, and Mendelssohns and Wagners write symphonies, the Transfiguration will continue to reign in unapproached grandeur and sublimity. Buonarotti's *Moses* will still look haughtily down on a long array of *Venuses* and *Greek Slaves*, and the *Jupiter* and *Pastorale* continue to chant their heaven-born strains some hundreds of years after *Desert* and *Tannhäuser* symphonies have breathed their last sigh, and live only in the memory of some musical Old Mortality. However, these hysterics are very improper in a critic, and if our friends in Wall street and on 'Change will pardon the present fit, we promise not to be "taken so" again, for a month at least. We will close our notice of the concert by praising the orchestra and their efficient leader, Mr. Bergmann, for the admirable way in which they discharged their duty. The shading, the ensemble, and effective taking up of all the points were well done throughout. We venture to suggest, however, that the first movement of the *Pastorale* symphony was taken so fast as almost to destroy the peculiar flowing character of the measure. And we should like to hint that neither of the symphonies, not even *Tannhäuser* was written as a solo, without variations, for the drums, with orchestral accompaniment.—Mr. Eisfeld's second quartette soiree took place on the night of the fifteenth December, at the usual place. As usual, our unlucky "professor" had a stormy night, and as usual the lovers of classical music showed that their love was stronger than their fears of a wet skin. Here, too, the modern Dramatic Romantic crept in through the rain-drops, in the shape of a quartette, by a Russian composer, with the extremely German name of Rubinstein. At least we heard from very good authority that the composer was a Russian, and we fully believe it. We are hardly prepared to discuss the merits of the composition on a single hasty hearing. It was very elaborate, and in one of the movements there was such a rapid, intricate, hopeless interlacing, twisting, and twining of what seemed to be a million of indistinct semi-quavers, that the different members of the concern lost all individuality, and first violin and tenor, second violin and base collapsed suddenly into indistinguishable fusion, and our brain, after one or two hopeless twirls in pursuit of the fantastic gyrations, suddenly refused to act, and when it consented to resume its wonted functions, things seemed to be going on pretty smoothly again. The scherzo movement was very charming and original, though grotesque, and the slow movement pleased us most of all. It was simple and majestic, just such a strain as a lonely, boundless Russian steppe might suggest.

The variations by Beethoven and quintette by Spohr were cleverly played. We have to congratulate Mr. Noll on his improved tone, and take leave to say that there is room for a like improvement in the second violin and violoncello. Our German friends sometimes seem to forget that the quality of tone is the essential element of a good quartette. Every instrument represents a human voice, and it is hardly necessary to say any thing by way of illustrating the value of quality of tone in the voice used as a musical instru-

Digitized by Google

ment. Think of Steffanone and an old French actress, with thin cracked voice, singing the same melody, and you begin to appreciate our notion on this subject. The thought of Steffanone brings us naturally to the Academy of Music, where Italian opera so far has not been a very thriving affair. And this too, although a great variety of good operas, most of them well mounted, have been produced. There are several reasons to be given why the gentlemen who have undertaken to entertain the public at the Academy of Music, have done so at a very considerable loss. In the first place, the house is entirely too large, and not more than two thirds of the people it is capable of containing, can, when seated, see the stage. Those who are seated and can see the stage, are so crowded together and shut in from all approach, that they can speak to no one but their next neighbor. Now, as ladies never go to the opera with the man they wish most particularly to talk to, the present opera-house has no attraction for them. Fine dressing is thrown away too, every body is so far off that whether the dress one has on cost a dollar or ten a yard, can never be satisfactorily known to all one's female friends. The consequence of all this is, that you may go night after night to Fourteenth street and not see five out of the five hundred well-dressed and well-known women who occupied their seat every night at the Astor Place. And as if all these reasons were not enough, the prices of admission were put up so ridiculously high at the beginning of the season as completely to extinguish the last flicker of desire in any to enter the uncomfortable Academy of Music. Only to think of the madness that could imagine a number of live Yankees paying two dollars a head for *secured* seats in the upper tier of boxes! We fancy they would be quite secure from occupants at two cents.

It would require a much more popular troupe than the present one to counteract all these disadvantages. The lyric drama of Italy must be well played. It is not enough that the music is correctly rendered. Her unrivalled dramatic power has kept Grisi firmly seated on her throne. There is not an actor nor an actress in the present company, and that, considering its numbers, is a pretty extensive want. Four prima donnas, and the cleverest of them—and she nothing more than clever as an actress—is Didiée; three tenors, but, shade of Garrick! what sticks they are; two baritones, good jolly fellows with fine rich voices, and good singers, but surely the tragic muse will never claim them as the most illustrious of her children. This will never do for an Italian opera company in New-York. It is but justice, however, to say, that in comic opera, such as the "Barber," they are excellent. We never saw this opera better done than by the present troupe. The incredible mastery of vocal difficulties by Lagrange pleases us in the fun-loving Rosina, and Rovere is just the best Dr. Bartolo alive.

As singers, mere singers, the principal members of the troupe are excellent. Lagrange is the most astonishing vocalizer we ever heard. In rapidity, brilliancy, and precision of execution, in extraordinary compass of

Digitized by Google

voice, and in endurance, she is truly wonderful. But she has not a single sympathetic tone, and her style is forced, unnatural, and artificial. Didiée, is to us, the only really good artist in the troupe. She possesses a good contralto voice, sympathetic and rich in quality. She has learned to sing in a good school, and nature has given her what no school can, the power of genuine expression. She possesses no great force, she can not storm so grandly as Grisi, but her enchanting expression of the gentler emotions, compensates us, especially after late experiences, for her lack of capacity to Rachelize. Amodio and Morelli are both excellent artists, and have been gifted with good voices. The tenor Brignoli may make a good tenor if he ever learns that there is any other element of musical expression besides an incessant diminuendo and crescendo, employed with a regularity that very much resembles the movement of a pair of bellows in full operation. However, as he monopolizes the manly beauty of the company, perhaps he can dispense with any improvement in his style of singing. Such we consider to be a pretty fair estimate of the merits of the present troupe, and we see no reason why, even without the drawbacks which belong of necessity to the Academy in Fourteenth street, any one should dream with such material to carry on a prosperous opera season in the city of New-York.

The following question, put by the *Louisville Democrat*, has a world of useful warning in it. We put it here that Democrats, ambitious of shining in a *small way*, as secretaries of public meetings, and so forth, may see what risk they run of burning their fingers in the flame of the torches which usually illuminate the stands. Speaking of the tricks of the Hindoos, to inveigle Democrats into their order, by making them conspicuous as officers on all public occasions, it asks very pertinently, "Did any one ever see a *no-party* meeting gotten up, but a *Democrat was put in the chair*, if one could be found in the crowd?" The *Democrat* might have added that they are placed in such positions from motives as disinterested as those which induced David to put Uriah "in the front of the battle."

Digitized by Google

LITERARY NOTICE.

Widow Bedott Papers. New-York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THERE are some people, we believe, who never laugh heartily—who would feel it undignified to do so. They should take care not to read the "Widow Bedott Papers"—especially not to read, or hear them read, *aloud*—which makes their humor particularly telling, and laughter provoking. We confess we think the Widow herself has a "leetle too much" of "human natur,'" and are not quite sure the world is the better for the exposure of *all* her weaknesses. But Mrs. Maguire's observations and experiences are not only "capital" as *fun*, but full of practical good sense. The witty authoress of the work, published as a volume, and not merely as articles in a magazine, only since her death, was the wife of a clergyman, and no one can doubt she drew her "donation-parties," and "sewing-societies," and "country neighbors," from life. We don't commend the book to the very grave, who are accustomed to be shocked when others are merry, and we advise the fastidious to read it only now and then, by single chapters, but even they will find in it food for thought, and hints for action, as well as matter for mirth.

THE MOST NOTABLE OF NOTABLE THINGS.

OF all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Engraved by J. C. Buttre from a Daguerreotype

Aaron Ward

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Engraved by J. C. Buttre from a Daguerreotype

Aaron Ward

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

THE UNION—THE DANGERS WHICH BESET IT.

NUMBER TWO.

OUR first number closed with a rapid digest of the authorities relating to the subject of the temporal jurisdiction of the See of Rome, and in what manner it was construed and accepted by the clergy and laity of Europe.

Let us see how the matter stands in the United States. Some thirty years ago, that great, good, and learned Catholic, Bishop England, a man respected and esteemed by all who knew him, said:

"It is a heresy in religion, it is an absurdity in politics, to assert that because a man possesses political power, therefore he possesses ecclesiastical jurisdiction: or that, because he has spiritual power, he, therefore, has magisterial rights in the State. The doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and the principles of the American Constitution are in unison upon this subject."—*England's Works, Vol.* 2, *p.* 249.

Again, in same volume, p. 251, he says:

"Let the Pope and Cardinals, and all the powers of the Catholic world united, make the least encroachment on that Constitution, (of the U. S.,) we will protect it with our lives. Summon a general council. Let that council interfere in the mode of our electing but an assistant turnkey of a prison—we deny its right; we reject its usurpation. Let that council lay

Digitized by Google

a tax of one cent only upon any of our churches, we will not pay it. Yet, we are most obedient Papists," etc.

At p. 252 of the same volume, in terms still more emphatic, he says:

"Roman Catholics believe the Pope to be the successor of St. Peter, and, therefore, to be entitled to a supremacy of honor and distinction through the whole of the Christian world. This, however, is only that which is due to a spiritual head. This jurisdiction is only in spiritual and ecclesiastical concerns. The American Constitution leaves its citizens in perfect freedom to have whom they please to regulate their spiritual concerns. But if the Pope were to declare war against America, and any Roman Catholic, under the pretext of spiritual obedience, was to refuse to oppose this temporal aggressor, he would deserve to be punished for his refusal, because he owes to his country to maintain its rights; and spiritual power does not and can not destroy the claim which the government has upon him."

Bishop Spaulding, in his "Evidences of Catholicity," p. 338, emphatically denies this charge. He says:

"But the Papacy invested itself with temporal powers; and in the middle ages, it claimed the right to depose princes, and to absolve their subjects from the oath of allegiance. Be it so; what then? Was this accession of temporal power ever viewed as an *essential prerogative* of the Papacy? or was it not considered merely as an *accidental appendage;* the creature of peculiar circumstances? Are there any examples of such alleged usurpations during the first ten centuries of its history? Has this power been exercised, or even claimed, by the Roman Pontiffs for the last three centuries? If these two facts are undoubted—as they certainly are—then how maintain that a belief in the Papacy involves a recognition of its temporal power? Was the latter ever a *doctrine* of the Catholic Church? If it was, where is the proof; where the Church definition that made it a doctrine? Did not five leading Catholic Universities, when officially called on by Mr. Pitt, Prime Minister of Great Britain, solemnly and unanimously disclaim this opinion, and maintain the precise contrary? Did the Catholic Church; did the Popes ever rebuke them for the disclaimer? Do not Catholics *all over the* WORLD now almost unanimously disclaim it? And are they the less Catholic for this? I fearlessly assert—and I do it advisedly—that there are very few Catholics at the present day who do not reject this opinion—that there are still fewer, if any, who maintain it—and that it is not allowed to be defended, at least publicly, *even in Rome itself.* Such being clearly the case, is not all this clamor about the temporal power of the Pope a mere device—a conjuring up of a phantom in the past, for the purpose of frightening persons of weak nerves into a hatred of the Papacy?"

The Catholic Council of New-York, in its last pastoral address, uses the following language:

"Your first duty is to God and your holy faith. Your second subordinate, but in its own sphere equally supreme, loyalty to your country, in all

Digitized by Google

her vicissitudes of prosperity or of adversity, if God should so permit her to be tried," etc.

The Catholic Council of Baltimore, in April last, we believe, in their pastoral letter, address the following advice to the Catholic people:

"To the general and State governments you owe allegiance in all as regards the civil order. The authorities of the Church challenge your obedience in things of salvation. We have no need of pressing this distinction, which you fully understand and constantly observe. You know that we have uniformly taught you, both publicly and privately, to perform all the duties of good citizens, and that we have never exacted of you, as we ourselves have never made, even to the highest ecclesiastical authority, any engagements inconsistent with the duties we owe to the country and its laws. On every opportune occasion we have avowed these principles; and, even in our communication to the late Pontiff, we rejected, *as a calumny*, the imputation that we were in civil matters subject to his authority. Be not disturbed at the misstatements of our tenets which are daily made, or at the effort to deprive us of our civil rights, and of the confidence and esteem of our fellow-citizens," etc.

Bishop Hughes, of New-York; Bishop McGill, of Richmond, and, indeed, every bishop and priest in the United States, have denied the truth of this charge, and no Catholic, save *one*, in the United States, asserts it. If the Pope had, or claimed any such paramount allegiance, so important in its character, it is wonderful that he did not punish or rebuke the insubordinate and rebellious spirits in Europe and America, who denied it.

At this day, the main authority relied upon to sustain this monstrous charge, is Mr. Orestes A. Brownson, the editor of *Brownson's Review*, a not very ancient convert to Catholicism, who is the only Catholic in the United States that does claim this power for the Pope; but who is not the Catholic Church, nor authorized to speak for it. He claims it as a mere deduction from the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope. Of this claim, on the part of Mr. Brownson, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, in reply to an inquiry of the Protestant Bishop of Vermont, makes the following satisfactory disposition:

"Although I addressed this distinguished publicist (Brownson) in 1846, in terms of high commendation of his zeal and ability in defense of the Catholic faith which he had embraced but two years before, and the other bishops concurred with me, none of us thought of rendering ourselves responsible for whatever views he might afterwards entertain, as he himself has recently avowed most distinctly, to correct the abuse made of our signatures which are represented as implying an unqualified indorsement of all

Digitized by Google

his sentiments. Most assuredly I dissent from him, if he claims for the Pope any right to interfere with our civil allegiance. With his full knowledge and approval Catholics everywhere pledge and render it to the government under which they live; knowing that it is a duty independent of all ecclesiastical sanction."

In addition to all this, there has not been, in our whole history, a single instance in which the Pope claimed, or the Catholics yielded, any action or duty, in peace or in war, or uttered any sentiment of obedience incompatible with the strictest allegiance or most devoted loyalty, to the government of the United States. In war, they have proved themselves gallant and faithful soldiers; and, in peace, quiet and valuable citizens; as much so as any Protestant denomination. Why then, disfranchise them—many of them native-born citizens—of their civil privileges? In Christian devotion and charity; in loyalty to the Union, and the free institutions of the country; in fidelity to the national flag, and in all the qualities of good citizens, they are as far superior to the political clergymen, who have been, and are now, engaged in fanning the flames of discord between North and South, as an angel of light to a demon of perdition, or as Montgomery to Arnold.

In every oath of allegiance which a foreign-born Catholic takes, on being naturalized, he expressly abjures all political allegiance to all and every prince, power or potentate, whatever, which embraces the Pope as a temporal prince. Now, if they retain paramount allegiance to the Pope, they all commit a willful and deliberate perjury, which, as to the great mass, is uncharitable to believe and cruel to charge; particularly, when no act incompatible with the greatest loyalty and utmost fidelity to our institutions, has ever been exhibited. We regard this idea of allegiance to two independent governments one paramount to the other, as supremely ridiculous and absurd; an anomaly in politics, which has no other existence than in the inventive brain of scheming religious bigots.

We all know what Washington, Jefferson, Madison and a whole host of their patriotic cotemporaries thought of religious liberty, and the entire freedom of conscience. We all know, that, well acquainted with Roman Catholicism, with all its objectionable features, they intended that there should be no ineligibility to office on account of religious opinion, and that, under the benignant influence of this fundamental principle of true liberty, pure and undefiled religion has flourished in this country beyond all example. In addition to all they have

Digitized by Google

said, we subjoin the following explicit and most eloquent remarks of the late Mr. Webster, the greatest statesman that New-England ever produced, which, though brief, comprehend the whole ground.

In his great discourse delivered at Plymouth Rock, December, 1820, Mr. Webster said:

"*The principle of religious toleration, to which the world has come so slowly, is at once the most just and the most wise of all principles.*"

Again, he says:

"Thanks be to God, *that this spot was honored as the asylum of religious liberty.* May its standard, reared here, remain for ever!—May it rise up as high as heaven, till its banners shall fan the air of both continents, and wave as a glorious ensign of peace and security to the nations!"

In one of his letters he remarks as follows:

"It seems to be the American destiny, the mission which has been intrusted to us here on this shore of the Atlantic, the great conception and the great duty to which we are born, to show that all sects, and all denominations, professing reverence for the authority of the Author of our being, and belief in his revelations, may be safely tolerated without prejudice either in our religion or our liberties.

"We are Protestants generally speaking; but you all know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judicature of the United States, a Roman Catholic; and no man, I suppose, throughout the whole United States, imagines that the judicature is less safe; that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief-Justice of the United States has been, and is, a firm adherent of that religion. And so it is in every department of society amongst us," etc.

There is no necessity of voting for a Roman Catholic because he is one, nor should he be excluded because he is one. Every true man should vote or not for a Roman Catholic, as his qualifications might determine. The first inquiry should be, Is he honest, is he faithful, is he capable? and if he is, the second inquiry should be, Is he more so, than his Protestant competitor? If he be, select him. If his Protestant competitor be more so than he, select the Protestant. If qualifications be equal, other considerations, not affecting the public interest, may determine; for the country will suffer no detriment by the selection of either. We think the people are very capable of selecting, as well between the trustworthy and untrustworthy Catholics, as they are between the trustworthy and untrustworthy Protestants, and that they are sufficiently impressed with the importance of the duty to

Digitized by Google

perform it judiciously. The principles of this American party would kindle a flame in the Republic of such intensity, that it could not be extinguished, until a common ruin had enveloped the civil and religious liberty of the people, the institutions of the country, and the Union of these once free, happy, prosperous, and powerful States. Let every Democrat determine to resist it at all hazards, and to the last extremity. By it, they will neither advance the cause of religion nor suppress Catholicism.

The Protestant prophets have been assuring the world, that Romanism was accursed of God and must surely fall, and some of them have calculated the very day of its final overthrow; and yet they profess to be awfully afraid that it is about to sweep over the world, like a sirocco blast! Do they distrust God—if not, why are they afraid?

The next engine which the American party has brought to play upon the Democratic party, and the quiet of the country, is that of "*foreignism.*" The Catholic question was intended to operate upon the religious bigotry, and the foreign upon the native prejudices of the country—both of them formidable, when brought to play upon feelings already intensely excited. They would have us believe, in spite of the everyday proofs to the contrary, that there is neither virtue, intelligence nor love of freedom in any country but this. That no foreign-born citizen can so far forget the land of his nativity, as to feel that affection for the land of his adoption, which will make it safe to trust him with office, or even the right of suffrage. That he is too stupid to understand the value of liberty and the principles of our institutions, until after twenty-one years' schooling! All this they urge, with a zeal and pertinacity, which, to a casual observer, would induce the belief, that they are sincere! But, in our humble opinion, there was no sincerity in its originators. It was intended to delude and deceive, until other and more ambitious projects were consummated. Now, a few facts and a few illustrations will dissipate this scheme, and scatter it into thin air.

We can point to the peopling of our Republic by foreigners. We can trace in our past history their patient endurance, painful toils, severe suffering, intrepid services and faithful devotion to the flag of the Union, under circumstances, sometimes, of the strongest temptation to abandon it. We can perceive in our past as well as our present history, proofs that they are industrious, quiet, peaceful, and enterprising citizens, and, for the number that has come among us, a most

Digitized by Google

wonderful exhibition of loyalty to our institutions. In war, although they composed the material part of our regular armies and ships' crews, they have been gallant, faithful, and true. So much so, that our most distinguished commanders, by land and sea, commend their gallantry and fidelity—among them is scarcely ever a desertion. In peace, there have been no conspiracies, no schemes, no plots to overthrow or subvert our Republican institutions, or subject them to any foreign domination. All the schemes and plots and conspiracies, which have ever been gotten up to dissolve this Union, subvert this government, or subject us to foreign domination and influence, have been the work of native-born *New-Englanders!* We do not speak it angrily; but with hearty sorrow. New-England has the misfortune to furnish the entire material of disunion, raw and manufactured for the rest of the Republic.

This hostility to foreigners commenced during the session of the Convention that framed the Constitution, by those of its members who subsequently proved themselves to be *monocrats* and *federalists* in principle and in feeling. It was renewed by the federal administration of John Adams, in the alien and sedition laws, which the Democratic party so indignantly and so terribly overthrew. It was again renewed by the Hartford Convention, that memorable body, which was engaged in schemes of treason, and busied in paralyzing the arm of the American government, when engaged in our arduous and doubtful struggle with Great Britain; while foreigners, now so odious to them, were carrying the flag of the Union in triumph, over the bloody fields of Chippewa, Bridgewater and New-Orleans, and humbling the flag of the proud mistress of the ocean. In which should the American people confide? Those plotting and secret schemers against the Union and the Constitution, or those who shed their hearts' blood in the defense of our institutions and for the glory of our flag? In those armies, and in those ships' crews, were many Irishmen, fighting against the armies of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—and yet they wavered not!!—they faltered not!! Can the American people withhold from these men the full privileges of citizenship, when they freely offer their blood and treasure, in proof of their fidelity to the flag and devotion to the institutions of the country? What stronger evidence can they afford of their fidelity?

What is it that produces this attachment to our institutions, and devotion to our flag? It is the simple fact, that our institutions open to them the path to honor, wealth, and prefer-

Digitized by Google

ment—a path which was closed to them in the land of their nativity. Close this door, and you dry up every feeling of sympathy and devotion to our country, and make aliens and enemies of them.

The "American party" speaks most wailingly of foreign influence and of the necessity of "Americans ruling America." For men who desire to take upon themselves the entire jurisdiction of the politics of the country, this is the most miserable and contemptible clap-trap ever attempted to be played off upon a confiding people. We would inquire of these gentlemen, when it was, since the close of the Revolution, that any other than "Americans ruled America," and who now but Americans rule America? The Governor, the Legislature, the Congress, the Judiciary? President or Vice-President, a foreigner can not be. We should be gratified to receive the information, for it has escaped both our reading and observation. There is scarcely ever a foreigner by birth, either in Congress, in the State Legislatures, or in the Federal or State Judiciaries. No measure has been adopted by the federal government, in the slightest degree tinctured with foreign influence. In some instances the votes of foreign-born citizens may have decided an election between native-born candidates; but this could only affect the ascendency of one or the other of the parties which divide the people, and it still leaves "Americans to rule America." We defy the proof, that the relations of the country with foreign powers, or any measure of the government has been prejudiced by foreigners, or in the slightest degree tinctured with foreign influence. This cry about foreign influence is a miserable humbug, worthy of political intriguers and tricksters, but altogether unworthy of statesmen and patriots, dealing with the great political rights and interests of 30,000,000 of people. Foreigners are induced to emigrate here, because our extensive domain and productive soil afford them the means of sustenance and comfort, and our institutions protection and freedom, beyond what they enjoyed in Europe. And when they do come, they have as strong inducements to defend and maintain them, as the natives have. The privileges and franchises of citizenship, which the government holds out to them, are the very strongest inducements to patriotism and fidelity, which can be presented. It has, heretofore, attracted to our country, some of the ablest, most learned and useful men of Europe, and while many vicious have come, from too much relaxation in the exe-

Digitized by Google

cution of the naturalization laws, the great mass has been of valuable men, and made useful citizens.

But after all, judging of the future by the past, what danger is there to our institutions from the foreign-born population? In 1800, our whole population, native and foreign, black and white, was 5,000,000; in 1810, 7,000,000; in 1820, 9,000,000; in 1830, 12,000,000; in 1840, 17,000,000, and, in 1850, 23,000,000; now, about 27,000,000, of which 4,000,000 are slaves, and not exceeding 3,000,000 foreign-born—so, that the native exceeds the foreign-born population, at least 20,000,000, or more than the whole population in 1840, or any preceding decade. When, then, according to the best arithmetic, save that of Know-Nothingism, will the foreign become equal to the native population, so as to exert any controlling influence, good or bad, upon our social interests, or endanger our free institutions? Certainly not before the stars fall. If some of our learned politicians would visit some of the new States, filled up, almost entirely, by foreign emigrants and their immediate descendants, and see their prosperous agriculture, skillful mechanics, moral and religious bearing and industrious habits, and withal their great devotion to the Union and our free institutions, they would come to the conclusion that these people, after all, were not so dangerous to either liberty or virtue as they are represented to be, and that the great mass of them were not to be judged or estimated by those miserably-depraved wretches, who gather about and infest our large cities. They are a different kind of people.

To proscribe and disfranchise those, who are already naturalized, as proposed by the American party, would be faithless and perfidious, and create within our midst, a class hostile to our government. It would arouse a feeling of hostility among the people of other countries prejudicial to our interests, and exclude from the emigration here, the intelligent, the virtuous, and the learned, and bring us only those who care nothing for God or man, or the form of government under which they live. To create a privileged and a proscribed class; to put Catholics and naturalized citizens upon the footing of convicts and free negroes, would sow the whirlwind, and a few years would bring us the storm, and a destructive one it would be.

With an area of 3,000,000 of square miles, capable of sustaining a population of 700,000,000, it is ridiculous to talk about an excess of population, when we have but 27,000,000. A thousand years would not make it as dense as it is in

Digitized by Google

Europe, or even in Massachusetts—that spot particularly set apart for religious, political, and moral volcanic eruptions.

The federal government, by the Constitution, has no power over the subject of immigration, save only, to pass uniform laws of naturalization, which it has done and which have been in operation fifty-three years, with great success. Who shall emigrate here and who shall exercise the right of suffrage, is a matter belonging solely and exclusively to the States. In whatever State unnaturalized foreigners are permitted to vote, that State has the power to correct it; and in whatever State convicts and paupers from foreign countries land, that State may prohibit them; the federal government has no power to do it. In the whole South, by the last census, there were but 336,000 foreigners, naturalized or not. Why should the South suffer herself to be thrown into commotion on this account, when she is not suffering, or in the remotest danger of suffering from this cause, if there was any thing in it?

From its foundation, it has been the policy of our government—a policy founded in the most elevated principles of humanity, liberality, and hospitality—to invite to our country the learned, the virtuous, the enterprising and industrious of other countries, and to make it an asylum for the down-trodden, oppressed, and distressed of every land; and, in order to win their affections and acquire their confidence, we have held out to them the inducement of full and free citizenship without distinction of birth. The result has been, to fill our country with good citizens, and our armies and navies with gallant and faithful soldiers. Why change a system that has worked so successfully, without the slightest detriment? We, at least, are not willing to see the experiment made. If Greece and Rome had given full citizenship to the people they conquered, it would have created an attachment to their governments so ardent, that neither Macedonian phalanxes, nor Gothic and Vandal hordes could have subdued them. Give these people the privileges of full and complete citizenship, and no foreign influence can detach their allegiance or shake their fidelity to our government. Actual experience has demonstrated this.

In the present aspect of the sectional controversy between North and South, it seems to us that this attempted proscription and disfranchisement by the South, is perfectly suicidal. The very sin charged upon these people, by Northern "isms" is, that in the exercise of the right of suffrage, they cast their votes for the men, who, standing upon the faith of the Constitution, sustain the Constitutional rights of the South. If the

Digitized by Google

South be right, the course of our adopted citizens, in sustaining them must be right, and should be approved, *at least*, by the South.

In the late presidential election, when the strongest appeals were made, and the most seductive influences employed by the late Whig party, bringing to its aid the glare of military renown, they were impregnable and faithful to the cause of Democracy; and why should Democrats distrust them now? Washington, Jefferson, Madison and a host of able and patriotic cotemporaries confided in them—a confidence never betrayed—and why should we distrust their fidelity? We may be assured there is no reality in these professed apprehensions. It is another attempt at Barnumnizing, to enable its perpetrators to seize the government, and divide the "spoils." There may be, and no doubt are, many bad men among the foreigners in our country, and there are certainly many, as many, comparatively speaking, as among the natives. The statistics of crime, exhibited by the last census, show this. In casting our suffrages or making appointments to office, the eligibility of foreign-born citizens does not necessarily put them into office, and no party maintains that, where qualifications are equal, the foreigner should be preferred. On the contrary, we all admit that the native should be preferred, and there is scarcely an instance in the history of the government in which this rule has been departed from. "The American party" goes for a total exclusion, however high the qualification, or virtuous the man; which, we think totally at war with the genius of our free institutions. Leave the voter or the appointing power, when the suffrage is cast, or the appointment made, to determine this question of preference, as existing circumstances decree, and the best interests of the country may require. The Democratic party, following the lead of its wise and patriotic founders, Jefferson, Madison, and others, is opposed to any material alteration of the existing naturalization laws, except so far as to procure their more cautious and efficient execution.

The fugitive-slave law of 1850–1, by which the federal government took upon itself, through its own officers, the reclamation of fugitive slaves, as provided for in the constitution—a law made necessary by the refusal of the Northern States to execute the act of 1793, to give effect to this constitutional provision—is now a source of bitter controversy. By the constitutional compact, the free States undertook, and in good faith were bound to execute this provision, which they

Digitized by Google

failed to do. When Congress undertook to perform the duty imposed by this provision, the Abolition and Free-Soil parties of the Northern States not only refused to execute it, but resisted, defied, and nullified it, and then prated most vociferously about the faith of compromiscs and the "*Missouri perfidy.*" Judging them by their actions, they have determined to afford an asylum to runaway slaves, protect slave-stealers and hold out inducements to slaves to run away from their owners. Is this honest—is it good faith—is it abiding the Constitution, or is it fraternal to the people of the South?

In this sectional quarrel, in which so many of the most exciting elements are brought to bear, all at the same juncture of time, and when the elements of discord have been fanned by fanatics and traitors, into such an intense blaze, is there any hope that the Union can be preserved? Is it not greatly to be feared that foreign intrigue, unhallowed treason, unscrupulous ambition and mad fanaticism are about to accomplish that work of direful calamity, the dissolution of this great, this powerful and this beneficent Union — this mighty edifice, erected by unsurpassed wisdom, ardent love of liberty and unequalled patriotism. When we look through the vista of the future, and see the possibility of such an event, and the weight of responsibility which will rest upon those who shall have wrought the mighty ruin, the mind naturally recurs to the question: Where lies the wrong—at what door the sin? We proclaim the South is innocent.

By the Union, the South gained in her political, but lost in her pecuniary interests, while the North gained both politically and pecuniarily, as the statistics of commerce conclusively prove. By the Union, we have been protected and strengthened, until we have grown to be a powerful, prosperous, and free people, and promise, in these elements of greatness, to eclipse the world. In the history of our progress, the South demanded no sacrifice of principle or interest on the part of the North, to their sectional views, save the compacts of the Constitution, and without which the Constitution would not have been made, or the Union founded. All that the South ever demanded or now demands, is, the observance of these compacts—its national beneficence, and its sectional and individual equalities. This every Democratic administration, sustained by the Democratic party, always has, and now accords. What is the course of the free-soil party—the "Republicans" (*proh pudor!*) of the North? They have not only demanded a system of measures, calculated to promote their

Digitized by Google

sectional interest at the expense of the South, but they demand to prescribe to the South her moral and religious opinions; to abolish Slavery as it existed at the time of the formation of the government; to prohibit Slavery in any of the territories; to dictate to any new State coming into the Union whether Slavery shall be one of its domestic institutions; to prohibit the sale and transfer of slaves, from one of the Slave-States to the other; to withhold from their owners fugitive slaves, and, in a word, to confine Slavery within its present limits, until they have so encompassed us about, that, when they have acquired sufficient strength, they may crush it out and entirely. All these purposes, now openly avowed by the fanatics of the North, violating, as they do, the vital interests and rights of the South, and annihilating her independence and destroying her prosperity and safety, it is expected of the South, and demanded, that she shall submit to, for the sake of the Union. Let the Abolition-Republicans of the North be assured that she will not! Her spirit of independence, her sense of justice, her knowledge of her rights, and her stern and lofty honor, will not permit it. The Union will cease to be dear to her, if she by it is to be provincialized, domineered, and tyrannized over, with more cruelty than in the days of her colonial bondage.

If in the providence of God, these Northern fanatics, traitors, and disorganizers shall succeed in dissolving this Union—who, or what is to be the gainer? Religion?—it will undergo the eclipse of ages. Liberty?—she will be buried in the ruins of the conflagration, without hope of resurrection. Free institutions?—there will scarcely be a wreck of them left. Intolerable and crushing despotisms will be reared upon their ruins. The North?—she will make perpetual and irreconcileable enemies of a race of virtuous, independent people, who by a fair, a liberal, a just, and conciliatory course might have been made sincere and valuable friends. The slaves?—they will be transferred only to a new set of masters and a severer bondage. The world?—the nations will only see the last hope of liberty and free institutions fall into ruins, proclaiming in their fall the incapacity of man for self-government. What calamities will ensue? bloody, and desolating wars, waged with a ferocity and bitterness never before experienced. The conflict of kindred against kindred, for the sake of an inferior race. The wreck of free institutions, the crush of freedom's last hope—the annihilation of commerce, the extinction of civil and religious liberty, and the establishment of a swarm of unmitigated despotisms. Whether in the long, the bitter, the devastating

Digitized by Google

and bloody strife, the North or the South shall triumph in the work of destruction, they will but acquire the wreck of power, the ruins of liberty, and a devastated and blighted country. The victor will be the vanquished.

To avoid these woeful results and sad calamities, the Democratic party North and South, is most ardently struggling—proclaiming its determined purpose to maintain the Constitution, and the rights of the South, or perish in the struggle. And what do we see? It is the Southern wing of the "American party" of which we do not intend to utter an unkind word, or of whose motives make the slightest impeachment, which is engaged in a league and making common cause with the Whigs, Abolitionists, Free-Soilers and "American party" of the North in a furious and uncompromising war upon the Democratic party, while the Southern "American party," if we are to believe their professions, are diametrically opposed to the objects of the Northern party. Thus the South sees in the hands of her inveterate enemies, an arrow feathered from her own wing ready to be sped to her heart. Does not the Southern wing of the "American party" see, that to overthrow the Democratic party is but to put fanaticism, folly, and Northern domination into power? We wish the limits of this article, already so protracted, would permit us to cull from their various sources, the unmistakable evidence that every party and fragment of a party at the North, save the Democratic party, is hostile to the South, and that in crushing the Democratic party, they design to crush the rights of the South if, by any means, they can acquire the strength.

In this day, when the political elements are in such fierce agitation and threaten a storm so calamitous; when the array of sectional battle is already drawn, and the bloody strife almost ready to commence, why is it, that many of our greatest and most patriotic statesmen—men whose moral and political influence is sufficient to hush the storm and calm the waves of civil strife, Achilles-like remain in their tents, indifferent to the gathering danger? Now is the time for such men to interpose between the excited sections, stay the hand of aggression, proclaim the truths of the Constitution, restore confidence between citizen and citizen, save the Union from destruction, and our happy institutions from ruin.

We have been more than surprised at the discontents with the present administration. Upon the slavery question its course has been all that Franklin Pierce expressed previous to his election, and in strict accordance with the Constitution and the Democratic platform. Its state papers have been able

Digitized by Google

and soundly Democratic, and its course mild but firm and decisive. We know of no preceding administration, in which the principles of Democracy have been more truly and faithfully pursued. It is true, Gen. Pierce has made some injudicious appointments, that had better not have been made, and what administration has not? but this is no apology for men calling themselves Democrats, for forsaking their party and its principles, and going over to its adversary. Petulance, resentment, and private grief should never enter into the consideration of governmental administration. We should bear much personal wrong and disappointment, before we abandon a party that maintains those fundamental principles upon which our republican institutions and the perpetuity of the Union is founded.

Thus, we have expressed our views of the present and fears of the future. We trust in Heaven that our fears will never be realized, and that our apprehended dangers may prove to be but the phantoms of an over-excited imagination. We know we love our country, her free institutions and the Union, and should be thrice happy to see the threatened dangers disappear; but we believe the South has been wronged, outraged, and calumniated, and her rights put in jeopardy. We shall be gratified if in this crude article there shall be found some thought which may be valuable, and awaken the South to a sense of its danger and the necessity of unanimity to avert it.

While the rapid whirl of time has greatly improved the intelligence of the American people, the present condition of things demonstrates the fact that they have neither improved in feelings of public virtue or in the science of free government. We seem about to exhibit that depravity and that recklessness of fanaticism which heretofore caused others to throw away the great blessings of free government, for the curse of despotism. The Cæsars and Arnolds are too numerous for the Bruti and Washingtons, and anarchy and disorganization are perhaps about to triumph over order and public virtue. The anarchists, the traitors, the fanatics and the factionists of the North are eager to pull down, trample under foot, and destroy the fairest and best-constructed fabric of human liberty, which the wit of man ever did or ever will again devise. Twenty-four million of people are to be enslaved by men of their own race, that three and a half millions of another and an inferior race may change masters!

We are neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but we venture the prediction, that if the struggle which now seems

Digitized by Google

almost inevitable shall come; if a political earthquake shall shake this great temple of liberty and free institutions into ruins; that in its fall it will not crush the slaveholding States only, but the Northern States—those very States that set it in motion—with them. They and their posterity, in contemplating the ruins which their madness and folly have wrought, will deeply lament the rashness which precipitated it.

In this fierce and almost unequal contest of the Democracy with these fearful factions, there is one thing that strikes with peculiar astonishment; it is, that there are so many members of the Whig party, who know and feel that the Democratic party are engaged in desperate struggle to save the Union and Constitution, and yet who so far remember and cherish the animosities and prejudices of by-gone conflicts as to aid the traitorous and disorganizing factions, by either affording direct assistance or by standing idly by. Eternal honor and gratitude await the noble self-sacrificing patriots, who, true to the sublime instincts of liberty, rally to the support of the Democratic party, in this evident, portentous and doubtful struggle, on which is staked liberty, republican institutions, and the Union.

LYNCHBURG, VA. J. G

M E D E A.

SENECA, ACT I.

Medea, abandoned by Jason, invokes revenge.

I.

YE Gods of marriage, guardians of the bed
  Hallowed by sacred rites!
Why to our shores was conquering Tethys led
  By heaven's eternal lights?
Wherefore, stern ruler of the sounding sea—
  Wherefore, all-seeing sun—
Wherefore, thou three-formed goddess, Hecate,
  Was *his* course safely run?

II.

Come, thou lost woman, to revenge invoke
  The Gods of heaven and hell!
They to whom Jason sware the oaths he broke
  When wronged Medea fell.

Digitized by Google

Chaos and Night, black as my grief and choice;
  Souls of the damned, I call;
Dark Pluto—lo! with no auspicious voice
  I do adjure ye all!

III.

Ye without pity, ye with torments bound,
  Whose foul and matted hair
With hissing serpents wreathed, shakes horror round,
  And terrible despair;
Ye who with bloody hand the torch embrace
  Which lights the damned to woe—
Grant to Medea all your deadly grace
  To curse her deadliest foe!

IV.

Come as of yore ye stood my bed beside,
  Sublime in that dark grace,
When by my hand husband and father died,
  And perished all their race.
And if there be a greater ill in life,
  In hell a keener woe,
Grant that my husband false, in death and life
  Such agony may know!

V.

Gods! let him live to wander far away
  Where unknown cities rise,
Hated and trembling, exiled and astray,
  Beneath the stranger's skies.
Weak and in want, without or friend or home,
  Type of a living lie,
Let your whips drive him hopeless still to roam,
  Till he drop down to die.

VI.

Yea! bend his proud heart with your lash of fire
  Until, in abject fear,
Me he may long for—even me desire,
  And wish Medea near.
And, last and worst—O Gods of Hell! the worst—
  May he more children raise,
Dread as Medea when their sire she cursed,
  And than himself more base!

Digitized by Google

BADEN-BADEN.

BY EUGENE GUINOT.

The season at Baden commences in the month of May; the official opening takes place towards the close of spring, and from that period the fashionable world begins to arrive: at first, slowly by ones and twos; then the ranks close up, the crowd increases gradually and becomes every day more numerous and brilliant. Those who having been the first to arrive have made excursions into the Black Forest and the Grand Duchy which borders on the Rhine, Switzerland, and Wurtemberg, find on their return, the city invested by a splendid army to which every nation of Europe has furnished a picked contingent. Baden now presents itself under a new aspect; having surprised it making ready for the festival, we now see it in all the splendor of its adornment, in all the brilliancy of its joyous animation.

Do you wish to know what new guests the city has received during your absence, here is the list of strangers given in the *Badeblatt* with minute regularity. The *Badeblatt* is the gazette of Baden-Baden; be not alarmed at its title of gazette, in it you will find neither politics, criticism, nor any thing calculated to trouble or stupefy the reader's mind. A model journal, the *Badeblatt* never says too much; makes no pretension to profound views of things; runs after nothing brilliant and does not pique itself on discovering political secrets and being in the confidence of Metternich. Simple in its make up and of convenient size, it offers every day in its octavo page a precious collection of announcements and advertisements, a programme of the week's amusements, the address of the principal tradesmen and a detailed account of all the novelties recently received from Paris; in a word, it contains all that can be of any interest to the public. But that which constitutes the chief merit of this admirable gazette and secures its prosperity, is the perfect regularity with which it each day gives the list of strangers as they arrive at Baden-Baden.

Everywhere you find morning and evening papers: the *Badeblatt* is the only journal in the world which appears exactly at five o'clock in the afternoon. The hour is happily chosen; at five Baden dines, and at the exact moment when soup is served, the carrier enters the dining-room and distributes to each guest a damp copy of the Gazette for the moderate sum of six kreutzers. Every one hastens to read the first two pages on which are inscribed the names of all the strangers who arrived on the morning and evening of the preceding day, set down in regular order with the places where

Digitized by Google

they have put up, so that in reading their names you learn also their residence, and see in what proportion the new-comers are distributed between the hotel d'Angleterre, de Russie, de l' Europe, the Three Kings, the Stag, the Sun, the Salmon, etc., etc. Twice a week these daily lists are added to the general list which the *Badeblatt* publishes, and thus is formed each year a picture of the visitors who have adorned Baden-Baden with their presence. All the distinguished personages that Europe reckons, all the eminent and celebrated of the age are written on this tablet. These lists so curiously collected, are the Golden book of contemporary aristocracy. In its close columns, figure the most high-sounding and glorious names. Royalty, high birth, opulence, talent, beauty, all are there. On every page names environned with a splendid halo, crowned with diamonds, laurels, or flowers, illustrious for birth, great actions, genius, or grace. Nothing is wanting that makes the glory or beauty of earth. Sovereigns and princes, great lords and great captains, millionaires and poets, dandies and gay women have come with a crowd at their heels. All must make this pilgrimage commanded by fashion, encouraged by example and recompensed with pleasure.

At Baden all greatnesses are modest. Princes wish their rank unknown, or at least not to be called to their notice; they suppress their titles, and hide their majesty as much as possible behind a strict incognito. This example, set with such good taste by the great personages, has become a general rule which is applied to all the magnificos at Baden-Baden. The pomp of the thing is hidden under the simplicity of its name. Thus by general consent, the palace where all the entertainments and fêtes are given is called "Conversation House." A building of fairy-like elegance and art. The pencil of Cicerí has decorated the apartments of this temple consecrated to all the pleasures which enchant the eye, the mind and the senses. Nothing can be imagined more imposing than the grand hall glittering with gilding, and remarkable for the noble style of its architecture and decoration. Two other saloons, furnished with regal luxury in the style of the last two centuries, are reserved for particular occasions. Then there opens before you a ravishing gallery, fresh and smiling as Spring. It is all flowers; the ceiling is enamelled with roses and violets; daisies, carnations, and camelias are grouped in bouquets, and hang in garlands on the wainscoting; and festoons of flowers cover the frames of windows and doors. At the two extremities of the gallery, orange trees, pomegranates and oleanders complete the enchantment. Here three times a week, dancing and music delight a select company of two or three hundred persons. Saturday is reserved for grand balls, when the whole world of strangers at Baden inundates the vast saloons of the palace.

How shall we describe these entertainments, their dazzling magnificence, and the wonderful society composed of all the aristocracies of Europe; a true Congress where France, Russia, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain

Digitized by Google

send their most illustrious representatives, and their most beautiful and graceful women?

In the vast and noble edifice whose centre is taken up by what are called the conversation rooms, the right wing is occupied as a restaurant, the left by a library, reading-room, and theatre. The restaurant, which, in the language of Baden is called a *restauration*, is beyond doubt the most magnificent gastronomic establishment in the world.* Two hundred guests can be comfortably accommodated in this immense and sumptuous dining-saloon, where rich arabesques frame the smiling pictures of Ciceri. At the table d'hôte of the restauration, a dinner is served unrivalled in luxurious perfection and abundance, which costs but four francs, wine not included. In the best hotels the price of a dinner is three francs, and less than this in inferior hotels.

Everywhere symphonies executed by full orchestras enliven the repast. A legion of musicians takes possession of Baden during the entire season and accompanies with varied airs the different episodes of this perpetual fête. At the left of the peristyle, which forms the entrance of the palace, is the literary gallery of M. Marx; the Misses Marx preside over the book-store where may be found all the last new books reprinted by the Belgians, those abominable pirates, who, sterile to produce, incapable of writing and totally deprived of imagination, live by others' wit, rob thought on the highway and fraudulently copy the works of their neighbors. The reading-room exhibits on its tables the principal journals of every nation not excepting those marked by the decided tone of their democratic coloring. The Grand Duchy of Baden is a country of intellectual freedom, open to every manifestation of thought, and accessible to all shades of political creed.

Each day has its pleasures so distributed as to avoid either emptiness or satiety; every moment has its employment, and the hours have but one fault —they fly too fast. The morning is devoted to walking in the environs, and the country so abounds in picturesque situations, is so well furnished with romantic ruins, so admirably adorned with frowning castles, green hills, graceful retreats, sombre forests, foaming torrents and fresh cascades, that the entire season does not suffice to exhaust the rich variety of daily excursions. After dinner, the loungers resort to the alley of shops which traverses the park and ascends to the Conversation House. Here a thick shade protects the promenaders against the ardent rays of the sun. On each side, in small wooden stalls rather than stores, are exposed for sale all kind of wares and merchandise. It is one great bazaar where each merchant wears the costume of his country. The industrious mechanician of the Black Forest vends his wooden clocks; the Tyrolean keeps a full assortment of articles made of chamois leather; the Hungarian exhibits his cloth, the Bohemian spreads

* The French author would hardly believe, probably, that out on the confines of Western American civilization, a dining-saloon where twice that number can dine comfortably, is not thought any thing very surprising.—Am. Ed.

Digitized by Google

out the riches of his glass-ware sparkling like rubies and diamonds; the cane merchant establishes his shop in the open air, and undistracted by the curiosity of the passers by, sculptures with his knife, pleasing or grotesque figures, and if you feel so inclined he will carve your bust on the head of a cane. The dealers in engravings, silk, Parisian jewelry, and Havana cigars complete the number occupying the Bazaar.

The space stretching in front of the "Conversation House" and which is called the Terrace, divides with the Lichtenthal walk the honors of the evening promenade. After dinner the crowd takes possession of the tables placed in front of the café of the restauration; the Terrace fills with loungers; the curious look for and point out to each other the illustrious visitors of Baden: the princes, celebrated men, great ladies, and beauties of renown.

Do not believe, however, that the society at Baden is composed entirely of princes and great personages. The hospitality of this amiable residence admits within its bosom every condition of rank and fortune. The most retiring visitor is received and treated just as the most brilliant. Here as elsewhere, steal in some of those adventurers, those audacious intriguers who always follow at the heels of the fashionable world. How should Baden escape the scourge which visits all the great cities, all the capitals of Europe, where in borrowed plumage these birds of prey penetrate into the most elegant and noblest mansions? But although it may be difficult to stop them on the way and prevent them from entering, their hostile plans are generally frustrated. The most incessant surveillance watches over the peaceful retreat of Baden. The most perfect order reigns amidst this changing crowd, and no trouble ever ruffles the polished surface of a society composed of such dissimilar elements. A suspicious figure, an equivocal gait are no sooner marked than absolute power clothed in black and gloved in white, takes to one side this spoil-sport, and says, "Sir, you are not exactly in your place here." "Madam, the air of Baden will not improve your health." If the person to whom these words are addressed pretends not to understand them, he is told to quit Baden immediately and in twenty-four hours to be beyond the frontiers of the Grand Duchy. There is no reply, obedience without hesitation must follow, unless you prefer to travel with a strong escort. This is arbitrary, if you will, but every honest man will approve this kind and tutelary tyranny which manifests itself only for the maintenance of order, the triumph of morality and the secure enjoyment of every pleasure.

During the day the style of dress is negligent. The most punctilious dandies wear linen coats and straw hats. At the dinner-hour dress puts on a more ceremonious character, and in the evening displays all its marvels; although, at small evening parties, men are admitted in frock-coats. Elegant women at Baden, as elsewhere, find occasion to dress three or four times a day, beginning with the morning *negligé*, and ending with the full dress for a ball. The winter at Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, or London exhibits nothing comparable to the balls at the Conversation House. No-

Digitized by Google

where is seen such an assemblage, such luxury, such brilliancy, such a reunion of the great and dignified, nowhere such a bouquet composed of flowers from every clime, attractions from every land. Where can you see this piquant mixture, which exhibits in the same quadrille a sovereign princess and a simple gentleman, an hereditary prince and a broker's wife, and at the same whist-table the four sides occupied by the four quarters of the globe?

If you are fond of music, concerts are not wanting. It is seldom that the attraction of these entertainments is not heightened by some famous names. The Golden book has inscribed on its pages the names of Paganini, Thalberg, Beriot, Liszt, Ole Bull, Madame Pleyel. They who have made instruments illustrious, meet those who have rendered song glorious, Rubini, Lablache, Mario, Pasta, Malibran, Catalani and others, of whom the nomenclature would be too long.

It may be said with truth that Baden gives the tone to Paris. It is a Congress where noble representatives from every country discuss the grave questions which occupy the world of fashion. Here, during the summer, is decided what shall be the fashionable *danse* for the following winter in Paris. Thus, before being adopted by the leaders in Parisian ball-rooms, the hongroise, the polka, the mazurka and the redowa made their *débût* at Baden-Baden. When there is neither ball nor concert, the gay world meets for gossip, and then the Conversation House completely justifies its name. Every thing that is refined and courteous in speech is welcomed. Each one talks after the manner of his nation; but, to avoid the confusion of Babel, by common consent, the French language is adopted. Thus the world of fashion and good taste decrees and renders a homage to his language, of which a Frenchman may well be proud. The French language reigns supreme in the aristocratic mansions of Europe, and presides over the *entente cordiale* of all intelligences. Germans, Englishmen, and Russians speak French as it is spoken in the Faubourg St. Germain. The acutest observer, the most attentive listener could scarcely detect the nationality of the interlocutors. Each one contributes his share of delicate wit, refined pleasantry and interesting revelations, in the recital of those true anecdotes which compose the history of the Springs of Baden-Baden, and which are no less curious than the ancient legends of the country.

A noble Hungarian lord, Count Christian W——, had come to pass the season at Baden, accompanied by his daughter Helen. Young, beautiful, charming and heiress to an immense fortune left her by her mother, the young countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Adorers of all kinds were not wanting, rich and poor, noble and obscure, tender and passionate, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was the queen, and where the aspirants contended for her hand, by exhibiting their address, grace and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage ten cavaliers were in the saddle caracoling around her *caléche*. At the ball, the most elegant dancers were devoted to her. They

Digitized by Google

had neither cares, attentions nor sighs but for her, whereat many beautiful women, French, English, and Russian were particularly mortified. Amongst these pressing suitors Helen selected the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaetan M—— was, it is true, a charming fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes and long black wavy hair: in the place of true passion, he had eloquence of look and word; in short, he dressed with taste, danced marvellously and sang like Rubini. But unhappily, these advantages were contrasted by great vices. A dissipated gambler, and unprincipled, the Chevalier Gaetan had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The Count, after having informed himself of these facts, desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against a dangerous affection. Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers nor the orders of her father. The man for whom he endeavored to destroy her esteem was already master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe in the disgraceful antecedents of the young Italian. If Gaetan had had to do with a father who lacked energy, perhaps he would have become the happy husband of the young Countess, and the peaceful possessor of the immense fortune with which he was so frantically in love. But the Count knew how to carry his point either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth, and all the rude firmness of an indomitable character, which nothing but paternal tenderness had ever softened. Self-willed in his resolutions, stern in his execution of them, he cast about for means to put *hors du combat* this carpet knight, who had dared to undertake to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when accident threw into his hands a letter which Gaetan had written to Helen. The Chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed, in direct terms to the young Countess, an elopement, and proposed a clandestine meeting, at the hour when the Count was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance, at the Conversation House.

A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent.

The young girl had not read the adroitly-intercepted note.

"Put this flower in your belt," said the Count to her, offering a rose, "and come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk they met Gaetan, who, seeing the rose, was overjoyed.

Then the Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden, on the Lichtenthal road. He had sent away his servants and was alone. At the appointed hour Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and, finding the door shut entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs, filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father armed with a brace of pistols.

Digitized by Google

The Count closed the door, and said to the wretched Gaetan trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night. You have broken into it. I could treat you as a felon—nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, almost inaudibly; "I am not a robber."

"And what are you, then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter, which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy! But, to take your life I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm—a duel would have long ago rid me of you. To avoid scandal I did not wish a duel, and, now, I will slay you only at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden, not in a few days—not to-morrow, but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you, and never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself As the price of your obedience, and to pay your travelling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The Chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me, understand! I hold your life at my mercy, and a moment's hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the Chevalier.

"In good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary, take them."

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An imperious gesture overcame the false modesty which the Chevalier expressed feebly and like a man who declines only for form's sake.

"But," said he, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock then."

"What! you wish me to——?"

"Break the lock, or I'll blow your brains out."

The pistol was again presented as an argument which admitted no reply.

Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well!" said the Count. "Take that package of bank-notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket-book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket-book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What?"

Digitized by Google

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But——"

"But, sir, I mean to have here all the evidences of a burglary. I mean that the robber shall be known. Robber, or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. Now you are about to fly. You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest, make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary, reckon on me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

A MOTHER LOST

NEVER more to hear her saying:
"Darling! are you ill, or well?"
Gently on our forehead laying
Hands that like a blessing fell.
Oh! my mother, never more!

Never more to wonder, sighing,
When the busy day will close,
So with heart to heart replying
We may tell its joys and woes.
Oh! my mother, never more!

Never more to feel her gliding
By the bed her prayers had blest,
With her hand the candle hiding,
Lest it should disturb our rest.
Oh! my mother, never more!

Never more to know she's keeping
Watch on all we say or do;
Fondly anxious, waking, sleeping,
With a care for ever new.
Oh! my mother, never more!

Other hands may gently tend us,
Other hearts be leal and true,
Other loves their treasures lend us—
But they can not love like you.
Mother! mother! never more!

S. W. C.

Digitized by Google

THE CRIME OF OFFICE.

ALL office holders are, *ipso facto*, criminals, if not in public opinion, at least for all the intents and purposes of the manufacturers of public opinion—the makers of newspapers. The pet criminals of the press, are, however, the gentlemen—superior, and subordinate—who are entrusted by the Federal government with the duty of collecting the National Revenue. We have a fancy for looking at the philosophy of the subject a little. It may be a very bold thing in us to do so. Probably it is; because our philosophy may suit neither the newspaper men nor the office-holders. In point of fact, also, we do not care a button whether it does or does not. One man in his life plays many parts; and in ours we have played both the parts referred to. We have held office, and made newspapers; and upon our conscience we think, as a general rule, the first to be the more honest employment of the two. In the first, a man *may* keep truth on his side; in the second, his soul is hourly endangered by a fatal necessity for lying. In short, if your office-holder, like Touchstone's ill-roasted egg, is "damned, all on one side;" your newspaper editor has no side at all for heaven's mercy to forgive. In respect, however, they are both public, they are both very vile lives; and for both of them "as they are spare lives, they go against our stomach."

To our philosophy, however.

Patrick Henry, in the Virginia Convention of 1788, said: "To these are to be added oppressive excise-men and custom-house officers. Sir, the people have an hereditary hatred to custom-house officers."

And in another place he says: "On the other hand, there are rich, fat Federal emoluments—your rich, snug, fine, fat Federal offices;—the number of collectors of taxes and excises will outnumber anything from the States."

To fan this "hereditary hatred," and whip me these "fine, fat Federal" knaves of collectors, naval officers, and surveyors, has been the delightful employment of the public press from that day to this. When one party is in power, the other takes up the cudgels. Language fails to express their indignation at the enormities practiced by the "In's." Goaded and stung, as by

Digitized by Google

a swarm of thirsty mosquitoes, the people turn to and turn out the criminals. "The king is dead! Long live the king!" The Grand Chamberlain breaks his old rod, and picks up a new one. The "Outs" walk in, and the "Ins" walk out. But scarce is the change effected when the press opens again, like dogs baying the moon, with the same agonised howl of insulted patriotism, and outraged virtue. The poor people stand aghast. They have done all that was told them, and, lo! they are no better off than before. The howl has only passed from one set of jaws to the other, and hunger screams as viciously from a Whig throat as a Democratic. The good, honest, innocent souls turned out one set of tenants, and swept and garnished the house, and behold! the new tenants are nothing but seven other devils, worse than the first. Now this would be very terrible, and heartbreaking, if it were not very farcical. And the worst of it is, that, like the majority of English farces, the jokes are all stale—veritable Joseph Millers, with venerable beards, hanging down to their waists, and hoary with the rime of age.

The tirade of one party will stand for the objurgation of the other. The garment of curses fits either wearer indifferently well. Pick up a twenty-year-old file of an opposition newspaper, change nothing but names and dates, and your "slashing" article is ready to your hand. It is, in fact, matter for surprise that some enterprising printer has not had a set of stereotype plates cast, with blanks punched for those, and advertised something after the following manner: "A. B. keeps constantly on hand the best standing material of the trade, namely, articles on official peculation; dereliction of duty; enormous salaries; dangerous perquisites; illegal fees, etc., etc. N.B. He would call attention particularly to his articles on 'Removals:' they are copyrighted, and embrace the whole subject. The 'Infamous' article is conceded to be a miracle of invention. Also, the 'Poor Inspector and his distressed family,' which he takes this opportunity of assuring the public has not been used above eleven times since the last change of administration." Really, those plates would pay.

Get behind the scenes, oh! sympathising public, before you spoil your eyes, crying at the tragedy. You will see the murdered men walk off as livelily, and with as good a stomach for a steak and a pot of beer, as ever. The disconsolate widow shall put off her weeds and "polk" marvellously the rest of the night, and the persecuted orphan go home to a jolly supper and a sound sleep.

Digitized by Google

So we will step behind the scenes, if you please, a minute with you. It is a printing office. Be careful how you step, or you will make that sort of "pi" which printers have no relish for. There sits the editor of the paper which has aroused your indignation against Federal officials. That is the identical man who has thundered in your startled ears the tale of enormities practiced by collectors and surveyors. The man with whom secretaries of the treasury are "butchers," and minor functionaries, boa constrictors. What do you think of him? An honest-looking fellow enough, isn't he? He told you last week how they made appointments at the custom-house, and your "hereditary hatred" grew rampant at the vile disclosure. You read how honest, good men were put aside, and party hacks and tools, the refuse and sweepings of every city, ward, or country village, appointed because they had done the dirty work of a political party. Terrible to think of—wasn't it? What is the nation coming to? My good, credulous friend, what would you think if I should tell you that that large bundle of virtuous indignation was—an Alderman? Verily and truly, an Alderman. You know what an Alderman is now-a-days. Read something in the papers, perhaps, about "Indictments." Of course you did. You are posted. You can fancy how he got into the City Council, can't you? If you be a New-Yorker, your imagination will not be much strained to conjure up "Broadway railroad lines; Joseph Walker wrecks;" felons bailed; fighting men maintained; a little murder, now and then, slubbered up; and all that sort of generous devotion to the public interest, and the good of society. You will see it all, with your mind's eye, at a wink. For you are shrewd, very shrewd, and "down on" all kinds of corruption.

But you would be a little surprised, I know you would, if I should tell you that our virtuous friend there had held office under the Federal government as long as any other man, and that the *on dit* goes he received something in the neighborhood of *a hundred thousand dollars* in the way of salary, and public printing, and pickings from first to last. You stare. Your faith is a little shaken. You won't believe everything you read in the newspaper to-morrow morning, and it will be lucky for you if you do not.

You have probably got enough of one of the public virtues. Let us try another. Step over the way into a second newspaper office. Here you shall see a round portly gentleman, who has howled as loud as any. In fact, you have fairly shud-

Digitized by Google

dered at the pictures he has drawn of official corruption, and hardness of heart. You have wondered how any administration could hold up its head after such excoriations, such Maria Monkish disclosures of the revolting secrets of its prison-house. My poor friend, the writers of bad romances are not all dead, neither are the fools who read and believe them. Do you know that gentleman there, who dips his pen in everything except truth and common sense, was amongst the most eager grabbers of office. And do you know he never said anything about official corruption, or administration crime, until he failed to get a slice of the loaf, and a piece of the fish?—Melancholy, but true, my dear indignant friend. You have changed your mind, on this showing, I see; and are preparing to go away much perplexed. Farewell!—Think it over, and when we meet again, tell me what, in your opinion, constitutes the "crime of office." Hold, a moment. Before you go, let me hint to you what my opinion makes it. It may help you to a solution.

The crime of office is not, then, putting out one set of men, or putting in another. Speaking as Democrats, we say, and know, that the public service is safer in the hands of the Democratic party than any other. History sustains the assertion, and the action of the people evinces their steady belief in its truth. It can not however be charged as a crime when the men of other parties are substituted. It is a great mistake, a deplorable mistake, and the people commonly repent their folly concurrently with its consummation. As they pay the piper, however, they have an undoubted right to choose the tune he shall play, and dance to it as long as suits them. Nor is it the manner of men who are appointed. It is the inequality of remuneration.

An administration appoints its high officers; and in their turn they place the crowd of subordinates. That these are not always chosen from the most virtuous and worthy of the community is too true. But the fault is not in the superiors; it is in the system which makes them first, and controls them afterwards. Appointed for political services *merely*, they are compelled to carry out the system, and appoint in their turn for the same cause. Their election is narrowed by an arbitrary rule; their choice is limited to the "workers" of a party, and the laborer is claimed to be worthy of his hire. They are not permitted to ask, "is this the best man for the place?"—but, is the place the best that can be found for the man? Thus, blind agents of a superior ne-

Digitized by Google

cessity, beyond the view of the public generally, they become responsible for the character and conduct of a thousand men, of whose character and conduct they never knew anything, and never could know anything, but that they were sharp party practitioners, and must have their fee—*in office.* They are at the mercy of innumerable dependents, whom they feed, but can not control beyond a certain limit, and that limit a very narrow one. One or many of these men prove incapable, or dishonest, or vicious in any way—and the gentleman who appointed is instantly arraigned at the bar of public opinion, the grand jury of the press haul him up before them, and seldom fail to find a "true bill" against him—for another man's crime or folly. "There's wisdom for you," as Captain Cuttle says. Having some inkling of this, it is commonly charged by the opposition press that the heads of departments are converted into mere political machines for placing and displacing men in office. And beyond that—having, according to the fatal law of their own official existence, culled out all the "workers" of the party they hold of—the "ward wire-pullers," and "convention makers," and "resolution backers," and "ticket peddlers," and public meeting packers and *clacqueurs*—they are expected to keep them "working;" to keep them in public meetings, and resolutions, and ward committees, and all the rest of the machinery of agitation and political "high life below stairs." Of course, such business would be quite enough to occupy their time if they did it, and the "duties" of their respective offices as by law established, which they are popularly supposed to discharge, would have to be mainly confided to the hands of deputies. These "subordinates" in that event must, of course too, have all the brains and tact, and knowledge of the law, and business talent, which would fit them for the highest offices in the republic? It is charged often by the opposition press that such is the fact. Do you believe it? Would it be a natural thing to happen in this country? Did you ever hear of a man really great, and fitted for high employment, who was at the same time a reliable *Democrat*, whom *the people*, God bless them, ever left long in a subordinate station? Did you ever hear of one who could make popular Democratic music, who ever played second fiddle long to any other man; unless he happened to be a drunkard, or a vicious fellow determined to spoil his own chances? We never met with such an one; and, depend upon it, that kind of talk is all bosh. You can't keep a man down in this country, when nature has endowed him with the power of rising. The people always take care of him, *if he is true to them.*

Digitized by Google

Suppose, for the sake of argument, all this twaddle of opposition, about the crime of office, were true? How can you account for this fact, and it is a fact, that, with men appointed to office for every other reason under heaven than because their previous habits had fitted them for the particular place they fill, the public service of the United States is better carried on, and its enormous revenue more cheaply and, logically therefore, more honestly collected, *under Democratic auspices*, than that of any other known government? Is not that a poser? Will railing accusations rub that out? And this, too, in the face of the fact that the subordinates are the most ill-paid body of public officers in the world. Their salaries are inadequate. Fixed many years ago, every article of consumption, the whole price of life, has advanced, whilst their stipend has been stationary. Under the present administration too, as under all Democratic administrations, "the chances" have been narrowed down to nothing. The man who makes a penny beyond his legal pay does himself great injustice by keeping his place; he is certainly clever enough for much better things. He is fit for a Wall-street financier. Mr. Secretary Guthrie may not be the greatest Secretary of the Treasury that ever lived; but he is certainly one of the most careful custodians of the people's money. In fact, too, we should like to know how any Secretary of the Treasury can prove his fitness for the post, and fitness for a thing is greatness in that thing, except by the impartial exactitude and conscientious honesty with which he carries out the routine prescribed by law. He makes no law. He originates no system. Alexander Hamilton originated the system. After him, the whole matter is merely executive.

But to give you my idea of the fault of the system which sometimes leaves an opening for the attacks of the opposition, and gives a colorable pretence of honesty to their fault-finding, you shall have it in the words of Edmund Burke. The system of government in British India, so sternly reprobated by him, has a good many points of analogy:

"Another circumstance in that service," says Burke, "is deserving of notice. Except in the highest parts of all, the emoluments of office do not in any degree correspond with the trust, nor the style with the dignity. Under the petty appellations of the counting-house, you have administrators of revenues truly royal. The legal public emoluments that belong to them are very often totally inadequate. * * It is true that the greatest situations are often attended with

Digitized by Google

but little emolument; yet still they are filled. Why? Because reputation, glory, fame, the honest applauses of a grateful country, sometimes pay the cares, anxieties, and toils, which wait on great situations in the commonwealth. But glory is not the lot of subordinated merit. These must be paid in money what cannot be paid in fame and reputation. * * All the subordinate parts are officers who, in comparison with the offices and duties entrusted with them, are miserably provided for; whereas the chief of each great presidency has emoluments securing him against every mode of temptation. * * Instead of endeavoring to find a series of gradual, progressive, honorable, and adequate rewards for the persons who serve the public in subordinate but powerful situations, he has left them to prey upon the people. I do not say that some of the salaries given would not sound well here; but when you consider well the nature of the trusts, the dignity of the situation, whatever the name of them may be, the powers that are granted: I repeat, it is a source of infin grievance—of infinite abuse." So reasons Edmund Burke. Which may be reduced to this, that in every government where you put power and opportunity in men's hands, and underpay them—if you expect them to be honest, you mistake human nature. The great crime of office in the United States, then, as in British India, is putting men in the way of temptation, and underpaying them. It has been said in Congress—Why, you can get as many men as you can shake a stick at, to do the public work at a dollar a day, instead of three or four which is now paid. Certainly you can. But that will help you little. The only difference would be that, supposing *men* to continue *men*, and beef to be 18¾ cents a pound, your one dollar men would be under the disagreeable necessity of stealing the difference from the public crib, being a clear additional loss to the public of two dollars! "Steal? A fico for the phrase. Convey—the wise it call." We are not denying the possibility of human honesty. Happily for society, there are some honest men left. But a fine moral sense, and a lofty principle of self-respect and scrupulous honor, is not a common gift to mortals. The majority of men, it is also true, will not steal—directly. Visions of Sing-Sing and the Tombs haunt and prevent them; but they will whip the devil very close to the stump. It is said, a Whig President appointed a friend to some subordinate office. The friend was indignant at being put off with such a pittance, and exclaimed: "Why, sir, the salary is only fifteen hundred dollars a-year!" "Bah!" replied

Digitized by Google

his Excellency; "that's the *salary*, John. I give you the *place*—that is worth more than mine!" It is also related by many persons of veracity, that it is the common habit of heads of department, on the advent of a Whig administration, to say to their subordinates: "You have *four* years before you; make the most you can out of them for the party, and yourselves." Under Democratic auspices, however, and we speak by the card, the whole effort of its superior executive officers is directed to *saving* the people's money, and narrowing the office-holders' chances to as near nothing as possible. This system is carried out in every branch of the public service with a scrupulous exactness, and painful fidelity. And here the real "crime of office" is developed; since the most oppressive weight of retrenchment and reform, always the inevitable work of the Democratic party upon coming into power, after an interregnum of Opposition license and peculation, falls upon subordinates. For superior officers the law provides emoluments. For inferiors it provides none. The idea of the framers of the law, regulating particularly the Revenue service of the United States, appears to have been a very honest Federal aristocratic notion, that your great officers are a kind of Sevres porcelain, and will bear high glazing and fine painting; whilst your common fellow must be kept as poor a piece of pottery as possible. It is scarcely a Democratic notion that one human vessel is to be fashioned by legislative legerdemain to honor, and another to dishonor. The logic which assumes that the head of a Department must be kept *rich* to keep *him* honest, and the tail *poor* to keep *him* honest, is about as beautiful a piece of special pleading, as complete a "reductio ad absurdum," as we have ever had the pleasure of stumbling over. The sauce for the goose is clearly no sauce for the gander in that system of dialectics. Our laws go further indeed, and whilst they provide emoluments for the heads of departments, they provide penalties for all below the head, who even coquet with so much "reward," "emolument," "guerdon," or "remuneration," as Costard's "elevenpence ha'penny." In the language of Burke, which is quite as applicable to this as to the folly of the East India Company: "The gentlemen at the head of the service have high legal emoluments. The orders of the government *forbid inferiors* to take any extraneous emoluments. The act of Parliament has fulminated against them. Clear, positive laws have no exception of circumstance in them, no difference *quoad majus et minus.* The

Digitized by Google

consequence is, that he who has taken but one penny of unlawful emolument" is without defense.

And as an inferior or subordinate has no legal emoluments by our system, any more than he had under the British East India system, "he who takes but one penny" has taken an unlawful emolument, and the law has no mercy for him; official duty no pity; his superiors no liberty to excuse. The penalty attaches as directly and in as exemplary a manner to the "one penny" as to a million.

Does such a system square with common justice or common sense? Is self-conceit weaker in the breast of the inferior than in the breast of the superior? On the contrary, do we not know that men think after this fashion: Fortune has given you, A. B., a big throw in the raffle, and you have a prize. But it's mere luck. Why might not I, B. C., have thrown the same? Had I done so, you would have had my place, and I yours." That is human nature. And if men think thus, and see the law provide emoluments for the lucky thrower of "sixes," and pains and penalties for the unlucky caster of "deuce ace," with the political dice; whose honesty, does it strike you, intelligent legislators of an intelligent people, is best provided for—whose honesty most certainly secured; the man whose honesty is secured by "legal emoluments," or the man whose dishonesty is punished by legal penalties?

Per Baccho! We think penalties make rogues. All legal experience proves the fact. Hang a man for stealing "five pounds," and a thousand pounds are stolen, where twenty are, if you make the penalty a six months' imprisonment in the county jail. That fact has long been in evidence, and undisputed.

Yet, you will reply, men rush in as eagerly for inferior as for superior places. Certainly they do; because like the Draconian penalty for a "five pound" larceny, under the old English system, the severity of the law's vindication defeats the law; and where one man is hung as "an example," a thousand are found not guilty by tender-hearted juries.

The whole argument may indeed be condensed in this—to secure men's honesty, as a general rule, you must pay them in a fair ratio to the trust reposed in them, and not in the ratio of their work. If one man has the power to cheat you out of a million, and another the power to cheat you only of a thousand, the bonuses on their honesty must be relatively as the sums committed to their mercy. Some men will be honest, and starve in the midst of untold gold. But these noble specimen

Digitized by Google

of human virtue, whilst they elevate our opinion of humanity, and command our admiration, should never blind us to the fact that they are the shining exceptions to a gloomy rule.

In opposition to the "Opposition," we conclude, therefore, that the crime of office is not that one man holds to the exclusion of a better; nor that dishonest men are selected; nor that undue favoritism elevates one to depress another; nor, in short, any of the specifications and charges commonly exhibited; but that the system and its theory is at war with fact; that men hold office by a tenure which paralyzes their capacity for good, and developes abuse against the will and beyond the power of the best to prevent; and that custom, the custom of every party, has established as a law the much-abused but inevitably-followed rule, that "to the victor belong the spoils;" not that favoritism is displayed; but that no legal opportunity is provided for its display in behalf of public virtue and public services in subordinate stations. These constitute the true crime of office.

Democratic administrations of the Federal Government, from the highest position to the lowest, in all its ramifications and bearings, in spite of these vices of system, first originated by "Federalism," and carefully imitated by all its anti-Democratic progeny, have been distinguished for their general fidelity. This has been so marked and palpable that the people, by a natural instinct, fall back upon them always, from all other parties, for relief. Four years of administration by any other party usually place the finances of the country in such a position, and introduce such a crowd of abuses into every office, that the chief occupation of the succeeding Democratic administration is, inevitably, to restore them to the position in which its predecessor found them, and reïntroduce order, regularity, and honesty. This usually occupies the whole attention of one Democratic administration, and it is only during a second, immediately succeeding, that the people begin to see unmistakably how much has been done for them. It has been the fate of the present administration to carry out this work of restoration, this reïnauguration of Democratic fidelity and economy in official life, and hence the violence with which it has been assailed. Abuse has found no shelter; dereliction from duty no excuse; and both have been as indignant and aggressive as they were before numerous and secure. A very little examination of the attacks levelled against it and the least inquiry into the personal character and antecedents of their authors, will demon-

Digitized by Google

strate that this, which in the people's eyes has been the virtue, has in theirs been its *Crime of Office.*

We put this before the people not as the special advocate of *this*, but as the general advocate of *all* Democratic administrations; and we point them to the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention of next June, be he who he may, as the only safe rallying point for all honest lovers of their country, its constitution, and good government. S. W. C.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

FROM THE SPANISH. BY C. A. W.

WITHIN a verdant, peaceful vale
A limpid stream was stealing,
Naught but its ripples murmuring
Its gentle course revealing.

The lily, with its spotless white,
Above its wave was bending;
The wild bird's note, the sighing breeze,
Their harmonies were blending.

And bird and flower of brightest hue
All circled to enwreath it,
The evening star and azure blue
Shone bright and pure beneath it:

But all unnoticed and forgot,
The fountain scorned its humble lot,
And a guardian spirit heard its prayer,
Murmured from that valley fair.
Its stream was filled with melting snow
And torrents from the mountain's brow,
And as it onward rolled in pride,
Broad rivers formed its rushing tide;

Digitized by Google

Dark forests frowned upon its shore,
And gathering clouds hung darkly o'er;
Its turbid waters found a bed
With rocks in rugged masses spread,
And stately fleets, in war-like pride,
Upon its swelling waters ride.

But the river mourned, that now was given
No image of the summer heaven,
But clouds frown dark, and lightning's ray
Above its stormy waters play;
The deer, that sought its stream before,
Now leave its waters pure no more,
And scaly monsters of the deep
Within its dark recesses sleep;
And all is changed on that dark stream—
An image of Life's troubled dream.

For this is Man, and thus when truth,
The purity of early youth,
And virtue's brightness, all is lost,
Upon ambition's waters tossed,
Alas! the river seeks in vain
To be the peaceful stream again;
Within man's troubled soul is given
No image of its Maker's heaven;
For passions all beyond control
Have dimned the mirror of his soul.
Well may he mourn his altered fate,
The troubled grandeur of his state,
And childhood's pure and peaceful joys
Exchanged for manhood's gilded toys.

Digitized by Google

VITRUVIANAE.

BY PETER KOCH-WREN, ARCHITECT.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE excitement created by the first and second chapters of this treatise having become intense, and the rules laid down in them threatening to produce an entire revolution in the rural architecture of the country, I shall hasten to develop my whole system. I shall do this because I hear that great numbers have already commenced pulling down, and my feelings are shocked at the idea of their being without a proper roof to cover them, at this inclement season of the year. We entreat those who have not yet entirely demolished their dwellings to pause until they have read this synopsis.

The best way then to set about building a country-house is, first, to consider the subject in a common-sense light. We particularly recommend this view of the subject, as the longer you consider it in that light, the darker it will appear to you, and the less likely you will be ever to get further than the beginning. In the next place we would impress upon those of a sanguine temperament the wisdom of consulting the experience of the last gentleman he planned for, *after* you have consulted your architect. An attention to this suggestion will save you much harassment of mind, which might, otherwise, be easily traceable to the singular difference between your architect's estimate, and your builder's bill.

MATERIAL.—In choosing your material you will be, of course, influenced by the selection your neighborhood affords. In any case, however, it would perhaps be wiser to be influenced by the selection you can afford yourself.

Wood and stone are generally used, but brick may be introduced—into the chimney—with great advantage. Wood may also be advantageously introduced into the oven previous to any attempt at baking. The attempt to substitute any thing else for floors, shelves, doors, and window-sashes, will be attended with great expense, and possibly partial failure.

STONE is of many characters, and needs varied treatment. Harsh treatment, consisting of a free use of the stone hammer and chisel, is usually the most successful. How indeed are you to treat flint, granite, greywack, or trap tenderly, without meeting a most ungrateful return for your kindness we are unable to inform you.

BRICK does not seem, as yet, to have had a fair chance of trial. Gentlemen, however, who have attempted to adopt it as a hat lining, have not only

Digitized by Google

frequently had a fair chance of trial (at the Police Court) but have even been fined for the experiment. The world is proverbially ungrateful to its benefactors; and the attempt to combine the uses of the "brick" with the "tile" meets no greater opposition than the system of Galileo or the steam-engine of Fulton. In the present state of society, and the absurd prejudices against that article, as your house, like your hat, is meant to shelter your head, the less you have to do with a "brick" in it the better.

If you have timber in abundance, and your building be of moderate dimensions, instead of enlarging it you had much better put up a saw-mill and dispose of the surplus to your neighbors.

A Rustic treatment of this material is often very effective. It is perhaps unnecessary to describe, in a more detailed manner, what we mean by a rustic treatment, as most of our readers have, no doubt, stopped on the road to Lebanon, the White Sulphur Springs, or the Delaware Water Gap, or some other remote celebrity, to admire one of those charming log cabins, stuck in a cleft of the rocks, or hanging like a strange fungus from the side of a woody declivity, and altogether built of unhewn timber, *ornée* with a barrel, for a chimney (styled in rural architecture *chimbley*) and an agreeable variety of old hats, and flannel petticoats for window glass.

Another style, for which wood is a suitable material, is called Gothic. The term Gothic is now determined to mean simply "pointed." If, therefore, you be of an epigramatical turn of mind you will, of course, choose the Gothic, as a quiet way of informing your neighbors that you consider them "Goths," and have adapted your style to your neighborhood. The peculiarities of your architecture will, by this means, be sure to be "marked." You may possibly secure the same result to yourself, but having defined your position amongst your neighbors, will easily prepare yourself for any thing coming from so rude a source as a community of "Goths."

But the great principle upon which all styles are based is reality. For all purposes of home comfort, therefore, "*chateaux en espagne*" may be considered as altogether inadmissible.

A Gothic house, then, is a building, the character of whose architecture is distinguished by the upward tendency of its leading lines.

The same tendency being particularly observable in *balloons*, they will be found a remarkably cheap substitute for it. Great care, however, must be taken to secure the leading lines properly, especially in situations much exposed to the influence of the winds.

In arranging the outlines of your plan, upon the ground, the selection of wood as the material, will permit of a more varied and irregular shape than stone or brick. In arranging it upon paper, which is perhaps, after all, the best place to do it, pen and ink will probably be all the material you will need. If you inadvertently sign your name at the bottom of the page, however, and it should find its way into your builder's hands, the amusement afforded by the freedom of irregularity ceases, and the *regular*, and often

Digitized by Google

disagreeable course of payment at maturity, or a suit at law, practically ensues.

The Modern bracketed Italian style is very suitable for wooden buildings, and is one of great beauty. This bracketed style is, of course, a synonym for the parenthetical or involved style, and appears admirably suited for gentlemen in difficulties, whom a turn of the stock market in the city has turned to keeping "stock" in the country. Or the brackets may be considered, as in modern dramas, to mark the parts which may be omitted without injury to the sense. By putting your house in "brackets," therefore, you may follow the wise example of the managers with regard to the dramas referred to, and omit it altogether, which would, after all, be probably the most sensible thing you could do.

The great objection to the Italian bracketed style is, that it will not admit of the use of shingles. As this would prevent its appropriation by the most honest and deserving class of the community, the class too to which we have the honor to belong—the legal body—we shall not recommend its adoption.

Stone appears to be the true material for a rustic home. Mr. A. Gordon Knott's objection, however, to throwing away his money upon a deal of stone when stone of deal was cheaper, appears founded in right reason, and appeals affectingly to the seat of architectural life—the pocket. Its general fretted surface is nevertheless peculiarly appropriate to a country house, in which, especially during a long storm, any one but a Job usually represents that peculiar quality of stone in the most striking manner.

If you are from the city, do not, however, fancy, because stone is your material that you will need fewer of what are classically termed "rocks" to complete the edifice. Cutting the stone will display it to more artistic advantage. The superior advantage of wood, however, is that it will enable you to cut your stick; an operation which any one of our way of thinking will always take care to make provision for.

Many persons complain of stone houses in the country being damp; but as every thing else in the country is also damp, and pervaded by a general chilly kind of desolation, at all seasons except midsummer, I consider this an unfounded objection. My friend Knott says, on all three floors of his house, there was "no room that was not a rheumatic"—which proves incontestably that wood or stone, in the country, make little difference.

The modern Italian style is suitable for either stone or wood, and undoubtedly, for crotchety people, is the only proper one. For gentlemen, also, whose circumstances and desires are in an inverse ratio to each other, this style is at once pleasing and profitable, as whatever scale they may choose to build on they can do so by a system of notes.

Terraces are features constantly associated with this style. As our object, however, is "cheapness," as well as beauty, balustrades in card-board, or canvas, after the fashion of Juliet's, not in Verona, but the Broadway theatre, may be made to produce all the effect, at a little distance, of the

Digitized by Google

most elaborately-carved marble. Terraces are also associated with moonlight, lovers' vows and runaway matches, and parents with large families of grown-up daughters will find them to their advantage.

A word or two about brick before we close this number. As a material it is not appreciated. We are very far behind our ancestors, in this, the importation of the article from Holland having almost entirely ceased of late years. If, however, you should recur to the good old fashion again, and use them, it will be in good taste to paint them in accordance with the prevailing tone of the landscape: your spring coat should, therefore, be a warm green, and your fall one a cool gray. A greater variety of colors will be necessary, if you determine to follow all the changes of the seasons, but as a general thing we are inclined to think green will be found the most appropriate and significant.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

A comfortable home must be both a warm and a sweet one. The former of these conditions may be secured, as a general thing, in summer by opening all the windows at mid-day. In winter it will be attended with greater difficulty; in fact, warmth at that season must be artificially created, a scientific fact of which few of our readers are probably aware. The substances by which artificial heat is created, in the largest degree, are generally supposed to be wood and coal. Payne's water gas may possibly be added to the list in a short time. Our text book recommends the "Household Demon" as evolving the largest amount of caloric from those substances. As almost every family possesses a Household Demon of its own, which up to this time has been altogether a useless member of it, we expect the suggestion to be eagerly seized upon. This kind of demon heater appears to have been known indeed as far back as the age of Elizabeth, if we may credit the allegation of Iago, that the ladies of the family are sometimes—"devils"—that is, Household Demons. The sole difficulty in the use of this "demon" is, that it often makes the house entirely "too hot to hold you;" and no sort of ventilation has yet been hit upon to moderate her "too searching breath." Indeed, in severe weather, she is constantly rushing to extremes, jumping from extremely hot to extremely cold, and keeping you in an interesting state of oscillation between a fever and an ague fit.

In an overheated room the atmosphere soon becomes foul, unless proper ventilation be resorted to. The foul air usually begins to form on the floor in layers, which are gradually built up to the ceiling. This is a state of the atmosphere meant to be described by old ladies when they say "it was so thick you could cut it with a knife." Our text-book speaks of the "debris" of warmth in air, but as we never saw a large section of air broken to pieces, and can not conceive of the "wreck" of that kind of matter, we are at a loss to understand what sort of thing the "debris" of the air may be. The air indeed has been said to be "a chartered libertine," and as that kind of foul

Digitized by Google

creature is very shaky and liable to fall to pieces, it may be rather a poetical than practical allusion.

In whatever way your house is warmed, an escape-flue should always be provided. This flue, in its relation to ventilation, will be found peculiarly serviceable if, in pursuit of your building plan you have been forced to follow the example of Mr. Knott, and accept "draughts which run all ways except up chimney." In such a state of things you will readily perceive that an escape-flue will be absolutely necessary to enable you to "air your reputation" as well as your person. An admirable treatise upon ventilation may be found in Dr. Mayo's Kaloolah. The simple apparatus described there as used in Framazugda could no doubt be made at a slight cost, and would soon come into universal use. The addition of the "Flower-organ" which he also describes, by which the entire wealth of natural scents is evolved by a kind of olfactory notation will insure you a "sweet" as well as a warm home.

We have thus put our readers in possession of the way to build a home "cheaply and well" in a short course of easy lessons for young beginners:—and have only to assure them, in conclusion, that if they should follow our directions, or those of the text-book upon which these papers have been a running commentary, no one will sympathize with them more heartily than ourselves. Next to the folly which a man is guilty of in hanging himself for love, we rank the folly of the city man who builds a house in the country for comfort. The only way to live in the country is to rise with the lark, instead of laying plans for "larks;"—to hold the plough, swing the cradle and the axe, in short to be a farmer—the most independent and noble of all characters and occupations. City manners and city houses are as mockable in the country, as the homely wits of home-bred bumpkins are ludicrous at a court. To enjoy the country do not build yourself either a palace or a mediæval mansion, all jimcracks and nonsense; but find out some good old place hallowed by the memories of years, green in its age as the character and virtues of an honest man, grown old in making the earth bear fruit to feed the busy throngs of your starved cities, and there, with the old rafters over your head, the old luxuriant vines about the door, the garden full of flowers which in their season have gladdened generations of happy and innocent hearts—there make a home indeed, a place where the sturdy virtues of your Republican forefathers may not be ashamed to grow, nor your children forget to learn them.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER THIRD.

A CHAPTER OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

OUR retirement from the busy scenes of city life to the supposed quiet of the country naturally afforded our friends a subject of profound interest and frequent conversation. In fact the interest one's friends take in one's welfare in this world is so flattering, so very humanizing, that it makes you feel quite tender, sometimes almost tearful.

How exquisitely delightful to know that a hundred hearts are moved on your account; a hundred brains busy with speculations, of which you and your fortunes, are the objects; a hundred, perhaps a thousand conversations carried on, in which you are the central point and figure of the picture they paint!

Charming world! Excellent and much-abused humanity!

Who shall have the audacity to say that some remnant of the angel does not linger still in that poor outraged, and vilified human nature, which silly scribblers are so fond of representing as cold, selfish, calculating, and heartless?

It is true that if I had died, instead of going into the country. If I had been hanged, instead of going into the country. If I had ran away with another man's wife, and murdered her husband, according to the laws of honor, instead of going into the country. If, in short, I had made an immense ass of myself in any way, or met with a frightfully disgraceful misfortune of any kind whatever, instead of going into the country, my friends would have had quite as agreeable and welcome a subject of conversation. To disappear from society in a natural and honest way, makes no kind of difference. In fact, it rather detracts from your importance.

But then admit, it is really very flattering to be talked about by so many people, and to awake so wide an interest that not

Digitized by Google

even the smallest of your faults has the ghost of a chance of being forgotten.

It is true, too, that if you had staid in the city, and given very fine parties, and *recherché* dinners; worn very fine clothes, and been able to do a great many favors for a great many people, you would have been universally loved and respected.

But if you had staid there, and done nothing of the sort, no body would have troubled their heads about you.

On the contrary, if you had needed any of those fine friends; if your fortune had taken to itself wings and flown away, and instead of leaving you in patent leathers and yellow kids among the blisses of Broadway, and the luxurious parvenuism of the Fifth avenue, had landed you high and dry in the remote regions of the eastern part of the city—say in the upper part of a two-story frame house in Henry street, or some such hyperborean latitude, I give you—gentlemen and ladies—I give you my word for it—your best friends would never have mentioned your name.

I think I see some body sneer, or shrug their shoulders; or hear some body say, "I never act so. Such conduct is, contemptible. I grasp a friend's hand as cordially when there is not a penny in it, as when it can sign a check good for a million."

My respectable but deluded friend, you may flatter yourself that you are telling the truth; but the fact is you are lying like a horse. You would do no such thing. It isn't in you. It isn't in any New-Yorker or Englishman that ever drew the breath of life. I am sorry to be compelled to say it, but you are a humbug and a snob. If you ever see a man down, I will lay any money you take as early an opportunity as any body else to give him a nice little kick. Or if he is only going down hill you will assist him towards the bottom, with a sly shove, as soon as your neighbors.

Don't be ashamed. It is perfectly natural. Nay, I am not at all sure but it is very moral, meritorious, and admirable. What right has a man to fail?

In the vocabulary of pious pity there is no word of sympathy for a man who fails.

If he fail, is he not proved a contemptible rascal, and worthy to be kicked?

Fortune always favors the brave. What more contemptible than a coward? Success is the true test of merit.

You are perfectly right to ride rough-shod over any man

Digitized by Google

who shows himself such a thoroughly worthless and cowardly animal as to let you do it.

From which it appears that all this fine talk about charity, kindness, humanity, sympathy, and that obsolete kind of thing is mere moonshine on the water.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that when we abandoned the luxurious city of New-York; when I turned my back upon the dignified Bar of that city, and removed myself, my little wife, and household gods to the kingdom of New-Jersey, it should have awakened a lively interest in the bosoms of mine and my dear wife's numerous and amiable friends.

Some five, or by our lady, six hundred of the "Grande Monde" had graced our wedding, and the arrack punch, champagne, etc., on that interesting and momentous occasion, having been particularly good, not a few of them had gone very near weeping for pure happiness and delighted sympathy, in the fullness of their hearts and satisfaction of their stomachs.

No body, however, came down as far as the wharf to see us off.

But that was six months afterwards; and any one who expects the tenderness of champagne or the sympathy of boned turkey to last that length of time deserves a straight waistcoat.

It must not, however, by any means be supposed that the general interest felt in our affairs, by our loving and generous friends was at all lessened by that lapse of time. On the contrary it was rather new-edged by the natural seclusion into which we fell, as all new-married folk do, during the first six months of our double blessedness.

I say seclusion, for although we went to more balls, parties, hops, matineés dansante, conversationé, tableaux, receptions, evenings, etc., etc., than usual, like all unfortunates in the same predicament, we played the *rôle* of hermits in a crowd, and danced, waltzed, and polked through halls of dazzling light, in the midst of five hundred over-heated people dressed "to kill," very much as if those people had been cabbages, which possibly they might have been without losing any thing themselves, or doing the world any material injury by the slight change from animal to vegetable life.

Be that as it may, we went through the waltzes and the winter, looking neither *at* the people around us, nor *into* the future before; but simply — I don't mean foolishly — but merely and all the while looking into each other's eyes, and talking the softest and most delightful nonsense in the world.

So, it came to pass that, although every body saw us all the

Digitized by Google

while, everywhere, we were quite as remote and separate from any body in particular, as if we had gone away to Kamschatka immediately after the ceremony. Perhaps that was the reason why the shock was not so great when, in the spring, we really went into banishment among the aboriginal tribes of New-Jersey.

But we were not forgotten, as you shall quickly hear.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

It was about nine months after we had firmly planted ourselves in the red-shale. A succession of rainy days had turned that peculiarly delightful soil into a cross between bad red paint, and gritty cement. Walking was impracticable, and carriage-wheels sunk up to the hub. Two horses were scarcely enough to drag a baby's go-cart through the detestable stuff.

I must tell you, excellent reader—and therefore excellent because you are a reader of this book—I must inform you that, shortly after our immigration, I had gone to work to make an avenue from the turnpike to the house, which stood back from it about two hundred and fifty yards. All the way up, too, the ground gradually ascended; so that "Rougemont" was worthy of its name, both by reason of the redness of the soil and the elevation of its site.

There was, in fact, a very fine prospect from the house; and I may be said to have had at least "a look" for my money. I solemnly assure you that during my entire residence in the kingdom of New-Jersey—I never had any thing else.

However, I made that avenue. I was justly proud of it. It was a triumph.

I borrowed a "road-scoop" from a very kind neighbor, who afterwards borrowed three bushels of seed-wheat from me.

I returned the scoop. I never saw the wheat again.

However, I hitched my carriage-horses to that scoop, and as I was, about those times, one of the "bone and sinew," since all the flesh I originally brought into the State left me very soon after I got there; and as I might be considered as "hard-handed" as the best specimen of the working Democracy you could pick up in a day's electioneering—why, of course, I held the handles of that "road-scoop." By the space of two days I ceased not to be jerked backwards and forwards from one side of the road to the other as fast and hard as two spirited

Digitized by Google

horses and red-shale earth could perform for me that agreeable office.

But my labor was not in vain. I triumphed. From the turnpike to the summit of Rougemont I threw up an avenue of goodly width, and admirable directness. That it might always be firm and dry, and afford a pleasant path for man and beast, I rounded it up in the middle to an extraordinary height.

That unutterable, despicable red-shale soil, however, defeated my philosophy, and threw contempt on my engineering. Instead of becoming more firm by reason of its elevation, it only added depth to the mud. The first rain turned it into a red-shale quicksand, a man-trap and beast-trap, an almost bottomless pit of destruction. No man, let alone woman, could venture upon it.

One man, a farm-hand, bolder than the rest, and armed with the courage of love, (he was going a "sparking,") attempted it one damp evening. At three yards' distance, from the house he sunk to his arm-pits. After much suffering, he was recovered, at the expense of many severe contusions and the loss of his Sunday suit, by laying down broad plank, and raising him gradually with rails, which were used as levers.

After this, none of the initiated ever attempted the avenue except in a drought.

In our early verdancy, longing naturally after green things, we planted trees of many kinds on either side of the abortion; and labored diligently to make them "full of growing;" but they never grew, and what the cattle did not nib down stood barely up in thin and ghastly regularity, at wide intervals, like the poles of an abandoned line of telegraph.

Such was the avenue which led up to our Baronial Mansion of Rougemont: our castle not in "Espagne," but the kingdom of New-Jersey; which we take to be the next best place in the world for houses without foundation, and castles in the air.

It was then, as I said before this digression, about nine months after our banishment.

I was sitting, with my wife, at one of the front windows in the second story.

It had been raining for three days, and had just ceased. The clouds, not yet entirely broken by the west wind, continued to lower, as they rolled up the sky in fantastic shapes, and tumbled one over the other like leviathans at play. Here and there amongst them began to appear small patches of blue sky, or glimpses of sunshine.

Digitized by Google

My eldest, and then only child, was at that time four months old.

Charming age, in which are blended the innocence of the angel with the vocal properties of the screech-owl!

The dear creature lay asleep, near us, in the cradle. It was truly a picture of almost Arcadian felicity.

If it had a drawback, however, it was that, as I could not get segars for love, and was particularly short of money, I was just then smoking pig-tail tobacco in a clay pipe. It was my first attempt at that sort of thing; and made me in fact, a little sick at the stomach.

We were sitting there, I say, in that truly interesting and delightful situation when I turned my eyes by accident towards the "avenue." I no sooner did so, than I beheld a sight which caused a strange agitation of my nerves.

Far down, near the gate which opened on the turnpike, or was supposed to be capable of opening for any one who ever reached it alive, appeared a novel object—a black speck in fact—a something which might possibly be a man, since it was certainly too large for a crow.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "there's a stranger."

"A what?" said my wife.

"A stranger, and coming here," said I.

My wife turned to look, and gave a little shriek, so as to satisfy the tenderness of her own nerves without injuring those of the baby.

"Is he crazy," she murmured, "to venture upon *our avenue?* He will sink for ever before he goes three steps further."

"No!" said I, "he understands his peril. Some body must have betrayed us. He abandons the avenue and keeps along the fence. Get me the spy-glass, and let's see who it is?"

My wife got the spy-glass. She did not give it to me, however. Of course she didn't. She was a woman, and therefore put it to her own eye first. She rested it upon the window-frame. She got the range. An instant sufficed to carry to her mind not only a conviction of the black speck's identity with a man and an acquaintance, but a conviction also that he was a New-Yorker. With female intuition she also divined immediately his motives for being there, as will shortly be evident.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, "that's Cartwright."

"And pray," said I, "Who"—(delicately referring at the same time to the gentleman with the unmentionable name) —"Who may Cartwright be?"

"A fool and a bore," she replied with mingled asperity

Digitized by Google

and trepidation. "The greatest fool and most persevering 'snook' in New-York."

"Ding a-ling-a-ling" went the bell, answering with alarming promptness the rigorous application of Mrs. Quigg's nervous grasp upon the pull.

Up came Jane Cook, or rather, Jane, who was now cook, chambermaid, ladies' maid, child's nurse, and bottle-washer general, to our reduced establishment.

"Run for your life, Jane," exclaimed Mrs. Quigg breathlessly, "and open the parlor-windows. Mind, the ones on the opposite side from the way that man's coming. Yes, don't stand there grinning like a fool. There's a man coming, Jane: there's a man coming, I tell you. He's coming to stay here. Coming to dinner—coming to sleep. Coming to live for all I know. It would be just like him. And Jane, there's nothing in the house fit for a dog to eat. And take the slip-covers off the parlor-chairs, Jane: and dust the mantle-piece. No, let it alone, you'll break something. And make up a roaring fire in the kitchen, that'll look as if we did *cook* at least."

"Yah-yah, ow-ow-ow!" went the baby, waking up with a jerk, and going into a small exhibition of his infant vocal powers on his own account, whilst precociously evincing his musical talents by keeping time with his heels on the foot of the cradle.

"Husband—take that child, do! Don't you see Jane can't, and I'm most crazy? Are men good for any thin gin the world? He'll hurt himself crying before you stir. Dare—dare, baby. Mother's pet. Yes, it should cry—so it should. Now will you take him? For Heaven's sake don't trot his life out of him in that way. The child is not a horse. You've been with horses so much lately, you grab him as if you were going to put a curb-bit in the dear little darling's mouth, and stick your spurs into him. Why don't you put a saddle on him at once? Do try and remember he isn't made of iron. I don't often ask you to hold him—not often enough at any rate, to make you look like a thunder-cloud now when I'm in such distress. What shall I wear? There he comes. At any rate it will take him half an hour to get up here: I may thank "*your avenue*" for that at least. I haven't a dress to my name that's fit to be seen. We ought to have ironed yesterday: but you were getting in that rye, and I know all those ten men you had three days running, cost you twice as much as the rye will sell for when you're done. But you would have them here eating up

Digitized by Google

every thing in the house; and now we're in a pretty fix. Cartwright coming, and nothing to put before him."

"Bah!" said I, when I got a chance. "What's the use of all this fuss about one man? Did we never have a guest before? Were we never taken, as people must sometimes be in the country, a little out of sorts? Do keep quiet, and be reasonable can't you?"

"Mr. Quigg," said my wife with tragic solemnity, and "taking the stage" with a sweep, that is, crossing from left to right, with her half-indued dress draped about her with striking negligence, her arm elevated to a right angle with her body, and her fore-finger quivering with intense emotion: "Mr. Quigg do you see that man?"

"Well, I do."

"That man is Jones Cartwright."

"The twenty-third time I have been favored with that information, Mrs. Q., in the space of five minutes."

"That man, Mr. Quigg, is sent here from New-York by the Johnsons, the Skeddys, the Joneses, and all that horrid set of people, to see how we live. Yes, to see how we live!"

Her voice took a wilder tone—passionately contemptuous and indignant.

"To see whether we get on. To see whether we are poor or rich. He's nothing better than a spy, Mr. Quigg—a miserable spy, and I'm determined he shan't go back to New-York, and tell those people we're poor, if—if—"

"If we fry the baby for dinner," said I.

"Unfeeling monster!" exclaimed my better half, with a bounce, which threw the drapery of the "bending statue" into yet wilder disarrangement, and to hint the truth, gave her an air much more picturesque than presentable. "Unfeeling monster, to jest at such a time."

That dear baby, however, thanks to my nursing, rough and unskillful as it might be, had dropped away again into a profound slumber. Laying it carefully back into the cradle, I went to the mantlepiece, over which hung my rifle, and, taking down that peculiarly national arm, I loaded it and sat down by the window.

"What are you going to do now?" said Mrs. Q.

"Going to shoot your friend Cartwright, by accident, when he gets within range, and save you the trouble of receiving him!"

"Good gracious, Mr. Quigg! can't you be serious some-

Digitized by Google

times? Do put that nasty thing away, and hook my dress for me."

I put it away! To be sure I put it away. I hooked the dress. Umph! That was by no means so easy as putting up the rifle. However, it was accomplished, and the partner of my bosom being pretty "tight," like many other people in the same condition, began to grow amiable, and view the approach of the enemy with less distracted eyes.

In fact, I believe that silk dress, with the dingle-um-dangle-ums on the sleeves, and the polly-wobbles on the corsage, although restricted in its effects; and that French cap, the solitary remains of Madam Megoozelem's little bill of "five hundred," went a great ways towards mollifying her disposition.

I have always noticed that women are twice as cross and unreasonable in a morning "calico," particularly the "shilling" sort, as in an evening silk, particularly "brocade."

The last hook was achieved just as Jane reäppeared, and announced "Mr. Cartwright" as being down stairs to see "de Missus."

The lady of the manor, the Chatelaine of Castle Rougemont, when the last touch had been given to *that* pet ringlet, and the last twitch to the skirt of that astonishing dress, descended to the parlor to receive, not welcome, our Uninvited Guest.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

MR. JONES CARTWRIGHT.

Having been earnestly adjured thereunto, I did—what I had not done for a week before—shaved. I then proceeded to dress myself to "go on," for that occasion only in the character of a "Gentleman Farmer." A calico shirt (clean) fancy pattern, white ground, and dogs' heads in purple; falling collar, tied at the throat with a small blue handkerchief, negligently knotted; a canary "veskit," light continuations, patent-leather shoes and drab gaiters, short-tailed green sporting-coat, with superb buttons—by Jove they *were* buttons—and a natty white-feet "Golgotha." I flatter myself I was as well made up for the part as any man could be at half-an-hour's notice.

I descended the stairs, therefore, with mingled satisfaction and anxiety. Satisfaction at my personal "rig," and anxiety for the "grub." I knew the larder was as clean as a whistle; and I was not sufficiently full of faith to believe that a miracle of flesh would be wrought in our behalf. However, I fell back upon my pet doctrine of fatality, and resolved that if it

Digitized by Google

were our "Kismet"—our fate, to have "proper nice roast duck" for dinner, we should have it, and if it were not our "Kismet" to have the roast duck, we should not have it.

At the bottom of the stairs which landed you in the great hall of Rougemont—dimensions 16 ft. by 42—I came suddenly upon our guest.

My wife was shaking him heartily by the hand, and too glad to see him for any thing. What with inquiries after his own health and happiness, and the health, wealth, and happiness of every body else in the city of New-York—it was several minutes before my presence was noticed at all.

At last, however, I was introduced in form to Mr. Jones Cartwright.

He was a little man, the great misfortune of whose life, the shadow upon whose prospects, the thorn in whose flesh, was—a nose.

And such a nose! A beautiful and exceedingly rare combination of the woodcock and the bottle. It had all the inquisitive elongation of the one, and all the jolly solidity of the other.

Two little gray eyes, which appeared to have been originally very dull and foolish, but to have been diligently educated to do the intelligent, peered out, with a kind of restless vacuity from either side of that nose: wiry hair, of a dull, dirty, yellowish brown; a squat figure, and a general air of conceit. Such was Mr. Jones Cartwright.

I was, of course, introduced, and directly found myself alone with the animal in the parlor, which now shone as brightly, and looked as comfortably as if we really lived in it every day.

Mrs. Quigg immediately disappeared. I thought she had gone to prepare a Barmecide feast, or at best a dinner of two courses; stone soup for the first, and Dr. Franklin's saw-dust pudding for the second.

How I ever lived through the time intervening between that introduction and the ringing of the dinner-bell, I can not pretend to explain. I only know that my chess-table attracted the man's attention, and being challenged by him to a game, I played with much the same distraction of mind as Miranda in the "Tempest," but with a very opposite sentiment towards my partner. Mr. Jones Cartwright really knew the moves. He knew no more, and when I beat him repeatedly, "with my eyes shut," as one might say, had the transcendental imperti-

Digitized by Google

nence, the imperturbably insolent vanity to compliment me upon my game.

At last the dinner-bell rung.

My heart sank within me. I anticipated an introduction to Duke Humphrey. I knew there was next door to nothing in the house. On what then should we dine?

We reached the hall where the dinner-table was set.

Apicius, Lucullus, Sallust—*et id genus omne:* what a surprise! The fairies seemed to have visited us. The dinner-table was set in the finest style. I don't know certainly that the *whole* crockery closet was emptied upon it, and dared not ask; but I suspect. We sat down. I no more dared to touch one of the block-tin covers of those Sevres china dishes, than I dared to fly. I was sure, like the feast set by some jealous body, I have read of, for some other foolish body, there must be live mice under some of them, for I knew, however sparse the other live stock might be, we had mice in abundance.

I looked at my wife. There was a slight flush upon Mrs. Quigg's cheek; but she sat serene, as if conscious of a victory achieved. My bosom's lord began to sit lighter on his throne.

I removed the first cover. Fricaseed chicken. Of course it was fricaseed chicken.

Where that chicken came from I never knew. I never had courage to ask. I only know that all our own died of that painful disease incident to the infancy of the domestic fowl, called the "pip." I began to believe Mrs. Quigg an enchantress. I rubbed my hands in a kind of desperate jollity, and smiling wildly removed the remaining covers. Ham! potatoes!! beets!! hash!!! pork!!!! Why, bless you, we had a dinner fit for a prime minister. It was stylish. It was royal.

Ned, our man, a little stunted Hercules, with exaggerated shoulders, and such a pair of calves as might set up the king of the Cobalds on his pins for life; Ned was promoted to the dignity of a pair of my white cotton driving-gloves, newly washed, and "which is more," had performed the same unusual office to his face, and "waited."

But the most astonishing feature of that dinner, so promptly and wonderfully improvised, not for Mr. Jones Cartwright's sake, but for the sake of the people of New-York in general, and "our set" in particular, who were supposed to have sent him to spy out the nakedness of the land—the most stupendous triumph was the liquors. I knew that my wife had about

Digitized by Google

half a bottle of "old port," stuck away somewheres, as a stomachic in extremity, namely, in case of a certain "sinking" at the stomach, to which ladies are sometimes subject. I knew also that there was a small bottle of very bitter bitters for the "chills," if any body ever got them; and I knew also, very well indeed, that there was a gallon of the newest kind of "apple-jack," or cider-whiskey on hand. But I certainly never imagined any one mad enough to put either of the three upon the dinner-table.

What was my surprise then, to hear that remarkable wife of mine pressing, actually pressing our guest to take port—of two different vintages. Two kinds of port! And Heaven knows, and I knew, there had not been such a thing within forty miles of the place since grass first grew there.

First, however, she indicated one bottle, and then the other.

Now, I began to feel thirsty with all these wonders, and whilst she was pressing our guest to do justice to the wine, I did stretch out mine hand to help myself.

Ouch! Mrs. Quigg trod on my pet corn. Trod, did I say? Stamped is the word. It was done as quick as lightning—right upon it—hard upon it—unrelentingly and fiercely upon it. I did not screech. I was too much frightened at my own audacity in daring to think of wine. I felt sick with pain and terror, but I made a heroic effort, and did not faint. I began to see how it was. I did remember me that, some year or so before, I had bought a bottle of Binninger's old port, made famous to the world by some particular letter of the alphabet, which I have now forgotten. It was the residue of that bottle, combined with Mrs. Quigg's private "drop," slightly "broken down," as the dealers say—that is, watered, which now did duty for two bottles of "two vintages."

Upon my honor, and in spite of that private signal by which my corn suffered, and although I knew the water must have spoiled it, I did long for some of that wine. But to parody the affecting lyric, in which a disconsolate young woman says some very harsh things of her mamma:

> "I durst not touch a drop
> For her eye was upon me."

And that eye said, clearly and significantly as any preaching: "Mr. Quigg, don't you dare to touch a drop of that—not a drop for your life, Mr. Quigg."

The man with a nose wondered at my abstinence. But I

Digitized by Google

quickly put him at his ease, by a discourse upon temperance, which would have gone to Father Mathew's heart of hearts. Heaven help me, thirsty sinner that I was, every sentence cost me

"A pang as great as when a giant dies."

But it imposed upon our simple-minded guest, and he fell instantly into the belief that I was, at the very least, a thorough-paced Washingtonian total-abstinence man. I had one comfort after all; that poor wretch's head was weak, uncommonly weak; for half-a-dozen glasses of "modified port" loosened his tongue, and, in addition to being silly, he became also garrulous. He told us that his earlier tendencies had been towards the stage. I knew that, however, before; and no body who ever saw him could deny that he had remarkable powers that way.

I remember once we were doing "Pizarro," (private of course) and Cartwright was cast for the sentry.

Determined to make the most of the part, he put in the stage directions, as part of the text, and when Rolla made as if to enter the cave and prison of Alonzo, Cartwright breasted him manfully, delivering at the same time, in a voice which gradually subsided into his boots: "Back—back! Pushing him back with his gun."

Naturally, when he fired that "gun" at them, in melancholy thunderous tones remote, the audience went into strong hysterics, and the sentinel was immediately "relieved" by Rolla's bursting into a "guffaw," and vanishing.

These histrionic yearnings had, however, he informed us, been graciously overruled by Providence, and the Episcopal ministry presented itself in a fascinating point of view. More profound study, however, carried him over to Presbyterianism. A severe cold had then shaken his convictions with regard to Protestantism, and a course of the Patristic writings almost persuaded him to be a Roman, when, suddenly, a turn in his disease, and, possibly, the great weight of his nose, precipitated him into the arms of the Millerites, and he assured us he was now laboring, with great success, in that particular fold.

This agreeable relation brought him to the bottom of the bottle, and us to the end of the dinner; and the gentleman being by this time quite sleepy, was easily persuaded to take a nap—a siesta—an afternoon snooze in his room.

We put him safely away, and then went to work.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Quigg was Ariel indeed, "and flamed amazement" from the top of the house to the bottom.

Messengers were dispatched to Persepolis, and by tea-time, we had levied contributions upon every shop in the place, (*on tick*,) as well as invited and drawn together all the most distinguished males and females thereof, to a regular "blow out."

When Cartwright awoke, the whole place was vocal—very vocal indeed—with the voices of an hundred fair ladies and their squires.

He was in utter amazement. The tea-table was set, and all were just on the point of sitting down to it, when he appeared. His eyes opened to the width of saucers. During his sleep we had unpacked *that barrel* of china, which we never expected to unpack in those parts; and crimson, buff, and gold gorgeously illustrated the table from end to end.

Real spermacetti candles were burning in large branches at each end of the table; and, in short, we were as fine as fivepence—and finer.

Oh! the tea we forced that unhappy emissary of envious Gotham to drink! Oh! the waffles we forced that miserable spy of the Johnsons and Joneses to eat!

Oh! the tongue, and ham, and Bologna sausage, and bread and butter, and hot biscuit, and pound cake, and jumbles with a hole in the middle, and jam, we crammed down the throat of that vacillating religionist, and miserable tool of inquisitive New-York.

If he lived after it all it was a miracle.

So, when tea was over, the fiddler came, and we danced all night; and, finally, by virtue of a bowl of punch, put him to bed as happy as a lord.

But my wife went to bed that night happier still. "Now, let him go back," said she, "let him; and let them pump him. He can't say we don't *live* at Rougemont."

I should fancy not. We lived for twenty that day.

Digitized by Google

TO S. E. F.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

A LADY asks a verse from me
  To stain this spotless leaf;
A votive line to memory,
  Though fugitive and brief;
And I comply, although mine eye
  On her has never gazed;
Let Fancy paint a likeness faint,
  With look to heaven upraised.

II.

She is a wife sincere and true,
  And loves the hearth of home;
Her eyes—I think they must be blue,
  Like heaven's azure dome;
Upon her knee a babe in glee
  Lifts up its sportive hands;
While near, the while, with happy smile,
  An honest husband stands.

III.

Long may your cup o'erbrim with joy,
  Ye worthy wedded pair!
And many a blooming girl and boy
  Your fire-side pleasures share.
Ah! may ye know nor grief nor woe,
  In this dark world of ours,
But down Life's tide in safety ride
  Between bright banks of flowers.

Digitized by Google

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

"——— The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

MUSIC is the only form of the beautiful, left to poor fallen man over which the trail of the serpent has not passed. Misplace it in the haunts of vice, mis-ally it with coarse or sensual pleasures you may, but it takes no taint, brings away none of the slime. Released from its false position it comes forth pure as ever. Like the Lady, it is proof against all the arts of Comus and his beastly rout, and passes through them unharmed. Music never slanders, spreads and perpetuates no calumny; is incapable of being made the medium of envy, strife, or hatred; can not utter treason or convey impurity—"hurts not." Hoffman, in his quaint German fashion, says: "Every police director may safely give his testimony to the utter innocuousness of a newly-invented musical instrument, in all matters touching religion, the state, and public morals; and every music-master may unhesitatingly pledge his word to the parents of his pupils, that his new sonata does not contain one reprehensible idea."

Just at this time when the Philharmonic Society of New-York is exerting such a wide influence, and becoming so amazingly popular with the younger portion of our community, we can not do better than to show them how much of their attention and love this delightful science may justly claim. We do not intend to attempt a formal review-article on this theme. With the strongest intentions leading that way, we should inevitably fail for want of ability; and with all the ability in the world, we should not feel inclined to be didactic or dignified on this subject. Our desire is simply to throw out some thoughts of our own, and other people's that we have preserved, for the purpose of showing our young friends, that the art which has contributed so healthily to their amusement, affords many topics for philosophic meditation.

"Whence art thou—from what causes dost thou spring,
O music! thou divine, mysterious thing?"

Digitized by Google

In vain shall we task the knowledge and experience of others, or our own sensations, to furnish a satisfactory answer to this question. In some unknown depth of our nature, so far down in our inner mysterious life that no moral or intellectual anatomy can reach it, to dissect, lay bare, and explain, lies this wondrous gift. Born of no material parent and traceable to nothing outward and external as its source, yet existing as we know within us, in the full strength and vigor of maturity—

"Whence art thou, divine, mysterious thing?"

A clever writer says: "We only know, and only can know of music that its science is an instinct of our nature—its subjects, the emotions of our hearts—that at every step we advance in its fundamental laws we are but deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing any thing from without. We know that the law which requires, that after three whole notes a half-note must succeed is a part of ourselves—a necessity of our being—one of the signs that distinguish man from the brute." With this illustration we are not quite satisfied. The minor scale which, by some good authorities, is claimed as the natural scale, has the half-tone after the second, and the old Italian probably had no half-tone at all. The author's position, however, is undoubtedly true, and the reflection we would make is this, that when we undertake to reason about music in its more recondite relations, we shall be met at every turn by strange and contradictory phenomena, overturning our best-reasoned theories and puzzling our science hopelessly. We recollect reading, that once upon a time, the musician's instinct and the mathematician's demonstration came into open conflict. The French mathematicians had demonstrated by a mathematical problem, which could not err, that D flat stood higher (that is, represented a more acute sound) than C sharp. Now, the musicians did not know much about the demonstration, except that whether it could err or not, they *knew* it was wrong here, and that the very converse of what it proved was true. Their instinct told them that; and their instinct they believed in above all the problems in the world. The theorists stood out manfully for their theory, which, mathematically, could not be wrong, and insisted, that the musicians' musical organization must be faulty.

D'Alembert, Savart, and others, however, with the modesty which belongs to true greatness, admitted the error in the cal-

Digitized by Google

culation, and confessed that some element too fine and impalpable for science had been revealed to instinct. There is, however, a close and interesting relation between the two sciences, one which has never been more than partially developed. The ordinary mention made in mathematical treatises of the division of vibrations of a string, into thirds, fifths, and eighths or octaves, and some other proportions, is but a glimpse, a faint hint of the boundless field of investigation, which has never yet been explored.

To give a single instance, for we can not dilate on this point here, take a well-made violin, one which possesses a rich, full tone, and equal in all the different keys; one, in fine, which is musically perfect, and you will find on examination, that this instrument presents in all its component parts a series of exact mathematical proportions; that it is mathematically as well as musically perfect. Our author above quoted, says: "The connection between sounds and numbers is a fact which at once invests music with the highest dignity. It is like adding to the superstructure of a delicate flower the roots of an oak of the forest. Far from being a frivolous art, meant only for a pastime of the senses, in hours of idleness, it would seem to be of that importance to mankind, that we are expressly furnished with a double means of testing its truth. The simple instinct of a correct ear, and the closest calculations of a mathematical head give the same verdict. Science proves what the ear detects; the ear ratifies what science asserts; instinct and demonstration coalesce as they do in no other art. The mere fact that music and mathematics should be allied is a kind of phenomenon."

That the minds of D'Alembert and Beethoven should have a common starting-point, seems wonderful enough.

It is wonderful too that the same mind should be equally gifted in both these sciences; and especially wonderful that this so often happens as almost to warrant the induction that it forms the rule rather than the exception.

A friend, who has the most perfect musical organization we ever knew, has also a most remarkable mathematical capacity. Mendelssohn is not more excellent as a composer than as a mathematician; and so of many others who might be named. It is not a little curious in this connection, that the alliance between poetry and music—the popular notion that they are sister arts, and coëxist in the same organization, is a pure fallacy. Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and Bryant, never composed a tune in their lives, and probably did not know, and could not learn to know a slow movement of Mozart from one

Digitized by Google

of Beethoven. Whilst, on the other hand, we console ourselves with the thought, that neither of the great composers we have named could write any better verses than we can. And this, we are free to confess, is stating their capacity in the poetic line at the lowest point.

Amongst the many phenomena which present themselves for our contemplation, none are more interesting than the peculiar part which memory plays in connection with music. In all its other operations the mind exercises more or less activity in receiving impressions, in acquiring perceptions of the simplest external objects; whilst in laying up a store of musical recollections, it makes not the slightest effort. And yet things thus added to it, when in a state of entire passivity, the mind retains with the most fidelity. The faintest glimpse of a thought, the bare hint of an idea brings up in all its vividness, some strain impressed on the mind when it was scarcely conscious of the impression. Who can tell us why the ear should have such ready access to the "place where memory dwells," and be a life-long tenant there, more than any of the other organs or even sentiments? We may forget the landscape which spread away in front of the cottage where we were born; the picture that hung over the fire-place; the woman we loved or the man we hated; the ambition we cherished; but the *tunes* that mother or nurse sang for us, that the blind fiddler played at the door, have become part of our very mind.

But more wonderful still, even where reason is unseated from her throne, and memory presents only distorted and unnatural pictures of every other thought, emotion, or impression, adding new horrors to the scene, some well-known strain comes to the mind or ear, and memory, in *that* strong and true as ever, will repeat the air. The crazed mother sings her babe to sleep as she once did before a cold world's scorn had turned her brain to fire.

The dramatists and poets have well understood this peculiarity. Their close observation of nature has led them when they exhibit the passion of madness, to introduce their characters singing snatches of old airs learned in infancy, or in happier times. The master Shakspeare makes poor Ophelia, "divided from herself and her fair judgment," come in singing:

> "How should I your true love know
> From another one?
> By his cockle-hat and staff,
> And his sandal shoon."

Digitized by Google

So, too, Scott's Blanche of Devon, introduced to us as "a crazed and captive Lowland maid," singing the song she learned by Devon side, in a voice which "rung wildly sweet to dale and hill:"

> "For oh! my sweet William was forester true,
> He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
> His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
> And so blithely he trilled the lowland lay!"

The power of musical memory in cases of insanity is well established, and when called into play always exercises a beneficent influence. One of the most remarkable instances on record is that of Philip V. of Spain. The king had been laboring under a melancholy madness for some time, had refused to shave or change his dress, when some one happily suggested that Farinelli should be sent for. This was done, and the great singer came, and placing himself in a chamber next adjoining that of the king's, sang an air which had been an especial favorite with the unhappy monarch. As the singer continued, the air of listless melancholy which had for so long a time marked the whole demeanor of the king, began to give place to an expression of pleased attention, which continued as long as Farinelli sang. This was repeated frequently through the day, and for many days, until at length Philip V. was completely restored. It is worthy to be told, though whether music deserves the credit or not we can not with any certainty determine, that this case forms an exception to royal ingratitude, and opera-singers' presumption. For the history which we read, goes on to relate that the king bestowed honor and splendid estates on Farinelli, who bore his honors so gently, and spent his money so generously, that he came well-nigh to living peacefully with the Castilian nobility.

As we have already said, there are many phenomena connected with this science that will puzzle our metaphysics and dialectics to explain.

We had better in most cases imitate the example of D'Alembert, and take it for granted that there is something too fine and impalpable in its essence to be rightly measured, weighed or defined by exact science. Some things we do know about it. We know that it is preëminently univocal. In all time and to every heart it speaks one and the same language. Differing from most things, it differs in nothing more than this, that the bad and the good—the tyrant and the patriot—the heathen and the Christian—the scoffer and the believer, have all alike

Digitized by Google

felt its influence, and, discordant on every other point, have united to do it homage.

"If Alfred loved music, so did Nero. If Cœur de Lion was a sweet musician, so was Charles IX." Martin Luther the Reformer, and Pope Gregory the head of the Church; Milton the divine Democrat, and Charles II. the debased king; Henry VIII. defender of the Faith and of the divine right of kings, and Oliver Cromwell, the "hammer of the Lord, to break kings in pieces," all, while agreeing in no other point of belief, united to pay true, hearty homage to the science of music.

All ages and conditions of men—the old man tottering on the brink of the grave, stays his palsied step, and listens with more of youthful animation than aught else can give, to the well-remembered strains of his early years: the young man dashing wildly into the whirlpool of life at the bidding of pleasure and ambition, takes a short breathing space, in his mad rush, when the songs of home and childhood "fill the air."

Kings upon their thrones, and beggars at the gates, rich and poor, wise and simple, "passionate and meek," children, insane, and "puir witless bodies," all *love* music. There is but one order of beings, as Luther says, who *hate* music—devils.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

"——— unto bad causes swear,
Such creatures as men doubt;———"
SHAK.

IN estimating the value of horses, cattle, sheep, and even pigs, their pedigree is often very properly considered. Whether that of the political proclivities of men may not with equal propriety and profit be inquired into will appear in the sequel. By so doing we may perhaps find a father for what might otherwise appear to be a party upon a platform so entirely fresh and original as to seem a new creation. We contend that there is always some leaven of original righteousness or original sin, and perhaps both, in man and all his inven-

Digitized by Google

tions. The modest, unassuming-cognomen of "Know-Nothing" strikes the mind at first as something new; but when the objects of the organization are disclosed, and the ends it aims at, pointed out, its novelty vanishes, and we behold in the field an old enemy, whose great-grandfather the "oldest inhabitant" was well acquainted with. "Know-Nothingism is the lineal descendant of a somewhat illustrious and very notorious political house; and is heir to its honors, its virtues, its patriotism, its exclusiveness, and its disgrace. Its great grandfather flourished in the time of the elder Adams, and rendered itself conspicuous by the enactment of the "*Alien and Sedition laws*" of that remarkable period. The alien law was identical in principle with the doctrine upon which Know-Nothingism plants its standard. The only difference (if it be such) consists in the secresy with which deeds which were odious in the *light* may now be perpetrated *in the dark.* Men are said to "seek darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." The Federalists were men of more courage; and, as courage and honesty generally exist in the same breast, it is fair to infer that they had more integrity than the bantling of the fourth generation, with which the Democracy of the present day have to contend. In the Federal generation of Know-Nothingism, a lantern with a *blue light* in it, placed upon a candlestick, was a significant emblem of its patriotism. It was used in time of war to guide their friends from the "*fast-anchored isle*" to a safe landing-place upon our shores. This was open and above board. Their proceedings against strangers who might come hither to escape oppression or from admiration of our social and political institutions, were also perpetrated in broad daylight, and backed by the sanction of public, though unconstitutional, enactments. So far, they did not shun the light or conceal *their own.* The reason may have been that, inasmuch as "the light that was in them was darkness," it needed no concealment. The "*dark lantern*" of their plan was also an open piece of work. It ornamented the other horn of their altar. It was the "*sedition law,*" vulgarly termed the "*gag law.*" The "oldest inhabitant" may possibly recollect that this enactment protected the high functionaries then in power from the unmannerly rudeness of the public press. Could public sentiment have been dragooned into submission to a statute so subversive of liberty, and so fraught with danger to free institutions, there never would have been need of *secret* organizations of unpatriotic men to accomplish sectarian ends, or to "oppress the strangers within our gates." An oli-

Digitized by Google

garchy might have existed amongst us, if silence could have been enforced; one perhaps as much to be dreaded and as fatal to freedom as Know-Nothingism will be if the government shall ever come within the grasp of its oath-bound votaries. The enforcing of the "gag-law" was attempted; and that fearless and uncompromising champion of open-handed, flat-footed Democracy—the late William Duane of Philadelphia—had forty indictments, under its provisions, pending against him at one time. Jefferson came to the rescue, and all was set right.

The "National Republican" generation of this House of Darkness will be kept in memory so long as history shall faithfully record the struggle which resulted in the election of Andrew Jackson, in 1828, and his reëlection, after having vetoed the U. S. Bank, in 1832. "Irish hod-carriers" and "ignorant foreigners" were charged with all the misfortune, defeat, and disgrace in which Federalism had gone down to perdition, and its successor had been brought to the brink of the precipice. No well-informed man who participated in the stirring scenes of General Jackson's administration can fail to recollect with what ridicule and malevolence the class of voters, consisting of naturalized citizens, were visited by the National Republican party and its journals. The hatred manifested in the passage of the alien bill at an earlier period was unabated up to the time the party was compelled to go through with a second operation, we forget what it is called, which changes a worm into a butterfly. The removal of the "*deposits*" brought about this change. It was solemnly resolved, that the ancient and honorable house of Federalism, not having been able to retrieve its fallen fortunes under the "National Republican" standard, should thenceforward be known as a "*whig*" party. But in its new name, its old acts, principles, and proclivities remained unchanged. It still hated every thing but itself, and prayed still:

> "God bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife,
> We four, and no more."

There was no perceptible change in its tone towards the foreign population till 1852, and that change was so manifestly a naked fraud,—a piece of such unblushing hypocrisy,—that the "*hod-carriers*" couldn't swallow it.

Whigism and its downfall completed the third symbolical generation of the party which now rejoices in the high fortunes

Digitized by Google

of Know-Nothingism. What bad men could not accomplish in open warfare, they are now seeking to perpetuate by a secret conspiracy.

Let us look for a moment at their prospects. It must be borne in mind, that the Know-Nothing order does not take in the whole of those who acted as Whigs. It only embraces that part of the Whigs proper which comprise its aristocracy, bigotry, and intolerance. The *fanatic* part, made up chiefly of that portion which had been anti-masons, abolitionists, and free-soilers, are organized, in a half-way sort of separate opposition to the Democratic party, under Seward, who repudiates the dark-lantern oligarchy. Western New-York, Northern Ohio, the States of Vermont and Massachusetts, and some portions of Pennsylvania, were the only parts of the country where anti-masonry, as a political organization, had any strong foothold. Its organization was abandoned for the benefit of the Whig party during the last term of Jackson's presidency, and, upon that event, some of the younger inhabitants may remember, the abolition party—not then fully recognized by him, but now *led* by William H. Seward—came into existence. A class of politicians who had ridden the anti-masonic hobby till it became a rack of bones, wanted a fresh one, and chose this. It is worthy of remark that almost the entire force of what constitutes the "Black Republican" party is from the identical territory where anti-masonry flourished, and consists of the same men and their descendants. It is also worthy of consideration, in computing the prospect of any accessions to the Know-Nothings from such a quarter, and should be taken into account, that these men were for years enthusiastically and fiercely arrayed against a secret order far less dangerous to public liberty, not political in its character, and on which it could only be shown, and that not fully, that a single individual had been a victim of its vengeance, in accordance with the imprecations contained in its oath of secresy. There is now offered for their support a secret order of politicians who in the most solemn manner call God to witness that they will hereafter make a man's birthplace and his religion a bar to his participation in the privileges and honors legally vouchsafed to him by our constitution and laws. Masonry they branded as an institution *capable* of acting secretly and wickedly at the ballot-box, by preferring its own members to other men of equal merit, and by secret concert securing their election. They are now called upon to contemplate the stupendous power to do evil possessed by

Digitized by Google

a wealthy and numerous class, not only *capable* of the wickedness charged upon the masonic order, but in the skirts of whose garments the life-blood of many is already to be found; and who *profess* an exclusiveness which recognizes no man, not in the conspiracy, as fit to hold an office of honor or trust in the government. The natural impulse of nine-tenths even of the abolitionists is to put down and crush out such an infamously secret, oath-bound confederation of ambitious men.

Let us take another view of its prospects of success. Will any impartial and sound-minded man pretend that it is not already a "house divided against itself?" We assert that it stands at this moment before the country a mongrelized, Janus-faced, and cloven-footed object of execration. The Southern portion of its members are unanimously in favor of the compromise measures of 1850, and the principles established by the passage of the Nebraska bill. It thus plants one foot in the South with a smiling face, and tells the people of that section—what? It announces that its principles are precisely the same as those asserted and vindicated by the Democracy, so far as Southern interests are in question. They quote a section of their platform to prove this. At the North, the conspiracy wears a different aspect, and stands upon a cloven-foot. Half its members are openly and fiercely opposed to the fugitive slave law, and not only demand its repeal as a *sine qua non*, but the repeal of the Nebraska Act and the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. The other half give a reluctant assent to the national principles put forth in a section of the Philadelphia platform. The glaring fact is before the country that delegates from the States North and West met very recently at Cincinnati, and there, with singular unanimity, passed resolutions condemning and repudiating the only section of the Philadelphia platform that gives the conspiracy the least possible chance of support in a single Southern State. Success in New-York over the Seward faction, where there was a spirited contest for supremacy between the two, has emboldened the Know-Nothings to endorse the national feature of their creed; but in no New-England State nor in any Western one has such assent been given, nor can it be obtained. The Democracy of the North, East, and West are consequently the only shield upon which the South can rely to protect their interests from the aggressive policy of the abolitionists. They now present an unbroken phalanx, with all the national principles of the Democratic party emblazoned upon their standard. Upon these principles they are perfectly united, even in New-

Digitized by Google

York, and ready to do battle for the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention. Can the South be bamboozled with the idea that the constitution, which guarantees them security and peace, can be safely entrusted to men who are sworn to violate its spirit and meaning? Such an imputation would be a reflection upon their intelligence. We claim that in the coming Presidential contest, the North will present an unbroken front in opposition to Know-Nothingism. Can it carry Vermont? Fusion has that in its breeches-pocket already. Can it carry New-York? The Democrats have a decided majority over either of the two factions into which Whiggery is divided. In Massachusetts, when the Abolition and Free-soil gentry are counted out, there will scarcely be a corporal's guard for the night-walkers to glory in. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-Hampshire, and Maine went for Pierce and King in 1852, and they will go Democratic again, unless there is such a fusion of Black Republicans and Know-Nothings as leaves neither faction its identity. It is *possible* they may harness the ox and the ass together in defiance of the command of God; but if they do, we shall behold a scene of hooking on the part of the ox, and kicking performed by the ass, that will be both amusing and instructive.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing was in type, we have been reminded of a somewhat celebrated secret political association which existed during the war of 1812. The "*Veterans*" will remember it well. It resulted in the Hartford Convention, which also conducted its "patriotic" deliberations with closed doors. In New-England, nearly the whole body of the Federalists opposed to the war belonged to it. The initiation fee was one dollar. Each member received a little book containing, amongst other things, a certificate of his membership, signed by the officers of the Lodge to which he belonged. The funds thus collected were appropriated to the political objects of the Federal party. The organization was styled "THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY." It died of a broken heart, soon after the battle of New-Orleans.

Digitized by Google

Life and Works of Goethe. By G. H. LEWES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

FEW readers of the present day but have at some time read "*The Sorrows of Werther.*" It was as common twenty or thirty years ago, as "*The Three Spaniards,*" "*Alonzo and Melissa,*" or "*Charlotte Temple.*" You could not put up at a country tavern without seeing it in the parlor beside the Bible, nor visit a circulating library without finding three or four dogs'-eared copies of it on the first shelf. Baron Von Goethe, as the title-page called him, was a famous man. The early works of Goethe were unfortunate for his after-reputation. The class of readers who admired them most, the sentimentalists of *Werther*, and the romantacists of *Goetz Von Berlichingen* were unfitted to judge his calmer and more classic efforts, whilst those who disliked him as he appeared in "the storm and stress" period of his literary life were equally blind to his riper merits. The Goethe of *Werther* is not the true Goethe, not the wise old man of Weimar, rich in experience and culture, but the eccentric, dare-devil student, self-questioning, and impatient of control. There was never a sounder intellect than Goethe's: there was never a more unsound book than *Werther*. Extremes meet in the life and works of this wonderful man.

After *Werther*, *Faust* is his most popular work, and probably the one by which posterity will know and judge him. It is an incomparable master-piece, as great in its way as *The Odyssey* or *Hamlet*. It touches the secret of life, the mystery of the universe.

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights;
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

find a recognition in it. It lets the light into the deepest and darkest cells of the human heart. Its pathos and humor are alike excellent and profound.

Concerning Goethe we have known but little up to the present time; that is, those of us who only read English. To be sure we have several biographies, more or less lengthy and accurate. For instance, Parke Godwin's translation of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, originally published in Putnam's Library of books which are books, and afterwards printed by Oxenford and re-printed in Bohn's Standard Library. Still we knew but

Digitized by Google

little of Goethe. The *Wahrheit und Dichtung* ends with his twenty-sixth or seventh year, in many respects the most uneventful period of his life. His long connection with the Court of Weimar, the exalted personages, noble, literary, and artistic, with which it brought him in contact; the many and widely different works it produced—in fact, his whole manhood and age remained a myth to the majority of readers out of Germany. It is a myth no longer, thanks to the admirable volumes of Mr. Lewes. We are not sure that they will satisfy the great German's worshippers, so closely and dispassionately does Mr. Lewes dissect his life in its various phases, and so honestly state his own opinions regarding some of Goethe's enigmas and mistakes; but they will charm the world of general readers, and take a permanent place among the best biographies in the language. Mr. Lewes admires and loves Goethe, but he does not blindly adhere to him: the *fetish* worship of genius forms no portion of his literary creed.

He mottoes his book from Jung Stilling: "Goethe's heart which none knew, was as great as his mind which all knew;" but he fails, we think, to make out his case. Goethe's life can scarcely be considered a pattern of propriety. He kept a mistress for years, and had a bad habit of falling in love with the last pretty face that he saw. If the pretty face happened to belong to another man it made but little difference to the susceptible poet. He was not above coveting his neighbor's wife. These are not deadly sins in the decalogue of genius, however much they may be condemned by Moses and the Prophets. We deplore them, and pass on. They are not incompatible with that strange thing which we call *heart;* the more's the pity. But a certain coldness and selfishness of nature which Goethe possessed makes us doubt the heart of any man in whom they are inherent. Setting aside his violations of the moral law he some how fails to satisfy the law of our affections.

The light of his glory

"Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart."

It may be that our feeling is wrong, but we can not reason against it—because it is a feeling! We admire Goethe, but do not love him. Stilling's motto, and Mr. Lewes's fine writing go for nothing here. Elsewhere we unhesitatingly place ourselves in his hands, and follow him through the stately palace of Goethe's life. All literary students and lovers of biography should "read, mark, and inwardly digest" it.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Lewes we believe is the "Vivian" of the *London Leader*, and as a theatrical critic has, in our opinion, no superior. There are no false refinements, or mere word-catches in his criticisms. They display a large feeling for the drama, and a more than ordinary acquaintance with its best masters. To him "Marlowe's mighty line must be familiar." We do not find, however, that he contrasts anywhere the "Faust" of Goethe, and the Faustus of Marlowe. To us the latter has always seemed the greater work. Shakspeare appreciated Marlowe; he evidently ranked him highest amongst the dramatists of the age which wore upon its garments the jewels of Marston, Dekkar, Rowley, Massinger, Ford, John Lyly, and "Rare Old Ben"; and upon its brow the "round and top" of his own imperial sovereignty over nature. Marlowe always connects himself in our mind with Goethe by the mysticism of Faust. What Robinson Crusoe is to the physical passion of the mind—longing for some strange, far-off place to act out its capacities for creation—some spot no other foot has trod—some solitude to people with the actual reproduction of the wild models made in day-dreams—Faust is to the mental longing for immortal power—power transcending humanity, yet taking humanity, with all its weaknesses and luxurious desires, along with it—and tipping the edge of common appetite with eternal adamant. Thus, in the Faustus of Marlowe this finds expression: as where Mephistophilus brings Helen of Troy before him to be his paramour, and Faustus stretches his arms wildly towards, and cries:

> "Is this the face that fired a thousand ships,
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
> Come, Helen, make me *immortal with a kiss!*
> Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies!"

There is a simple grandeur also in the metaphysical parts of Marlowe which seem to us to rise into a higher air than Goethe reaches: as for instance, when Faustus asks Mephistophilus, "Where is hell"; his Satanic "*Compagnon du voyage*" replies:

> "Hell is not circumscribed to one self place,
> But when the elements shall be burned up,
> And every creature shall be purified,
> All places shall be *Hell* that are not *Heaven*."

A notice of a memoir is not perhaps the best place for such a comparison as institutes itself in our mind between Marlowe

Digitized by Google

and Goethe. We merely indicate it in the hope of drawing out Mr. Lewes, or some other critic competent to the task of a good article on the comparative merits of the two Fausts.

The Progress of Baptist Principles in the last Hundred Years. By THOMAS F. CURTIS, Professor of Theology in the University at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.

WE are something at a loss how to enter upon a critical discussion of the merits of Professor Curtis's work. The merits of different doctrinal systems, and relative excellence of religious forms of belief are not subjects which we feel called to discuss. The relationship of religious institutions, and sentiments of action to the political life and structure of states is one which falls clearly within the province of a political magazine. That the internal policy, and external structure, and influence of Baptist churches assimilates most nearly to Republicanism—that it is, in fact, a pure Republican form of Christianity, it seems to us their history very clearly shows. At the basis of their system lies the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE. The same principle underlies all Democratic Republicanism. A church, therefore, which ignores distinctions between men; which rejects hierarchies and aristocratic badges; which consists of a voluntary association of individuals, and denies the power or right of civil government to interfere with human conscience in matters of religion, appears to us the most powerful ally of Democracy in civil government. Professor Curtis undertakes to show that this is the case with regard to Baptists and Baptist principles. He cites his authorities, and invites examination. As the fairest criticism upon his book we give a running synopsis of its contents and arguments, leaving to those who dissent the opportunity of examining for themselves to see if these things be so.

Their principles, he says, embrace:

1. **Freedom of Conscience, and the entire separation of Church and State.**
2. **A Converted Church Membership.**
3. **Sacraments inoperative without Choice and Faith.**

Digitized by Google

4. Believers the only Scriptural Subjects of Baptism.
5. Immersion always the Baptism of the New Testament,

Fines, fetters, and banishment alone appeared the suitable reward for such opinions. Now, on the contrary, it is the chief complaint of evangelical Pedobaptists that the difference is so unimportant as not to justify Baptists in maintaining their peculiarities as a distinct denomination.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE, AND THE PERFECT SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Two points which, superficially viewed, may seem distinct, are here connected together, because they will be found to resolve themselves essentially into one great principle. The utmost distinction is, that the union of Church and State puts a premium upon one form of religion, while all other opposition to freedom of conscience places a penalty upon another. But as in the former case the Church which is established receives a premium from the dissenter, its union with the State involves, in fact, a stigma, a penalty on all other forms of worship, and this being compulsory, is persecution. Freedom of conscience can not be fully and fairly predicated where any penalty is attached to its exercise.

Of the millions of all denominations in this country, who now enjoy so perfectly as we do the inestimable blessing of religious liberty, and of all those who throughout Europe and the world are advocating it in various degrees, few are aware how much they are indebted for these views and enjoyments to the Baptists; fewer still know that this indebtedness, such as it is, is not mere accident, but a necessary consequence of their distinctive peculiarities as a denomination. They may probably have learned from Bancroft that Roger Williams was the first Christian legislator who introduced perfect religious liberty into the constitution of any State, but are not aware, perhaps, that these views were advocated publicly in London by the Baptists, with great zeal, a few years before he came to this country. Or if prepared to go so far, they are probably ignorant that the advocacy of this spiritual freedom is to be traced in connection with Baptist sentiments, long before the time of Luther, among the Waldenses, and through such men as Arnold of Brescia, Peter de Bruis, and the Henricans, back probably to the Donatists, and the time of Constantine the Great.

Arnold of Brescia about A.D. 1136–57, maintained the same views, but with a greater vigor and immediate political effect and distinctness than any of his predecessors or cotemporaries. Liberty, sacred and secular, was the great object of his life. He produced an immense effect upon Europe and his age, and gave an impulse to those reforming movements in the Church of Rome that are distinctly traceable as the germs from which, four hundred years later, sprang the great Protestant Reformation.

As Dr. Brewster says: "Insisting that the kingdom of God is not of this world, he maintained that the temporal power of the Church was an unprincipled usurpation of the rights of princes, and that all the corruptions which disgraced the Christian faith, and all the animosities which distracted the Church, sprang from the overgrown possessions of the clergy." He commenced in his native city, but it was in Rome itself that the amazing power of this man and of his principles were chiefly successful. He restored the Roman Republic, and maintained it for ten years. Four Popes successively driven from the Eternal City, tried in vain to subdue him. At last when Frederick Barbarossa, hired for that purpose, had succeeded in cap-

Digitized by Google

turing him, so fearful of his popularity were those in power, that having strangled him in prison, his body was burned and his ashes thrown into the Tiber, lest the people should idolize his beloved remains.

There is an epitome of the faith of the Waldenses of the twelfth century, given by the Centuriators of Magdeburg, which does not say any thing about infant baptism one way or other, but asserts, "the Pope hath not the primacy over all the Churches of Christ, *neither hath he the power of both swords.*" But another full confession of their faith of the same century (A.D. 1120) says: "We hold in abhorence all human inventions, as proceeding from Antichrist, which *produce distress and are prejudicial to the liberty of the mind.*"

Enough this to show that from the time of Pope Sylvester, that is, from the time of Constantine, when he united the spiritual and temporal power, there is every reason to feel assured that there has been a body of men who have opposed the whole of this, and have vigorously maintained freedom of conscience and the entire separation of Church and State.

If we turn now to the history of this great principle since the Reformation, the Mennonites must claim our first notice. At a time when all other denominations sought to establish themselves by alliances with the State, and too frequently by becoming the persecutors of their brethren, the Mennonites, who sprang out of the Waldenses in 1536, contended for perfect liberty of conscience, and that the magistrates had no right to interfere with religious convictions. This opinion is founded on "the one principle," which, as Mosheim justly remarks, is at the basis of all their peculiarities, that is, "that the kingdom which Christ has established on earth is a visible society or company, in which is no place for any but holy or pious persons." Hence all connection with mere state institutions, where the terms of membership must be different, they regarded as injurious. In this they have always persevered, and when about the year 1820, on the publication of the proofs of their ancient origin, by Professor Upeij and Dr. Dermont, they were offered government support by the King of the Netherlands, and recognition as a state religion, they declined the bounty on the ground that it was contrary to their oldest and most settled principles.

Henry VIII. burned Papists and Baptists at the same stake to prove himself Defender of the Faith, and Cranmer's hands were stained with the blood of pious women, while Queen Elizabeth re-lighted the fires of Smithfield, like her father, to burn Anabaptists and Catholics. King James resolved to "break the spirit of the Non-conformists if it would not bow," and caused them to quit the country in large numbers. In the reign of Charles I., Archbishop Laud ruled the Church with a rod of iron; fines, imprisonments, cutting off the ears, branding in the face, and tortures of all kinds were inflicted.

Nor did the Presbyterians, when they obtained the power, neglect using the authority of the state to persecute, as well as promote, in their turn. In 1638, while Roger Williams was battling for freedom of conscience with Massachusetts, and nearly thirty years after their principles had been publicly avowed in London by the Baptists, we find the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland interfering with the liberty of the press and the civil power in a manner never exceeded by Popery itself. They forbade "all printers in the kingdom from printing or re-printing *any* confesssion of faith, or protestation, *or reason pro or contra,*" in regard to religious controversies, "without warrant subscribed by the clerk to the Assembly." In 1642, Roman Catholics were ordered to renounce their

Digitized by Google

"obstinacy" under penalty of banishment or imprisonment, as might seem fit.

But in 1560, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Baptists in Great Britain publicly wrote and published their protestations against all persecution, for conscience' sake. John Knox replied to one of these publications, in a Treatise called "An answer to a great number of blasphemous Cavillations, written by an Anabaptist and adversary of God's eternal Predestination, and confuted by John Knox." Alluding to persecuting Christians, the Baptist had said: "Be these I pray you, the sheep whom Christ hath sent forth in the midst of wolves; can the sheep persecute the wolf? Doth Abel kill Cain? Doth David, though he might, kill Saul? Doth he which is born after the spirit kill him that is born after the flesh?"

To all this John Knox replies: "I will not now so much labor to confute by my pen, as my full purpose is to lay the same to thy charge if I shall apprehend thee in any commonwealth where justice against blasphemers may be ministered as God's word requireth. And hereof I give thee warning lest that after thou shalt complain that under the cloak of friendship I have deceived thee. Wert thou my natural brother, I durst not conceal thine iniquity in this case."

In 1610, we find John Robinson, the celebrated Puritan divine, the father of the Pilgrims, writing earnestly in defense of the power of the magistrate "to punish civilly, religious actions," "he being the preserver of both tables, and so to punish all branches of both." He is to "by compulsion, repress public and notable idolatry, as also to provide that the truth of God in his ordinance be taught and published, and by some penalty to provoke his subjects universally unto hearing for their instruction and conversion; yea, to inflict the same upon them *if after due teaching they offer not themselves unto the Church.*"

Opposed to him was John Smyth, originally an Episcopal clergyman, of such superior abilities that Bishop Hall speaks even of John Robinson as no more than his "shadow." He thinking it would be a great help and encouragement to the Baptists in England for the exiles to return and openly avow their sentiments, put himself at the head of his brethren and returned with them as their pastor to London, in order as they declared that Christ might say to them, ministering to their persecuted brethren, "I was in prison and ye visited me, in distress and ye comforted me." "They determined to challenge king and state to their faces, and not give way to them, no, not a foot." Thus they returned to their own country, there to vindicate the great principles of moral and religious freedom. How much England, how much America, how much the whole world owes and will owe to this one great act of unsurpassed moral heroism, who can tell?

John Robinson in Holland not only opposed the return of Mr. Smyth to England, but was still more opposed to his views of the right of Conscience. In 1614, he published an attack upon these, which led to an extended controversy between him and Mr. Helwisse, Mr. Smyth's successor.

It will be evident thus far that the difference between the Baptists and all other Christian sects, at this time, was not one of degree, but of *principle.* It was not as to the measure of toleration, but of an inalienable right to abstract liberty of conscience.

About this time, or soon after, a Welsh lad was noticed by Sir Edward Coke on account of his manuscript notes of cases argued before the Star Chamber, and of Sermons. This great man, the promoter of liberty, became the patron, friend, and almost father of this lad, who in turn cherish-

Digitized by Google

ed an enthusiastic regard for the life and writings of his benefactor. Coke got him into one of the most famous public schools in London—the Charter House—where his abilities won him distinguished honors, and a pension for his support at the University. The name of this youth is still preserved at Jesus' College, Oxford—ROGER WILLIAMS. It will ever be preserved in the records of the great statesmen of the world, of the great Lights of Religious Liberty, and above all of those whose names are written in heaven.

"It is wonderful," as Bancroft has said, "with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced his inferences, the readiness with which he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines, and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation." Even Oliver Cromwell, England's great Protector, and one less disposed to persecute than the Prelatists, or Puritans, of his day, developed not, in his whole course of government, one principle or practice of half the value of this to the world. Indeed, he claimed the right, as head of the State, to persecute Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, and even to examine every minister as to his call to preach.

To the honor of first proclaiming religious freedom to the world by law, Archbishop Hughes has preferred this claim in behalf of the Roman Catholic proprietor of Maryland, Lord Baltimore. But with what preposterous injustice this claim is urged, let facts show. It is said that, as early as 1632, he had recognized a general religious toleration. But where is the proof of it in any authentic shape before 1648? Not in the Charter certainly, which contains no single hint of any toleration in religion not vouchsafed by the laws of England. But, on the other hand, places of worship, it is provided, are to be consecrated according to the "ecclesiastical law of England," and all laws were to be "so far as conveniently might be, consonant to the laws of England," which would, of course, have force until others were enacted. The most which can be pretended, therefore, is, that the desire and intention to extend this toleration resided in the breast of Lord Baltimore, although he had not the power to give it the force of legal enactment. But we have seen that, so far as this was concerned, twenty-one years before this time, the Baptists in London had published to the world far more noble sentiments in favor of religious freedom. Roger Williams had probably uttered far higher principles two years before; and for centuries and centuries the Waldenses had protested against the Roman Catholic Church for her opposition to all these very principles, and had maintained the doctrine of religious freedom far more thoroughly and fairly than Lord Baltimore ever dreamed of.

But it was not until 1649 that this toleration was duly enacted. In what way, then, can it be pretended that the Roman Catholic has precedence of the Baptist as to dates? In 1630, Roger Williams commenced to preach in favor of religious liberty; and in 1636, having purchased territory from the Indians, commenced to found a colony on the express principle of perfect religious liberty. In 1638, others having joined, and purchased the territory of the present State of Rhode-Island, a voluntary government was formally instituted by a solemn covenant of all to "submit to the orders of the major part *in civil things only*." Thus was a constitution formed on the express basis of a perfect liberty of conscience. It is true that it was not until 1644 that Roger Williams obtained his Charter from the king. This was not sought, even then, because he deemed it necessary, but only expedient, as a means of preventing the encroachments of the colony of Massachusetts. This Charter was obtained, and solemnly accepted and adopted by the inhabitants, in 1647; and on the 10th of May, in that year, a body of laws

Digitized by Google

was enacted, and the government further settled upon the principle of perfect religious liberty. Even this last was about two years previous to any enactment in favor of toleration afterward established in Maryland. A more vital point, however, than one of dates remains to be considered.

The very word toleration implies a right to persecute; and how far was immunity in this case to extend? When first, in 1649, it took the form of law, while allowing general religious liberty to others, it denounced death, with forfeiture of goods, against all who should deny the Godhead of any of the three persons of the Trinity, and fine, whipping, and banishment, against all who should utter any reproachful words or speeches respecting the Virgin Mary, it was expressly declared that the Roman Catholic Church should have all its rights and privileges, and that, in particular, no Roman Catholic should be molested. In fact, it was a mere plan to include Papists in a religious liberty just broad enough to shield them from the persecutions of the Puritans, *but no broader*. Instead of equitable terms of citizenship, it would have put to death such men as Dr. Channing and Edward Everett; and even Robert Hall, for the opinions of his earlier years. These laws were never repealed, and only superseded a few years ago by the adoption of a new Constitution. They probably remain the law to this day in the District of Columbia.

Lord Baltimore was, indeed, no bigot, and far in advance of most of his own sect and age. But a claim like that put forth by Archbishop Hughes manifests a degree of effrontery rarely equalled. It will not be forgotten that just before the Revolution of 1688, James II. attempted a system of toleration of exactly this very character, merely to smuggle in the Catholics, and throw England back again into the arms of the Catholic Church. The treachery was discovered, and James II. lost his throne soon after, none considering religious liberty safe.

Down to the period of the American Revolution, all the other colonies probably, except Rhode-Island and Pennsylvania, had more or less of an established Church, and therefore religious persecution.

The above is a rapid sketch of the history of religious liberty, *prior to the last hundred years*. It was essentially a Baptist principle, derived by them, and by them alone, from their views of church-membership. It was first introduced by Roger Williams into the registered principles of actual statesmanship. In all this he was the precursor of Milton, and the superior of Oliver Cromwell and Jeremy Taylor. Bancroft has still further justly said: "If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence, because on his death-bed he published to the world that the sun is the centre of our system—if the name of Kepler is preserved in the annals of human excellence for his sagacity in detecting the laws of planetary motion—if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light, and weighing the heavenly bodies in a balance, let there be for the name of *Roger Williams* at least some humble place among those who have advanced moral science, and made themselves the benefactors of mankind."

What has given these United States such perfect religious liberty as all enjoy? Beyond all question, the successful working of the principles of a free conscience in Rhode-Island and Pennsylvania. Massachusetts beside the one and Virginia beside the other, fined, imprisoned, and maltreated in various ways, by law, for conscience' sake. Yet it was not found to render the people more religious. On the contrary, it alienated the minds of some of the best citizens from each other and from the State, and two of the most orderly, religious, and pleasant cities to reside in, even to this day, are Pro-

Digitized by Google

videnee and Philadelphia, one being at the time of the Revolution the largest city of the Union, the other probably the wealthiest in proportion to its size. Hence, when a struggle came which called for the most perfect union and strength of every colony individually, and of the whole collectively, the only course was to discontinue every occasion of dissension and alienation, by allowing a perfect freedom of religious opinions.

One immediate occasion of bringing all these principles into action was the persecution and estrangement produced by the Established religion in Virginia, preparing and uniting the public mind, to no small degree, in such a manner as to precipitate the American Revolution.

The magistrates and aristocratic friends of the Established Church felt their danger, and imprisoned all the more zealous Baptist preachers on whom they could lay hands. This only raised their popularity with the common people, until at length it became a saying of their enemies, that it was useless to incarcerate the Baptists, as they would only preach more successfully from the prison-windows.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War all persecution for religious opinions was for ever blotted from the statute-books, and almost by the end of that struggle, the last vestige of the union of Church and State, or the compulsory support of religion, was, chiefly through the influence of the Baptists, abolished, in this the most populous and influential State of that time. Jefferson, who, though a free-thinker, had studied carefully the principles of the Baptists, took the lead, and carried them through.

The first Continental Congress ever held was in 1774, in Philadelphia, two years before the Declaration of Independence. It had not been in session ten days before these committees, as representatives of the denomination, memorialized Congress that they united with their country in defense of its privileges, and besought them to secure at once the recognition of *the inalienable rights of conscience.* Committees were appointed, and the whole subject was discussed with much earnestness.

Accordingly the Baptists memorialized the next session of the Massachusetts Legislature, 1775. In doing so they said: "Our real grievances are, that we, as well as our fathers, have from time to time been taxed on religious accounts where we were not represented, and our causes have been tried by interested judges. *For a civil Legislature to impose religious taxes, is, we conceive, a power which their constituents never had to give, and therefore going entirely out of their jurisdiction.* We are persuaded that an entire freedom from being taxed by civil rulers to religious worship is not a mere favor from any man or men in the world, but a right and property granted us by God, who commands us to stand fast in it. We should wrong our consciences by allowing that power to men which we believe belongs only to God."

By the time of the close of the war of Independence, the principles of religious liberty had become almost national. In 1787 the act for the government of the North-west Territory provided that "no person should ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiment in the said Territory." Nothing, however, had been done by Congress to secure religious liberty elsewhere. In August, 1789, therefore, a Committee of the Baptist Churches in Virginia presented an address to General Washington wherein they expressed a high regard for him, but "a fear that our religious rights were not well secured in our new constitution of government." In answer to this he assured them of his readiness to use his influence to make these rights indisputable, declaring that the religious society of which

Digitized by Google

they were members had been "throughout America uniformly the persevering promoters of the glorious Revolution." In the following month, accordingly, an amendment to the Constitution was passed, declaring that Congress should "make no law respecting any establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

This Professor Curtis claims to be the true history of the steps by which the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences was secured to American citizens. He claims it as the distinctive honor of his denomination, that they *led* always in the work. He very frankly and fairly accords to other denominations all the merit of their good acts in this direction, but he claims for his own the distinction of having been the standard-bearer in the war waged from the days of Constantine the Great to the days of Roger Williams.

If this be true—and his historical references are before the public and open to controversy if not exact—he appears to show that the cardinal principles of Democratic Republicanism have sustained his people against Popes, Emperors, Councils, and Consistories, and at last found their full religious development in the United States, as a rule of relationship between civil and religious affairs; and their political development in the principles of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson.

It is a bold claim at any rate; and if substantiated, the most glorious one ever made by a Christian Church.

Digitized by Google

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND.—That dear Bull, or rather that dear Bull's Head—the Imperial Government of Great Britain, Canada, the East-Indies and Southern Sebastopol, does not appear to have committed any more than its usual amount of "betises" during the month of January. England reminds us of the man who was born of a Sunday, and of all the mishaps in the world, of a Sunday which fell on the 29th day of February, which being bissextile, the poor fellow's birth-day came only once in four years, and so he never came of age until he was *eighty-four*. She is always four years behind the age, and pottering and drivelling away at some old fogy, old-world nonsense which has been, full three of those years, exploded in every other quarter of the globe. Father Miller himself could not hurry up her millennium. She would sink, and bury herself in the "salt ooze" around her foggy little island, with all the "ascension robes" of all his disciples, male and female, made into a balloon to bear her up. . . . Just think of it. We were flooded with lies on this side of the herring-pond—"gross as the father who begat them"—*id est*, the *London Times*—about Russia and the Czar. Russia was used up, Russia was bankrupt; her population decimated; trade stopped; people starving; Czar going crazy; nobility disaffected; serfs rebellious—every thing in Russia was in fact gone quite to the dogs—and nothing kept her from being knocked into "pi," or falling all apart into little bits, but the winter and the ice. Soon as spring came, and a great thaw—that was the last of her. So the *London Times* said. So veracious members of Parliament said. So some body said Mr. Gladstone said that Cupid Palmerston said; but who he said it to no body said. Yankeedom grew somewhat fatigued with this standing joke of the gentlemen about St. James's, and Printing-House Square, and Downing street, and rather "guessed" it would be a "leetle" more satisfactory to have the evidence of a pair or so of Yankee eyes, or Yankee ears, before the universal Yankee nation accepted the whole thing as gospel. So Col. T. P. Shaffner ran over to take a look at matters and things in Russia; and when he got there it fell out that for the life of him he could not discover a single thing of all the things veraciously reported by the London press. "Tout au contraire"—no body seemed a bit disturbed, or frightened, at the redoubtable Englishmen, who didn't carry the Malakoff. The Czar was very well in his mind, and ate with an appetite. The "nobles" were not turned to "ninepences." The serfs were eager to go and play soldier. Every body had more money than they knew what to do with; and no body

Digitized by Google

cared whether it thawed or not. The Colonel came right home and let the cat out of the bag. Wicked Colonel, to do such a thing, and nearly split the Thunderer's sides with cursing, and Yankeedom's with laughing. Col. T. P. Shaffner, you are a bad fellow. Why couldn't you leave John Bull quiet in his conceit? It didn't hurt you, did it? We all knew what fantastical fibs he was telling; but we knew why he did it. It was to salve his conscience and his pride for taking to his heels, down in the Crimea there, and leaving poor Jean Crapaud to get all the glory and hard knocks. Just see the mischief you have been and gone and done, sir. And have a sharp eye for yourself, too, sir. You have waked up the "Thunderer." He is "enragé." He foams at the mouth. Don't let him catch you on his cellar-door; or playing "chanies" in his area, my military friend, unless your back is covered with Russia leather. Just listen to him a minute, and you will see what sort of fun you have to expect from him.

Quoth the aroused Titan:

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was a weakling by the side of Col. Tal. P. Shaffner. It is a pity that his account of the Russian empire has not been accompanied by a full-length portrait of the illustrious traveller. We should have liked to see the very figure of that keen and sallow Yankee as he actually crouched in the full filth of a Russian hut, and, while he assiduously whittled away at some convenient piece of timber, resolved with himself the best means of pouring a roseate splendor over that uncomfortable scene. How far he has succeeded it must be for his readers to decide."

If our Colonel does not send Boanerges a "lock of his hair," as a small mark of his kind regards, he "shall never more be officer of ours." Of course, a Yankee's coloring Russia red, bleaches the stain of defeat from the cheek of Brittania. Of course, a Yankee's spitting tobacco-juice, takes off all that is foolish from the Thunderer's spitting its harmless venom against the walls of Cronstadt and North-Sebastopol. Of course, a Yankee's whittling a shingle supersedes the necessity of England's retrieving her lost honor by cutting through the war-like host of "Holy Russia." Certainly a full-length portrait of Col. Shaffner would be a prettier sight, than the poor daub of war she has hung up *this time*, in her national gallery? Send the picture by all means, Colonel.

But with superior cruelty, and to add that "last straw," beneath which the camel's back gives way, Colonel Roberts—another Yankee colonel—a real colonel—a fire-eating colonel, who led, if we mistake not, the most desperate storming party of modern times over the ramparts of Chepultepec—sits down and quietly points out all uncle John's ridiculous blunders in the Crimea. And our second colonel talks to them Yankee fashion. Where, he asks,

"Where were the British reserves, that should have been launched as a thunderbolt upon the Redan, when Col. Wyndham's stormers had gained the curtain and effected an escalade? He was one hour and three quarters in the works of the Redan, and three times sent for support. Where was the General commanding at this crisis? When these stormers were driven back, the British army became a

Digitized by Google

forlorn hope—its commander the leader. The duty of every Englishman was then to save England's glory, or to fill an English soldier's grave. But not even half of the stormers were killed or disabled! Their General reports them as retreating! Great God! what a confession from an English general! Stormers retreat! Stormers' dead bodies may fill the ditches and heap the breaches over which the reserves may rush to the citadel. This is the inexorable law of war! To retreat is the stormers' 'act of outlawry,' and an army's disgrace.

"The five hundred Spartans who defended the pass of Thermopylæ, eternalized a nation's name. All but one made it their sepulchre—that one was disowned by the Spartan mother! Yet England, claiming to be the 'Mother of Heroes,' praises Englishmen who retreated from the Redan! The English mother has been prostituted by this revolting alliance with polygamous Turkey; and the unnatural embrace has adulterated Anglo-Saxon blood. Spartan valor has been the talisman of the brave since Thermopylæ was immortalized. The retreat from the Redan has not Spartanized English fame, or Thermopylized that pass into Sebastopol."

Softly, Colonel, softly! You are not talking to great two-fisted, six-foot, dare-devil Yankees, who would poke their heads into Tophet to see whether Satan burned anthracite or butiminous coal. Nothing of the sort. You are talking to an inferior race; men caned and padded into soldiers; poor fellows crimped from parish work-houses, and inveigled away from tailors' shop-boards, and man-millineries. The race of English soldiers is extinct. Red tape and elder sons of Lords,

> "Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
> Only great in that strange spell—a name!"—

have murdered them all on useless battle-fields by incompetent leading! The heart of England is a good, frank, honest heart. Real Englishmen are noble, downright, true men. They are brave by instinct. We love the race. We believe in it, and honor it. God has honored it and blessed it. But England does not belong to Englishmen now-a-days. It is pawned to my Lord Tom Noddy, the Earl's son. It is bound by the Delilah of Aristocracy, and shorn of the glory of its strong locks, handed over naked to its enemies. God forbid that any word of ours should pain one honest English heart of all the throbbing thousands that would shed their dearest blood for man's redemption from that hideous night-mare of caste and privilege, beneath the banner of a second Cromwell! When shall such a hero live again? No, Colonel, we have no fault to find with the English people, save only with their too patient submission and long suffering. They are competent to better things. Why will they not find it out?

> "Take your banner, and, beneath
> The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
> Guard it till your homes are free:
> Guard it—God will prosper ye!"

Break the fetters of red-tape which bind you. Prove yourselves the men of the same temper as those who planted English freedom on American soil. Carry English honesty, and faith, and frankness into English government—and we Americans have hearts to throb with sympathy and love for all you do, or dare, or suffer. Do it soon too; for your government of aristocracy,

Digitized by Google

animated by an insane hatred of every thing which bears the image and superscription of Freedom, is fast hurrying you into a conflict with these States. They are backing and filling, and playing or attempting to play upon us, their tortuous game of diplomatic thimble-rigging. Stop them whilst you may. Take the matter into English hands. Take it from the "dear cousins" of every two-penny German "Highness" and "Prince"—whose dominions would not make a respectable mud-flat in the Mississippi; and compel the sentiment of England's heart to be uttered by the voice of England's servants. They are false to you. They are scheming to entangle you, and sow bitterness and hatred between men of the same stock and interest. Govern your governors while it is well with you. We can not either of us afford to make the match. War is ruin to us both. But, if we must go into the ring—remember it will be for the championship this time; and the "belt" which England might lose to America to-day, no future battle could retrieve. Our expansion into greatness is daily—our limits boundless. The old age of a people circumscribed, and bound in straitly by narrow geographical limits, can not be pitted, without madness, against the youth of one whose "reach" stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the land of ice and snow to the gardens of the tropics! The fortune of a single war may strike the hour of England's decadence—an hundred wars could not stay the march of America. She might lose battles, and ships, and men and money—she has plenty to lose. She can afford to lose them in a good cause. Can England? Let the Crimea's thousand shallow graves give answer. And for the state of England generally, let our dear friend and ally, the *London Times*, tell its story:

"The great British nation is beginning, at last, to be conscious not only of some natural deficiencies, but even a temporary obscuration of its powers. We have some good painters, though even they are finding their matches abroad; but for the rest—let us see! We want a Heaven-sent General, [a slur upon General Simpson.] We want a poet, [a fling at Tennyson.] We want a good historian—not a brilliant essayist, [a sneer at Macaulay,] but a man who can write a compendious and classical history of England, or any other history. We want some endurable sermons, [a sarcasm launched at the whole body of the British clergy.] If the pulpit just now has no luminaries to mention, on the other hand the stage is not in its palmiest state. There died lately in great distress a man who could compose some original airs; but this moment it can not be pretended that we have a single composer of extraordinary genius. Going lower, into those homely regions where Prince Albert loves to succor and elevate the soul of British art—in furniture, paper-hangings, iron-work, china, and almost every thing that contributes to the decoration of our houses, we are still beaten by foreigners. Apropos of Birmingham, within these few years two splendid mansions have been built in Piccadilly, by millionaires, both with costly iron railings—the one, however, from abroad, the other evidently from some home foundry. The foreign railing is a work of art, the other is an iron railing and no more. Q. E. D."

Upon which showing, being naturally enough disgusted with the state of that people; we will take the boat for Calais, or Boulogne, and cross over to "la Belle"

France—whose Emperor, like a famous French king who went before

Digitized by Google

him, having marched forty thousand men first up the hill, then down again, in the slightly inaccurate expectation that Gen. Simpson would follow him to the top, and help him to a peep at the inside of "holy Russia," begins to get a little grouty. Wise folk say that rather too much "Cayenne" has mingled with the "enteinte cordiale" soup, which the allied powers have been so lovingly eating with the same spoon; and that, like the Indian who got the mustard up his nose, his "Imperial Highness" begins to think of his "uncle" and weep. It is whispered that a French Emperor, elected by the people, is as little loved by English gentlemen, whose forbears were inscribed on "Battle Abbey roll," as an American President is. Let us wait a little and see. We do not think the world would be much the worse for some plain talking between those high contracting powers. When the rogues fall out some honest Italians, and Poles, and Hungarians may, perhaps, come by their own. Which probable misunderstanding brings us, of course, to the place about which no body seems to understand any thing at all, that is, to—

NICARAGUA.—To promote a better knowledge whereof, we shall offer, in the first place, the following description of the country, which we have obtained at no end of expense and trouble, from a very dear friend of ours, and great traveller, the Count De Sissers:

"On the west it is washed by the Pacific Ocean, and partly on the east by the waters of the Caribbean Sea, the Mosquito Territory forming a large share of its eastern boundary. Honduras borders it on the north, and Costa Rica on the south. Its area is about forty-nine thousand square miles, and the population is estimated at two hundred and forty-seven thousand. The females are said to greatly exceed the males in number. Not more than twenty thousand of the people are whites, the rest being negroes, Indians, and mixed races. Most of the population live in towns, many of them going several miles daily to labor in the fields. The plantations are scattered pretty equally over the country, and are reached by paths so obscure as to almost escape the notice of travellers, who are thus liable to fall into the error of supposing that the country is almost uninhabited. The dwellings of the people are usually of canes, thatched with palm, although the better classes construct their residences of adobes, (sun-dried brick,) and by the help of fruit and shade trees, planted in the court-yard, render many of them exceedingly pleasant. A range of mountains extends along the west coast of the State, at a distance of a few miles from the sea, but attaining no great elevation until they approach the confines of Costa Rica, when they reach the height of five to eleven thousand feet. In the central part of the State is an immense level tract, known as the plains of Nicaragua, comprising in its area the lake of that name. Numerous volcanoes exist along the Pacific coast. There are a considerable number of rivers, but none of them, except the San Juan, are navigable in a commercial sense. Veins of copper and silver ore of exceeding richness are found in many parts, but they remain almost all of them either unexplored or only superficially worked. Gold, also, is said to exist. The climate is healthy, though various. In the interior and mountainous parts the temperature is more dry and cool than on the coast, where it is hot and approaching to humid. The greater portion of the State consist of plains and gentle slopes formed of a rich black loam, of which but a small portion is made available. The productions are indigo, sugar, coffee, cotton of superior quality, corn, rice, wheat, etc., besides oranges, lemons, and fruits of various kinds. The great

Digitized by Google

bane of the country has been its civil wars, and it was one of these which enabled Col. Walker to achieve his almost bloodless conquest."

Not a bad "bonne bouche," as may be seen, for a hungry gentleman; and many hungry gentlemen who, having "spent their substance in riotous living," prefer "t'ortillas," "frijioles," roast lamb, and pretty women to the husks which swine do eat. It is a pity that good faith has compelled our Government to delay the adventurous youths who, under the patronage of Col. Parker H. French, are so anxious to enter in and possess the land. Let them, however, possess their souls in patience. Unless the Cabinet of St. James acts with better faith than has heretofore distinguished them in regard to Central American affairs, the embargo may not be of long duration. And all this being intimately connected with our

DOMESTIC

concerns, we turn our eyes with great pleasure homewards. Here two subjects have engrossed the attention of all for the past month. The organization of Congress, and the President's Message. If the latter had not happily come before the former, we should have to go to press again ignorant of its contents, as the types will not wait for the patriotic gentlemen at Washington to finish their triangular duel. The message is clear, able, and to the point. It has the additional merit of being short enough to read in an ordinary life-time, a peculiarity many similar documents can not boast of.

The Message was sent in on the 31st of December. The opposition press made some little noise, as was to be expected, over this departure from custom; but the President, we think, very properly decided that custom and the Constitution were two very different things; and that no constitutional provision enjoining upon him to wait the election of a Speaker by the House of Representatives, and *a* constitutional provision very strictly enjoining the duty of communicating, from time to time, to that formerly respectable body, whatever important information, touching the welfare of the country, he might have to convey—it was clearly his right to choose his own time, custom or no custom.

He repudiates the English construction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, as purely absurd—a conclusion in which all sane men agree with him—our equitable friend, John Bull, simply claiming the right to keep all he has and get all he can; and politely requesting the United States to content themselves with the little end of nothing whittled small. By the terms of the treaty it was stipulated that neither power should colonize or acquire dominion, or exert a protectorate over Central America. Great Britain interprets this to mean, that she shall colonize, acquire, and control; and the United States shall not. This her Majesty's ministers call a fair division. It reminds us of the equal division which Mrs. O'Flaherty made of the house with Mr. O'Flaherty. She kept the inside, and gave him the out.

On the attempt to enlist Americans in foreign services, the Message says,

Digitized by Google

that proper steps have been taken to prevent such violation of our neutrality; and that Great Britain, on our remonstrances has asserted that she has given "stringent instructions" against it to her agents.—"Quien Sabe"—She did the same in 1812—if her ministers were to be believed; but "Free Trade and Sailors' rights" had to be enforced after all by the remonstrances of shot and shell, and the "stringent instructions" of Yankee rifles. Perhaps she has better sense now. We are not quite sure of it, however.

On the "Danish Sound Dues" the message is "fifty-four forty or fight." The American people may be found in the same latitude.

On the Spanish difficulties it is not quite so clear, and scarcely as belligerent as circumstances warrant. The President has reason to believe that Spain means to do what is right; to pay up the indemnities due for outrages to our flag; to afford increased mercantile facilities; and behave pretty generally. We wish we believed half as much; but we don't. Spain is a worn-out bully; and very little is to be got out of that sort of character by soft sawder. When she *must*, she will; and not sooner.

The balance on hand at the beginning of the present fiscal year, was $18,931,976—a very natural result of Democratic rule. The Democracy always have a balance on hand. Whenever the people go crazy, and turn them out for four years, their opponents take such excellent pains to get rid of their legacy, that the said people are compelled to clap them back in a hurry to save the pieces, and prevent national bankruptcy. How the said people can be stupid enough ever to make such a mistake, as to give any set of political swindlers the chance of squandering what Democratic administrations lay up for them, is one of the mysteries in psychology we have never fathomed.

About Kansas it tells a little plain truth, namely, that there is no danger there—that the federal executive has seen no just cause for its interference—that the people are able to govern themselves; and all the noise of the opposition a mere concert of dogs "baying the moon."

The message winds up with a manly and open declaration of State rights; and a concise statement of the position of the President and the Democratic party in opposition to all unconstitutional interference with them.

Take it altogether, it is a document honorable to its author, and entirely satisfactory to the national Democracy both North and South. Its universal dissemination renders a more extended synopsis, on our part, unnecessary.

New-York—Gov. Clark, of that State, has written a message. It is not known whether Gov. Clark was ever connected with *Punch*—it is more probable, however, that he is the mysterious editor of *Young America*. We have heard it whispered so; but our faith in the report is much shaken by the fact that the Governor's jokes are altogether superior to the staple commodity of the latter publication. His message is one huge joke. It runs over with fun. It glitters with coruscations of wit. It bursts out all over with broad grins. It riots in Pantagruelian pleasantries. The Whig

Digitized by Google

party lives—*in the Governor's Message.* The "Maine Liquor Law works well in the interior"—*of the Message.* The State of New-York is satisfied with their Governor—*in the Message.* The canals are completed—*in the Message.* There is no deficiency in the funds of the State; no dissensions; no diversity of opinion—"Know-Nothing"—in the Message. Blessed St. Angelo, what isn't there in that Message? But what, above all, strikes us with an undying admiration, is the good man's piety, and evident modest self-appreciation in his concluding prayer, namely: "In the name of the Prophet—Figs!"

M U S I C.

Our domestic chronicle of musical matters for the past month is somewhat arid. Old Boreas has been amusing our ears with a mighty variety of *sharp* airs, and playing his North wind as first blower pretty nearly every night. His confidence in the endurance of his orchestra and the robustness of his artists, has fairly driven the smooth Italians from the field. Those dainty songsters of the sunny south have "folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away." Like a writer who always keeps his best sentence for the last, they gave Don Giovanni as their parting gift. A crowd, of course, snapped their fingers at Boreas, and filled the house as it had not been filled on any previous night of the season. The immortal old opera was well played—musically, we mean—and every body was pleased.

The second concert (fourteenth season) of the highly-prosperous Philharmonic Society came off on Saturday, January 12, in Niblo's Theatre. And such a jam sure ne'er was seen. Not that we never saw theatre so full before, but never was place so full of youthful beauty. Nowhere in the world—yes, we say it advisedly—nowhere in the world beside, do you ever see such a collection of glancing eyes, pearly teeth, ruby lips, and all the charms that disturb bachelor's repose. The wonderful prosperity of the Society is a remark in every body's mouth; and we, with many others, have drawn the inference, that these full attendances were owing to the admirable performances of the Society, and have congratulated ourselves, our city and country, on the wonderful increase in genuine musical taste which all this indicated. Upon closer scanning, however, of our weaknesses, we are compelled to admit that our attendance, if not wholly procured, is rendered more inexorably punctual by what we expect to see as well as hear. Take the beauties from "Heath's Book" for the last twenty years, from "Finden's Galleries," "Wreaths," "Amaranths," and all the other receptacles for artists' conception of female loveliness, add about one hundred faces such as no English limner has ever yet traced, and you will have a few of the *other*

Digitized by Google

reasons why the Philharmonic Society is so very prosperous. Yes, my worthy old friend—old before your time—you may smile incredulous, with that hard mouth of yours, and look villainously cynical and contemptuous out of those eyes, all puckered at the corners with too intent study of certain interesting pictures that come fifty-two to the pack: but if you had been there, and when you went back to the club, didn't lose your first rubber, why, all we can say is, that twenty years of club-life is even worse than we thought it was.

Our Philharmonic Society must take care, though, if they wish to preserve their prosperity. We really believe that many, if not most of those fair young faces, have ears attached to them which appreciate good music. Now, we don't really think that the symphony by Gade, or the overture by Berlioz, which were played on the evening we are writing about, can be fairly considered good music—at least, not good for very young people, whose taste has not yet been palled by Beethoven and Mozart. It is a mistake which old musicians—not composers, but performers—will be very apt to fall into, to imagine that what interests them will, or ought to, interest an audience. Novel effects, wonderful exhibitions of the capacities of the orchestra, ingenious handling of the subject, elaborate harmonies, new combinations, very great learning—all these interest and please professors; and all these were to be found in the Symphony in C minor of the Dane, and the "Francs Juges" of the Frenchman. And all those make good music, just in the same sense that Lindley Murray's Grammar, Johnson's Dictionary, and Whateley's Rhetoric, made Dickens' description of the death of Little Nell. There was something wanting, several things, in fact—for neither of those compositions displayed any melodic invention—but the great want was—genius. Now, we respectfully submit to the Philharmonic direction the propriety of their giving us Beethoven and Mozart, varied with a good deal of Von Weber, and some Mendelssohn and Spohr, until we youngsters get tired of them, and when we do we will give them notice, and ask for learned works. How delightfully Euryanthe came in at the end of the concert, to refresh our weary spirits with a little of the true gold! We almost were inclined to think Von Weber, from hearing him under such circumstances, the greatest composer of the world. Indeed, Verdi and Mercadante came out strong in such company, with Badiali for interpreter. Badiali, take him for all in all—power and quality of voice, purity of intonation, perfection of method, true passionate expression, is simply the best singer we ever heard. We make no exception in favor of any man or woman; tenor, soprano, or contralto; Mario, Jenny Lind, Grisi, or Alboni; take him for all in all, he is our Magnus Apollo, the best singer, the most perfect artist we ever heard. The orchestra played as well as usual, and did their best for Messrs. Gade and Berlioz.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Wm. Bueller

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

MARCH, 1856.

THE UNION—THE DANGERS WHICH BESET IT.

NUMBER THREE.

In our last number we referred to the fact, that slavery, religious bigotry, and native prejudices, were the three agitating subjects which were shaking the American Union to its centre, with a violence that threatened to break it to pieces. In the conclusion of that article we intimated our purpose to examine those questions, in their political aspect, and we now proceed to execute that purpose, not with a view to discuss it as a moral or religious question, but simply as a subject of controversy between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States.

From the intense excitement which now rages in some of the non-slaveholding States upon this subject, one would suppose that this institution had been recently established. One who had never read history, sacred or profane, who hears the babblings, vociferations, and denunciations of Northern fanatics, would not for a moment suppose that domestic slavery ever existed in any country but this, or in any other age of the world. Yet, he who is familiar with sacred or profane history can not but know that, in diversified forms, it has

Digitized by Google

existed from the patriarchal ages down to the present time, and that too, amongst the most civilized nations, and most Christian people, on every continent of the globe. Why this has been so, or why Heaven in its inscrutable wisdom, has permitted it to be so, it is not for mortals to determine. The Deity does not choose to reveal to man the secret purposes of His will, in all the dispensations of His providence. The system of slavery has not always been, nor is it now entirely of the black man to the white, as it is here, but, of the white man to his fellow. Even now, in many countries, the slavery of the white man to his fellow exists; and the slavery of the black man to the white man exists, under circumstances of greater inhumanity, in several other countries than this. If slavery be the dreadful moral, religious, and political nuisance, which our Northern abolitionists denounce it to be, why is it that Almighty wisdom, power, and goodness permitted it to exist among the patriarchs—among the Israelites—among the Romans and Greeks, and among Christians of all ages and nations? If paganism did not extirpate it, why did not Christianity? When the decalogue was handed down to Moses, for the government of the people of Israel, slavery existed, and, why, if it had been a sin of so hideous deformity, was it not abolished or prohibited? It existed during the prophetic age, and if it had been so great a sin, why was it not abolished by the governments in which it existed? When Christianity, in all its brightness, beneficence, and radiancy, burst upon the world to atone for and rebuke sin, slavery existed, and if it had been a system of such enormity, why is it that neither Christ nor his Apostles rebuked it? The master spirits of abolitionism will search the Scripture history in vain for any denunciation or condemnation of slavery. They may find some general passages, such as "Thou shalt do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and by tortured construction, and forced application attempt to make them bear upon the question of slavery, when, at the same time, they know, that when they were uttered by their great Author, they had no reference to it. They know that the Scripture is full of passages recognizing the relation of master and servant, which was the same relation as master and slave here, and which without condemning, prescribes the conduct to be observed from the one to the other according to his position.

While these States were colonies of Great Britain, slavery found its way among them, and existed with an exception or two, until the close of the revolution. Yet it was not consi-

Digitized by Google

dered so great an evil as to excite any violent effort to abolish it, or to prevent the people of the several colonies from making united efforts to promote their common welfare; nor in fighting side by side the battles of the Revolution, and by common toils, common sufferings achieving their independence. When the Revolution closed, and the independence of the colonies was achieved, slavery still existed in some of the States, yet, it was not considered so contaminating an evil as to prevent the States from forming the articles of confederation for their common defense and general welfare. When the articles of confederation proved inefficient, and the Constitution was formed, slavery then existed in more than half the States, and yet it was not regarded as so damning a sin as to prevent the adoption of that instrument as a compact of government for the common defense and general welfare. During this period, and these events, slavery was as odious as it is now, perhaps more objectionable on the score of humanity, and the people then were as moral, religious, and as patriotic, *at least*, as they are now.

It is a conceded fact that at the time of the formation of the Constitution, each State was within herself a complete government, independent of all others, and possessed of every attribute of national sovereignty. It must also be conceded, that the federal government acquired no powers but those delegated to it by the States, and that such as were not delegated were retained by the States in full and absolute sovereignty. Among those institutions which were regarded as entirely domestic, and over which no power was delegated or intended to be delegated to the federal government, was that of slavery. It was so treated and regarded by nearly the whole Convention. The South would impart, and the North desired no power over it. Slavery was then regarded at the North, as a great moral and social evil, and yet the non-slaveholding States with these feelings and opinions, not regarding themselves responsible for the supposed evil, did not find in it objections so formidable as to prevent their entering into the compact of the Constitution, to provide for the common defense and general welfare. Perhaps the modern fanatics are wiser, more religious and more patriotic than these their fathers! The Constitution, then, does not authorize the federal government to interfere or meddle with a single domestic institution of any State, no more so than if the federal government did not exist, and among those domestic institutions

Digitized by Google

with which the federal government is not authorized to interfere is that of slavery.

That there are many evils attending the relation of master and slave is unquestionable, and we might demand to know, in which of the social relations, even in Christendom, are there no evils more or less? In those of husband and wife; parent and child; master and apprentice; there are evils more or less, which can not be remedied until man is so far revolutionized and changed in his nature as to become perfect—angel instead of man. In the relation of master and slave, there sometimes occur scenes of cruelty and barbarism over which humanity weeps, and so they do in all the other social relations. In the slave States there are laws growing out of that relation, seemingly harsh, but which that relation itself makes necessary, and so of all the other relations. These relations, in all of which there are legal inequalities, grow out of the depravity and frailty of human nature. Rectify and perfect human nature, and at once all these evils will be removed. There is no country, no government, no people, among whom the condition of superior and subordinate does not exist in some form. The world could not get along without it. Some must direct and others execute; some must control and others obey. This is the inevitable result of social organization, and human pursuits. When we look into the condition of the free-laborers of Europe, and of boasting New-England itself, upon the whole, the comparison is favorable to the Southern slave, so far at least as relates to comfort, subsistence, and contentment.

But, be slavery an evil or a blessing, the free States of the North, above all people, have no right and ought not to meddle with it. It is here more by their act than that of the people of the slaveholding States, and it was here when the form of the federal government was adopted. By that compact they solemnly agreed that the federal government should have or exercise no power over the subject of slavery. What execration, then, is not due to the factions of the Northern States, for their incessant, persevering, and violent attempts to bring the powers of the federal government to bear upon this very subject to its entire annihilation, after the slave States, in faith of that very compact, stripped themselves of many of their most valuable powers of sovereignty and commercial advantages, and conferred them upon the federal government? If slavery be morally, socially, and politically obnoxious to the people of the Northern States, they have rid themselves of

Digitized by Google

it, and have the undoubted right to keep themselves rid of it; but neither by the laws of God, of nature, or of nations, have they they the right to coerce the slaveholding States to adopt their thoughts or imitate their example. No more have they the power to coerce the people of the States hereafter to come into the Union to adopt their opinions or imitate their action by pre-legislation. The federal government has no power over the subject, by not only the non-delegation of any such power, but by the avowed retainer of the States; and no State has any power of legislation beyond its own limits. Slavery may be wrong as a moral or religious question; if it be, the slaveholder has offended his God, and his own conscience by it, and to them he is reponsible, and not to the people of other communities. As a political question they have nothing to do with it.

The federal government has no more power, by the Constitution, to interfere with the subject of slavery in the Territories than in the States, for the simple reason, that none was delegated to it either as a primary or auxiliary power. By the Constitution, all new States, from whatever quarter they may come, are to be admitted on a footing of equality with the original States. The federal government, then, can not prescribe or restrict, by pre-legislation, any institution possessed by either of the original States, to the future-admitted States. If it can be done as to slavery, it can be done as to any other—a proposition too monstrous to be thought of. These territories are not the property of any one State, or any portion of the States; they are the common property of all, acquired by their common treasure, and the common blood of all their citizens. They are under the protection and guardianship of the federal government—the common government of all the States, without power to prescribe or dictate any of their domestic institutions. That right belongs to them by the Constitution, and the federal government can not take it from them. How despotic, then—what violence does it not do to the Constitution and to the new States, for the federal government to undertake thus to prescribe to these new States what shall be the form of their constitutions, or what their domestic institutions! Suppose federal legislation should declare that no State south of a given line of latitude should be admitted into the Union without a clause in her constitution, providing for the establishment of slavery? Suppose it were to declare that north of a certain line, no new State should be admitted, that did not proscribe from office or suffrage Roman

Digitized by Google

Catholics, or Protestants; would any, North or South, say the federal government had power to do so? Suppose, by act of Congress, Slavery, Catholicism, or Protestantism, was prohibited in the territories—and if the federal government has the power to do the one, they have the other, for there is no restriction—would the States to be formed out of the territories be bound by it? Would the adoption of a different policy after their admittance, forfeit their fellowship in the Union? No sane man would contend for such an absurdity. The result of all this is, that neither the federal government nor any of the States has any thing to do with the subject of slavery in the territories, and that every attempt to do so, is an aggression upon the slave States and the territories.

Each State, as to the question of slavery, and every other domestic institution, being sovereign and independent, every act of intermeddling with it, is an act of aggression which would justify war, and war would long ago have resulted had it not been for the federal Union. Is it not shameful that under the compact of the Constitution, when the slaveholding States have surrendered so many of their sovereign powers to the federal government, the non-slaveholding States should commit aggressions, which among nations entirely foreign, would be cause of war, and would produce war? They should not tempt the forbearance of the slave States too far.

The only power which the Constitution imparted to the federal government, in reference to the subject of slavery, was one growing out of its existence, and not one to establish, prohibit, or abolish it anywhere. It is the duty of providing for the rendition of fugitive slaves from one State to another. This is a duty which every State in the Union, by the ratification of the constititutional compact, solemnly bound itself, *in good faith*, to perform, and which honestly they could not refuse or neglect to perform. For this duty they received an equivalent in the concessions of the slave States to the general interest, and there is no excuse for their refusal either in law or morals.

In 1793, the federal government passed an act, presenting the mode of arrest, the manner of trial and the evidence to be produced, to entitle the claimant to the rendition of his slave, but left it to be executed by the State tribunals and officers, supposing that no State, after having accepted and ratified the federal Constitution, would be faithless enough to disregard and refuse compliance with so sacred an obligation. In this,

Digitized by Google

however, the federal government was mistaken, and we have the melancholy reflection of knowing, that most of the non-slaveholding States not only disregarded it, but positively refused to redeem it. This law was pronounced constitutional and obligatory by their ablest, most learned, most eminent, and most patriotic statesmen and jurists—men who had no favor for slavery as a system. In this state of things, and to remedy this evil, the federal government, in 1850, passed the so-called "fugitive-slave law," and placed its execution in the hands of its own tribunals and its own officers; and what has been the consequence? It produced one of the wildest and most terrific roars, ever belched forth by wild and mad fanaticism; and now, the master in pursuit of his runaway slave, is in infinitely greater peril of life and liberty, than the fugitive of being captured. By acts of violent resistance, laws of nullification, judicial usurpation, and mobocratic violence, the power of this law has been broken in the hands of the federal government, and the provision of the Constitution made ineffectual. The execution of the law has been resisted even to treason, without the punishment of one single guilty man, and in several of the free States the authority of the federal government openly defied. What is left for the slave States? Tame submission, or the dissolution of the federal Union? Does fanaticism desire to drive them to the resumption of every attribute of national sovereignty, and war? A mere treaty, violated as has been the constitutional compact, by the Northern States, would be cause of war, and would have produced it.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill seems also to have fanned the embers of the anti-slavery feeling of the North into a perfect blaze. Into such intensity has the excitement increased, that every hour seems pregnant with that most direful of all direful temporal events—the dissolution of the Union and civil war. These bills organize governments for the regulation of these territories without establishing, prohibiting, abolishing slavery, or making any provision as to slavery, except that the people of these territories when they form State governments shall decide the question of slavery for themselves—a provision in strict accordance with the principles of the Constitution and the true spirit of free government. To adopt this principle so truly republican and so entirely constitutional, the Missouri restriction of 1820, so directly in conflict with it, had *necessarily* to be repealed, and was repealed; and yet this act, which secures to the people of these territories that dearest of all rights,

Digitized by Google

the right of self-government, is denounced with a fierceness and furiousness unparalleled in the history of the Union. What pretensions have these men to liberty? It is contemptible. They are domineering and odious tyrants.

In the awful sectional struggle to which these enactments has given rise, where stands the Democratic party? While its late gallant adversary, the Whig party, has struck its flag, blotted out its name and been absorbed by the newly-baptized "Republican party" at the North, purely sectional and ultra in all its views; and the new "American party" having a new platform for every change of the moon, adopted to every local demand, and consisting of a dozen sectional fragments, it has planted itself upon the ramparts of the Constitution, nailed its flag, on which is inscribed, "THE CONSTITUTION," "NON-INTERVENTION," and the "RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT," to the flag-staff, there to stand or there to fall—determined, like Leonidas and his Spartans, to defend these noble principles of liberty and constitutional free-government at all hazards and to the last extremity. This is the undivided sentiment—the undivided feeling of every Democrat North and South, East and West. In this noble, gallant, and perilous struggle, many of the old-line Whigs—those whose love of the Union and their country is infinitely superior to their attachment to party or narrow-minded prejudice, have taken position in the Democratic ranks, and are gallantly doing battle for the Union, the Constitution, State rights, and free government, without regard to by-gone antagonism. They have inscribed their names high on the rolls of fame.

The position of the Democratic representatives in the present House of Representatives is lofty and commanding, and demands the admiration of the world of freemen. In the minority, and assailed by two factions, one purely sectional and the other purely fragmental, each vying with the other in the strength of the blows which they are inflicting upon the Democracy, they have adopted their platform and nominated their candidate, and through a hundred ballots have stood by them without wavering or faltering. They know, that with them it is immaterial whether a so-called "Republican" or a so-called "American" should control the House, for they will find a deadly foe in either—hence they give nothing and ask nothing. This is the true position of the only national conservative party in the country. Patriots should rally to their standard.

In this great and doubtful struggle, one between sectional domination and constitutional equality, the present Demo-

Digitized by Google

cratic administration is nobly and firmly doing its duty to the Constitution, the Union, and the great principle of self-government. Fearless of that tide of denunciation and vituperation which mad, reckless, and vulgar fanatics and traitors will pour, in overflowing profusion, upon his name, approved of God, his conscience, and all friends of free government, he has fearlessly and boldly hurled his thunderbolts upon the factions and traitors who agitate and distract the country and threaten the disruption of the Union. The brutal assaults of such men as Hale and Giddings annoy him about as much as the fly did my Uncle Toby by lighting on his nose. He need only to say to them, as my Uncle Toby said to the fly, Go, little creature, the world is wide enough for you and me. The principles and policy of the administration upon that subject, is in strict accord with those of the Democratic party.

The great issue, then, is, between domestic slavery and the Union, the decision of which is in the womb of the future, and its solution depends upon the Northern people. If they regard the abolition of slavery where it exists, and its prohibition in the territories, paramount to every other consideration connected with the Union and the Federal government, and continue to annoy the slave States, intervene in the territories and resist the execution of the fugitive-slave law, then is the Union dissolved, and all the evils consequent upon it sweep, like a destructive tornado, over the land. The slave States will submit to no farther aggression—they will recede no farther. They calmly but firmly await the solution of the fearful question by the North. The South will not be bound by the constitutional compact, while the North repudiates, defies, resists, and violates it. Will the North destroy the Union? We fear she will, for she has already sown the seed of discord and disorganization sufficently thick to produce an abundant fruit of calamity and ruin.

Suppose in this unhallowed enterprise of tyrannical domination and oppression, the North shall drive to that sad extremity—the dissolution of the Union; what then is to be done? Will they succeed in the emancipation of the slaves and place them in the midst of the Southern people upon terms of equality? This they can not do, unless they can invoke anew the creative power and wisdom of the Almighty. Will they provoke to servile war, to butchery and assassination? This, we believe many of them are ripe for. Do they expect to improve the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the slaves? The slave population, in the aggregate, is more intel-

Digitized by Google

ligent, more respectable, and more comfortable than the free negro population, North or South. Do they expect to block them up within a fixed boundary, so that the extermination of either the white or colored race shall be the consequence? It is a brutality of feeling and a cupidity of purpose in keeping with the leaders of abolitionism. There is no possible good they can accomplish, but much evil; for they are warring against the decrees of nature and nature's God; for the inequality of condition, intellectual, moral, and physical, between the white and the colored man, is his work and can not be changed. The North, so far from improving the intellectual, moral, or physical condition of the free negroes among them, has stamped them with greater degradation.

What will they accomplish in a social point of view? They will dry up all fraternal feeling, interdict all social and commercial intercourse, and create a sectional hatred and dislike which no time can extinguish, with all its evil consequences.

What will they accomplish in a political point of view? They will strip a powerful and prosperous republic of all its strength, erect a few feeble governments, create standing armies, fall under subjection to a few petty tyrants, and exhaust themselves in vindictive, bloody, and exterminating wars. The name of the great republic will be blotted out of the map of the world and a few petty kingdoms or petty provinces supply its place; and all for what? To accomplish that which by the laws of nature can not be accomplished, and which if it could, should be left to the power of truth and the force of reason fraternally wielded, aided by the mellowing influence of the hand of time. It can not be done by violence and oppression. There is nothing so important in slavery, as a political question, as to make so many, of such vast moment, subordinate to it.

We have said more upon this subject of slavery than we designed when we commenced writing. It has been discussed until it has become so hackneyed, that there is no profit in it. Indeed with prejudice, bigotry, and fanaticism there is no reasoning. Our effort has been to enlist the united and vigorous efforts of all thinking, reflecting, patriotic, and Union-loving men to resist the mighty tornado of treason and fanaticism, which is sweeping over our once united, powerful, and happy country.

The Northern abolitionists, who are ready to sacrifice not only the Union, but free government itself to their "*one idea*,"

Digitized by Google

are in the habit of denouncing every Northern representative, who, in conformity with his oath, and the compact of the Constitution, accords to the slaveholding States their constitutional rights, and refuses to violate them, as "pro-slavery" men. This denunciation is false, and made from unworthy motives. These representatives accord their rights and protect them, not because they approve slavery, but because the Constitution accords them, and they are bound by their oaths as well as their honor and fidelity to obey the Constitution. Many able, faithful, and patriotic men have they run down, by the application of this name, although utterly false and known to be false. J. G.

LYNCHBURGH, VA.

[The writer of the article, "*The Union—the Dangers which beset it,*" which appeared in the January number of the "United States Democratic Review," in using the term "North" did not intend to make the "wide sweep" which the Editor of the Review seems to think it susceptible of. He knows that many, very many, of the statesmen and people of the North, in some of the States constituting a majority, are devoted to the Constitution, the Union, and the great principles of the Democratic party, and are making willing sacrifices of themselves, to sustain them. These the writer honors, and is ready to sustain by every means in his power. When he used the term "North" he meant only to designate the section from which the aggressions upon the South came, and not to involve the whole people.

J. G.]

January 28th, 1856.

Digitized by Google

KINGSLEY'S POEMS.

THE following Poems by the author of "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," etc., are forwarded to us in advance of their publication in London. Ticknor & Fields are preparing to issue the volume to which they belong, simultaneously with its appearance on the other side of the Atlantic.

A THOUGHT FROM THE RHINE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I HEARD an Eagle crying all alone
Above the vineyards, through the summer night,
Among the skeletons of robber towers—
The iron homes of iron-hearted lords,
Now crumbling back to ruin year by year—
Because the ancient eyrie of his race
Is trenched and walled by busy-handed men,
And all his forest-space and woodland wild,
Wherefrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
Are trim with grapes, which swell from hour to hour
And toss their golden tendrils to the sun
For joy at their own riches:—So, I thought,
The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
Idle and impotent, they know not why,
Down-staring from their barren height of state
On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
The puppets of the few, while peaceful love
And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth
With wonders which they fear and hate, as he
The Eagle hates the vineyard slopes below.

SONNET.

THE baby sings not on its mother's breast—
Nor nightingales who nestle side by side—
Nor I by thine: but let us only part;
Then lips which should but kiss and so be still
As having uttered all, must speak again.
O stunted thoughts! O chill and fettered rhyme!
Yet my great bliss, though still entirely blest,
Losing its proper home can find no rest:

Digitized by Google

So—like a child who whiles away the time
With dance and carol till the even-tide,
Watching its mother homeward through the glen;
Or nightingale, who sitting far apart,
Tells to his listening mate within the nest
The wonder of his star-entrancéd heart
Till all the wakened woodlands laugh and thrill,
Forth all my being bubbles into song,
And rings aloft, not smooth, yet clear and strong.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER. 1828–1853.

SOME five-and-twenty years have elapsed since this Dictionary was first issued; and, to its compiler and publishers, they have been years of success. The time for producing the work, was fortunate. Our language had grown rapidly for a considerable period: its vocabulary was largely increased by the contributions of science, by numerous adoptions from foreign tongues, and by an accumulation of derivatives from our own established words; so that a well-digested record of the progress of the language was really needed. Besides, the parties in interest, following the suggestion of the title-page, had industriously cultivated an *Esprit-Americain* in behalf of the book which materially aided its favorable reception.

If Webster had confined himself to recording such additions of words as usage had sanctioned; to a careful sifting of etymologies; and to his own valuable definitions; his work would have been as great an acquisition to literature as to his individual profit. But, unfortunately, like many other men, priding himself most on what he was least fitted for; and assuming a character for which few men *are* fitted—that of a reformer—he added to his legitimate labour the gratuitous task of improving the orthography of the language.

True, language, like all things human, is mutable. So long as it continues to be spoken, it will continue to change. From the days of JOHNSON to the days of Webster, thousands of words had been added to the common stock, and many variations had taken place in the meanings of words. Spelling, also, had undergone some modifications. For example, the *k* of *music*, *physic*, etc., and the *u* of *favour*, *honour*, etc., had been gradually dropped by good writers, though probably without good reason; and thus orthography, too, was in a state of progress. This was an undesirable state; for it left the student without any absolute standard. And if the student chose

Digitized by Google

to refine upon the matter, he would soon see that not only was there no absolute standard, but that the very principles of our orthography—its rules and its analogies—were exceedingly defective.

This is all true; but it is also true that discovering defects is one thing; curing them, another: and it is the fate of reformers, generally, to propose remedies that are worse than the disease. They can see that such and such wheels of the machine have an eccentric motion; but they can not see that cutting away what they deem superfluous flanges may disturb other wheels that are regulated by that very eccentricity. A change which the reformer thinks will promote simplicity, may happen to produce confusion; and, unless he fully understands the machinery, he is pretty certain to do mischief by meddling with it.

This would seem to be Webster's predicament. He aspired to a Newtonian law that would reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies; he produced certain arbitrary rules of his own creation that reconcile nothing, that are whimsically limited in their scope, and are ridiculous from their reciprocal contradictions.

Webster remarks that "the chief value of a dictionary consists in its definitions." Some one else remarks, that "opinions differ." Yet it must be acknowledged that Webster's remark, as applied to *his own* dictionary, is not far from the truth. The vocabulary of his book has, certainly, the merit of amplitude. He says it "contains sixteen thousand words not to be found in any similar, preceding work:" but when one opens the book in the middle and finds, consecutively,

irremovability,	*irremovable,*
irremovably,	*irremoval,*
irremunerable,	*irrenowned,*
irreparability,	*irreparable,*
irreparableness,	*irreparably,*
irrepealability,	*irrepealable,*
irrepealableness,	*irrepealably,*
irrepentance,	

he may, perhaps, doubt whether "the value of the dictionary" increases in the direct ratio of its voluminousness. Webster's etymologies, too, are copious: probably more so than any preceding lexicographer's, in the proportion of three to one: but as their genuineness is not always beyond question, their quantity is hardly a fair measure of their "value." The orthography of the dictionary requires a more careful consideration.

The principles—or rather, the dogmas—of Webster's proposed reform, are embodied in the following enumerated paragraphs:

1. Considering that the tendency of our language to greater simplicity and broader analogies ought to be watched and cherished with the utmost care, he felt that whenever a movement toward wider analogies and more general rules had advanced so far as to leave but few exceptions to impede

Digitized by Google

its progress, those exceptions ought to be set aside at once and the analogy rendered complete.

2. We had numerous words derived from the French, originally ending in *re*, as *cidre*, *chambre*, etc. And, as these had gradually conformed to English spelling, until the number ending in *re* was reduced to fifteen or twenty, with their derivatives, it was necessary to complete the analogy at once by transposing the terminations of the remainder. *Acre*, *massacre*, and *lucre*, however, are necessary exceptions, since transposing their terminations would endanger their pronunciation.

3. We had many hundreds of primitives ending in a single consonant, whose derivatives were formed by the addition of *ing*, *ed*, *er*, etc., and in their derivatives, this single consonant was doubled when the accent fell on it, as *forget*, *forgetting;* but it was not doubled when the accent fell on a preceding syllable, as *garden*, *gardener*. There were also about fifty words ending in *l*, in which the analogy was violated, as *travel*, *traveller*. It was necessary, therefore, at once to strike out the superfluous *l* from these fifty words. But the *ll* was retained in *chancellor*, *metallurgy*, *crystalline*, with their cognates, because they were derived directly from the Latin and Greek, *cancellarius*, *metallum*, and κρύσταλλος.

4. *Expense*, *recompense*, *license*, which formerly had a *c* in their last syllable, had since taken an *s*, because *s* is used in their derivatives, as, *expensive*, etc. As in this instance, it was necessary to change only three words to complete the analogy, namely, *defence*, *offence*, and *pretence*, their *c* was at once replaced with an *s*, and they were written *defense*, *offense*, and *pretense*. It had been asked, why not spell *fence* in the same manner? And nothing is easier than the answer; the derivatives require the *c;* as, *fencing*, etc., and therefore the *c* of *fence* is retained.

5. *Foretel*, *instil*, *distil*, *fulfil* should be written *foretell*, *instill*, etc., because their derivatives, *fortelling*, *instilling*, etc., are so written.

6. *Dulness*, *fulness*, *skilful*, *wilful*, must be written *dullness*, *fullness*, etc., because their primitives are so written, as, *dull*, *full*, *skill*, *will*. *Walker* says there is no reason why we should not write *dullness*, *fullness*, *skillful*, and *willful*, as well as *stiffness*, *gruffness*, and *crossness*.

7. Such compounds as *befall*, *miscall*, *install*, *forestall*, *inthrall*, *enroll*, and their derivatives *befalling*, *miscalling*, *installing*, *forestalling*, *inthrallment*, and *enrollment*, are spelled with the *ll*, to prevent a false pronunciation.

8. *Mould* and *moult* should be spelled *mold* and *molt*, because the *u* has been dropped or never was used in *gold*, *bold*, *fold*, *colt*.

9. *Wo* should be spelled *woe*, because *doe*, *foe*, *hoe*, *toe*, and all similar nouns of one syllable are so spelled. The parts of speech other than nouns, as *go*, *so*, *no*, retain the termination in *o;* as, also, do nouns of more than one syllable, as *motto*, *potato*, *tomato*.

10. *Practise*, the verb, should be spelled *practice*, because the noun is so spelled. *Drought* should be spelled *drouth*, because it is extensively so pro-

Digitized by Google

nounced. *Height* should be spelled *hight*, because it was so spelled by MILTON. *Ton* should be spelled *tun*, and *molasses*, *melasses*, because that spelling is more consistent with the etymologies. *Contemporary* should be spelled *cotemporary*, because it is more easily pronounced. *Plough* should be spelled *plow*, because that spelling more naturally represents the sound.

11. Verbs from the Greek ιζω, and others formed in analogy with them, have the termination in *ize*, as *baptize*, *legalize*, etc. *Catechise*, and *exorcise* are exceptions. Verbs and some nouns, derived directly from the French and a few from other sources, have the termination in *ise*, as *advertise*, *advise*, *affranchise*, *chastise*, *circumcise*, *comprise*, *compromise*, *criticise*, *demise*, *despise*, *devise*, *disfranchise*, *disguise*, *emprise*, *enfranchise*, *enterprise*, *exercise*, *merchandise*, *misprise*, *premise*, *reprise*, *revise*, *supervise*, *surmise*, *surprise*.

These eleven paragraphs, dogmas, rules, or whatever they may be termed, form with the exception of a few "instances" entirely too trivial to be discussed, the sum-total of Webster's orthographical creed, presented substantially in his own words.

1. The assumptions of number one are characteristic and suggestive. They prophetically weigh and measure the lexicographer. Nobody can doubt what sort of orthography will follow such a preamble. The "tendencies" which it would puzzle any other philologist to discover: the complacent "*solicitude*" with which those tendencies are "*watched and cherished*": and the heroism which summarily removes impeding "*exceptions*" (regardless of consequences, as reformers always nobly proclaim themselves) are consistent with each other and pleasant to look upon.

2. Webster found fifteen or twenty words derived from the French and retaining their original termination in *re*, "although numerous other words, of similar derivation and termination had gradually conformed to English spelling," that is, the *re* had been transposed to *er*, as *cidre* to *cider*, *chambre* to *chamber*, etc. What Webster means by the term "English spelling," in this connection, is not obvious: *re* is as consistent with any admitted or fixed principle of English orthography, as *er*: but the reason why these fifteen or twenty words retained their original termination, and why Webster should have let them alone, is obvious enough to every one but himself, namely, that their *derivatives required it*. As Webster found the words, they stood thus:

theatre,	*theatrical*,
sepulchre,	*sepulchral*,
centre,	*central*,
lustre,	*lustrous*, *etc.*, *etc.*

as he left them, they stand thus:

theater,	*theatrical*,
sepulcher,	*sepulchral*,
center,	*central*,
luster,	*lustrous*, *etc.*, *etc.*,

Digitized by Google

that is, he transposed the termination of the primitive, to conform *to his rule*, and then *re*transposed it in the derivative to conform to "English spelling." *His* derivatives should be

theaterical,
sepulcheral,
centeral,
lusterous, etc.

Acre, *massacre*, *lucre*, he says "are necessary exceptions." Doubtless, they are "necessary" *to his rule*, and that proves his rule to be a bad one: it neither "promotes simplicity" nor "broadens analogy." When derivatives on the one hand and pronunciation on the other, oppose the working of an arbitrary rule, a prudent man would withhold his rule: but reformers are seldom prudent men. In direct contradiction of this rule, Webster spells *ogre* with the original termination.

3. For reasons satisfactory to Webster—*ante*, rule number 3—it was necessary to strike out the "superfluous *l*" of *travelling*, and "about fifty similar words." If the precept in rule number 2 has any force, namely, that the spelling must not be altered when altering it endangers the pronunciation, some of these fifty changes will be found hazardous. For instance as a matter of fact, and by orthoepical construction,

shaveling,
starveling, etc.,

are words of two syllables: yet, under this rule, Webster ordains that

shoveling,
traveling, etc.,

which have precisely the same orthoëpical construction, shall be pronounced in three syllables. Here, then, is arbitrary rule the second in direct conflict with arbitrary rule the first. Which must give way? But that is not all. Webster says that *chancellor*, *metallurgy*, and *crystalline* retain the *ll* because they are derived directly from the Latin and Greek. This "because" may as well be investigated. The lexicographer bases an orthographical principle on his simple assertion of a fact: but that fact is, first, inherently improbable: secondly, is utterly beyond the assertor's knowledge: and thirdly, would not support his position if it were true. 1. It is improbable. The three words necessarily came to the French before they were adopted by the English; and as κρύσταλλος changed into *crystallinus* on its journey through Rome, they all went "directly" from Italy to France: and our English ancestors had no occasion to go to Italy for what was already to be had by crossing the channel. Moreover, the *h* of *chancellor proves* that *it* came "directly" from the French, and Webster *dis*-proves his own assertion of its derivation from *cancellarius*, by giving in his own dictionary, *chancelier* as its etymology! 2. It is beyond the assertor's knowledge. Neither he nor his great-grandfather was *there* when the word was adopted; no human being can affirm, as truth, what is so remote and conjectural; and a vague

Digitized by Google

and rash *guess* forms no apology, even, for such an affirmation. 3. If the words were "directly so derived," the fact would not justify Webster's excepting them from his rule. That rule is, inferentially—otherwise, it has no meaning whatever—that words "directly derived" always retain the *ll* of their originals. Yet, observe how Webster himself sets this rule at nought in this very dictionary:

excel,	spelled with one *l*,	is derived	from	*excello;*
dispel,	"	"	"	*dispello;*
repel,	"	"	"	*repello;*
libel,	"	"	"	*libellus;*
pupil,	"	"	"	*pupillus;*
compel,	"	"	"	*compello;*

and so forth, and so forth. Nor is this all. After Webster has expunged the "superfluous *l*" from his "fifty words," *marvellous, counsellor*, etc., in obedience to rule number 3, he proceeds, in defiance of the same rule to spell in his dictionary as follows:

gravel,	(primitive.)	*lamel*,	(primitive.)
gravelly,		*lamellar*,	
chapel,	(primitive.)	*lamellarly*,	
chapellany,		*lamellate*,	
cancel,	(primitive.)	*lamellated*,	
cancellate,		*lamelliferous*,	
cancellated,		*etc., etc.*,	
cancellation,			

and so on, indefinitely. There is another point to be considered about rule number 3. Its phraseology seems to be plain, but Webster's practice confuses it. The rule *says*, that when the accent falls on the final consonant of the primitive it is to be doubled in the derivative, and not otherwise; as *forget, forgetting*, in the one case, and *travel, traveler*, in the other. Yet, Webster spells

tranquil, tranquillity, etc.,

as if he were prepared to say, that, though the accent does not fall on the final consonant of the primitive while it remains a primitive, yet if that consonant takes the accent when the word becomes a derivative, it is still to be doubled. This would be interpreting Webster's rule with a large latitude in his favor, and it is an interpretation to which he is by no means entitled. Nevertheless, give him the full benefit of it, and then apply the rule, so construed, to his spelling of

civil,	*civility*,
legal,	*legality*,
frugal,	*frugality, etc.*

and, then, for a counter-contradiction of his rule, where the final consonant of the primitive *is* accented, and the same consonant in the derivative is *not*, take his spelling of

excel, excellent,

Digitized by Google

and the lexicographer's inconsistency approaches the sublime! It is to be observed that the spelling of the twenty-and-odd words here cited is correct in fact, but is not correct according to Webster's own rules.

4. Webster specifies *license*, among other words, as having been changed from *licence* "because the derivatives require the *s*." This affirmation is an extraordinary "license" for a lexicographer whose dictionary contains the following words:

license,	*licentiate*,
licensed,	*licentiation*,
licensing,	*licentious*,
licenser,	*licentiously*,
licensure,	*licentiousness*,

that is, four derivatives in which the *s* is used, and five where it is not. And this misstatement of the fact is material, because Webster makes it one of his points of justification in "changing the only three words that remain terminating in *ence*." But what does Webster mean by saying that *pretence*, *offence*, and *defence*, are "the only three words that remain terminating in *ence?*" His own dictionary contains many other words "terminating in *ence*," the derivatives of which do not retain the *e*, all of which he leaves just as he finds them, in a state of absolute non-conformity to his rule. For example:

sentence,	*sententious*,
consequence,	*consequential*,
inference,	*inferential*,

and so on. If a direct answer could have been extorted from Webster, it would be pleasant to see his reply to this question: Since it was necessary to change *defence* into *defense* because *defensive* is spelled with an *s*, why should *sentence* remain unchanged, when its derivatives are spelled with a *t?* Webster says, "the question has been asked, why not spell *fence* with an *s?*" And he finds "nothing easier than the reply, that the *derivatives of fence require the c*." If this reply means any thing, it means that the spelling of a derivative must control the spelling of its primitive: and if this *rule* has any force, it must be general in its application, and not restricted to such isolated cases as Webster's caprice may dictate. The reader will have occasion to keep this point in remembrance. Now, *what are* "the primitives," in the case of *fence*, *offence*, and *defence?* Webster's dictionary gives the answer:

fend, the root of *offend* and *defend*;
fence, for etymology, see *fend*;

in other words, *fend* is the original word; and from it, in order, come *fence*, *offend*, *defend*, *offence*, *offensive*, etc., *defence*, *defensive*, etc. So that, when Webster changed *defence* to *defense*; instead of conforming to his rule, that the spelling of the derivative must govern that of the primitive, he, in fact, and without knowing it, practically enacted a new rule, that the spelling of one derivative must govern the spelling of another derivative, whenever

Digitized by Google

the lexicographer deemed it expedient. The remaining word of the "only three that remained," is *pretence*. Here, again, by parity of reasoning, the actual primitive is *pretend*: but, for the sake of the argument, let *pretence* be the primitive, and then consult Webster's dictionary:

pretense,
pretensed, (authority, *Encyc.*)
pretension,

the primitive, *pretence*, is changed, to conform to its two derivatives. But what sort of a modern English word is *pretensed*? Webster cites the Encyclopædia as authority. *What* Encyclopædia? Rule out the word, for the present, as not sufficiently accredited, and there remains one primitive *vs.* one derivative: a tie vote. But this is not a fair statement on the part of Webster: he omits the familiar word *pretentious*. His dictionary, which "contains 16,000 more words than can be found in any previous dictionary," and which attains that distinction by recruits from all creditable and discreditable sources, nevertheless does not contain the word *pretentious*. Why? Did Webster omit that, and insert *pretensed*, in order to give "the derivatives" a uniformity of spelling, and a majority of numbers? If so, the proceeding smacks strongly of *false* "pretences."

5, 6. Under rule number 8, Webster hunts down the "superfluous *l*" with the spirit of an exterminator; and in his preface, he still further hardens himself against *l*, by quoting a sneer from *Walker*: but Webster, under rule number 8, and Webster under rules 5 and 6, are two different men. The reasons given for adding an *l* to some words are quite as good as the reasons for taking it away from others; of which, more anon. In the mean time, it is impossible not to suggest, in reference to the quotation from Walker, (*vide*, rule number 6,) that as *dulness* should be written *dullness*, because its primitive is written *dull*, *skilful* should be written *skillfull*, to "complete the analogy" with *stiffness*. An illustration, however, is a dangerous form of argument: it is very apt to prove too much: and those who resort to it in one case, must submit to it in another. Apply this to rule number 5. "*Distil*, etc., should be written *distill*, because the derivatives, *distiller*, etc, require the *ll*:" then, certainly, *forget*, *submit*, *begin*, *refer*, *concur*, *repel*, and so on, should be written, *forgett*, *submitt*, *beginn*, *referr*, *concurr*, *repell*, and so on, because their derivatives require the final consonant to be doubled; as *forgetting*, *submitting*, *beginning*, *referring*, *concurring*, *repelling*. By the way, Webster's views of the *powers* of a lexicographer are pleasantly illustrated in a remark about Walker. Having quoted, in his preface, Walker's opinion on "the superfluous *l*," he says, "These were the deliberate opinions of Walker. If he had taken the trouble to carry them into his vocabulary, instead of relying on this mere remark for the correction of the error, probably, by this time, the error *would have been wholly eradicated from our orthography*."

7. Webster's manner of stating this rule leads the reader to suppose that *be-*

Digitized by Google

fall, *install*, *forestall*, *inthrall*, *miscall*, and *enroll*, are Webster's improvements on the previous spelling; but the last two, only, are his: and it is very odd that, when he became alive to the danger of mispronouncing *enrol* with one *l*, he should be so insensible to the same danger in *control*, as to spell it with a single *l*; and that, too, while he spells the derivatives *controlling*, etc., with the double *l*, in direct opposition to his own rule number 5.

8. "*Mould* and *moult* should be written *mold* and *molt*, because the *u* has been dropped *or never was used* in *gold*, *bold*, *fold* and *colt*." The reason is good: and its force may be shown, as in rule number 5, by carrying out the illustration: *court* should be written *cort*, "because the *u* has been dropped, or never was used in" *port* and *fort!*

9. Webster found *wo*, *go*, *so*, *no*, without the *e*, and *foe*, *toe*, *hoe*, *toe*, with it. His reason for adding the *e* to *wo*, and for not adding it to *go*, *so*, *no*, is, that *wo* is a noun, and the other three words are "other parts of speech." This is a small matter, at best; but Webster's *reason* is entirely arbitrary.

10. Waiving the questions whether MILTON is an authority for English orthography in the nineteenth century, and, if he is so, whether *hight* is not misprinted from his manuscript *per alium*; one question remains touching rule number 10, viz.: Is there any disputed point in ethics, morals, religion, astronomy, or nursery-rhymes, which may not be effectually disposed of by this universal solvent "*because?*" A word, however, as to MILTON, on the questions waived. Webster cites a poet who died a century and a half before the "American Dictionary" was born, in support of the spelling of the single word, *hight*. But, surely, MILTON, if an authority at all, can not be restricted to one word: he must be presumed to have had a knowledge of orthography, generally, if he is permitted to dogmatise on it particularly; and if Webster accredits him as a standard, he must follow him as a standard. Turn, then, to the first edition of Paradise Lost. That may pretty safely be taken as an exponent of the poet's principles of English spelling—if, in his blindness, he had any. This edition, published in London, in 1669, has, *passim*, the following specimens:

Som (*some*); *rowled* (*rolled*); *shon* (*shone*); *tast* (*taste*); *fowl* (*foul*); *thir* (*their*); *justifie*; *defie*; *adversaries*; *progenie*; *alwaies*; *skie*; *appeer*; *neer*; *cleer*; *binde*; *mankinde*; *wilde*; *waye*; *ruine*; *cherube*; *haire*; *paine*; *forme*; *eare*; *gulfe*; *rime*; *accoste*; *meeter*; *mee*; *hee*; *seventh*; *warr*; *clann*; *kenn*; *farr*; *lyes*; *onely*; *desperat*; *supream*; *sollid*; etc.

11. Webster does not say *why* "verbs from the Greek ιζω terminate in *ize*, as *baptize*," etc.; nor why "catechise and exorcise are exceptions." But the working of his rule, under which he changes *defence* to *defense* because *defensive* requires the *s*, seems to be impeded when applied to *baptize*, for he leaves it as he finds it, although he is compelled to spell its derivatives with an *s*, *baptist*, *baptism*, *baptismal*, etc. The assertion that *baptize* and *legalize* are "derived directly from the Greek," needs confirmation. Webster proceeds to say that "verbs and some nouns, derived from the

Digitized by Google

French and elsewhere, have the termination in *ise*," and he furnishes a list of examples that professes to include the whole. The necessity for the remark and the citations is not very obvious; but it is strange that, with his propensity to "complete analogies," he should have omitted to include in his list the single and "only remaining" word, *prise;* certainly, on his own showing, this should be spelled *prise.*

It would seem, then, that Webster's much-vaunted reform is limited to about *eighty words* in a dictionary containing *eighty thousand* words; being the proportion of one to a thousand. A homœopathic quantity; yet, as the words victimized are those in common use, the minute dose has had a visible effect on the system. But the effect is not remedial. The patient is no better. English orthography has not been simplified, nor have its analogies been broadened by Webster's labours, even supposing his innovations had been accepted by scholars—which they have not. The dictionary may *sell*, but not for its orthography. The proprietors of a large publishing house, who are also publishers of the dictionary, have introduced Webster's spelling into their books, probably as a matter of contract; and some newspapers have, to a greater or less extent, taken the same course. But these instances carry no authority on a purely literary question. Educated men and good writers, generally, have repudiated the experiment. And why should they not? The volunteer reformer was every way unequal to his task. He has given no good reason for any one change; and his changes, so far as adopted, have introduced confusion. His rules are ridiculous in themselves, irreconcileable with each other, and constantly at variance with his own practice. He changes a termination, or adds or take away a letter, because the primitive requires it — because the derivative requires it — because it endangers the pronunciation, when it does not—because it secures the pronunciation, when it does not—because the word is a noun—because it isn't a noun—because it is an exception—because it is so pronounced (by ignorant people)—because MILTON spelled it so—in short, "because" *any thing* that fits the caprice of the moment. Such advancing and retreating, such convolutions and involutions of reasoning, all for the sake of doing what never was done before, and all within the compass of eighty words—can find no precedent in the career of reforms.

And it is remarkable, that Webster, with all his plodding, could not hit upon the really weak points of the language. He had the luck always to attack what was impregnable—at least, to *his* assaults. There is no lack of inconsistencies in English orthography, but the instances that are least defensible are just those that Webster failed to discover. It may be well to designate a few specimens—not with the intention of urging a reform; Webster's experience in that line may well deter imitators; but—to show how obscure are obvious truths to a certain class of investigators.

To *lead;* to *read:* the preterite and past participle of these verbs are pronounced *led* and *red*, and yet are spelled *led* and *read.*

Digitized by Google

Use, abuse, rise: the nouns and verbs have a uniform spelling; but the nouns are pronounced as *uce* and *ice*, and the verbs, *uze* and *ize:* yet *advice* and *advise*, with a similar difference of prounciation, are spelled to conform to that difference. Again, *refuse, surmise*, etc., pronounce the *s* like *z*, in both the verb and the noun.

Few and *view:* why should not the spelling of these words be uniform?

Whole, in the adverb, drops the *e*, and becomes wholly; *vile*, in the adverb, retains the *e*, *vilely*.

Fascinate and *vacillate:* one with the *s* and the other without it: *imitate* and *imminent;* one with one *m*, and the other with two. These words follow their respective etymologies, but there are so many instances where etymology does not control orthography, it seems rather *Websterian* to give that as a reason for the difference.

Vermilion, pavilion, cotillion; all directly from the French, and all having the *ll* in the original, though only the last retains it.

Boot, root, foot, in the singular, change, in the plural, to *boots, roots, feet.*

Proffer and *profit*, with a similar etymology, are thus differently spelled.

Couple and *supple*, from the French *couple* and *souple:* etymology, in all respects, identical; and yet, though pronounced alike in English, are thus diversely spelled.

Episode and *epitome*, have the same etymology, yet one has three syllables, and the other, four: this, however, is not a matter of spelling but of pronunciation.

These are a few examples of *real* inconsistency in English orthography; but probably no man in his senses would undertake to reform them; the game would not pay for the candle.

Webster's tampering with the language was a calamity, because *no* radicalism is without its followers, and he has his. But the thing will have its day; and this good may come of it: other enthusiasts, taking warning from his example, may learn that a reformer whose entire theory is based on assumptions, whose rules are bare assertions of his opinions, and whose practice is inconsistent with both, will never make much progress among educated minds.

Digitized by Google

THE POET'S PART.

Why should I pour my soul in song,
Or coin my heart to words—
In plaints that reach the worldly throng,
Like cries of wounded birds?
Who recks? The forest shows as green,
The bending sky as fair,
And thousand songsters cheer the scene
Though one forsake the air.

Why should I from the mine of thought,
Delve out the hidden gold
To glitter on a brow of naught,
Or breast as marble cold?
What has the Poet for his part?
A naked fame at best,
Whilst idle tongue, and idler heart,
In all his wealth are dressed.

The feverish labor of the brain,
Scaring sweet sleep away,
And making others' night, and gain,
His loss, and wearier day—
Who knows it, or who cares to know,
Till gather round his hearse
The crowd, in whom an earlier glow
Had fired a nobler verse?

Hush and be still! Complain not thou,
By that sweet madness driven
To set upon a mortal brow,
The coronet of heaven.
Write—*for thou must!* Pour, poet-heart,
Thy life-blood in the line:
By all that wrings thy mortal part,
God makes thy Song divine.

S. W. C.

Digitized by Google

Jackson and New-Orleans. An Authentic Narrative of the Memorable Achievements of the American Army, under Andrew Jackson, before New-Orleans, in the Winter of 1814–15. By ALEXANDER WALKER. New-York: J. C. DERBY. Cincinnati: H. W. DERBY.

WHAT Marengo was to the France of Napoleon; and Waterloo to England—New-Orleans is to Americans. A victory complete, dazzling, final—no reproach connects itself with the thought, no mistake or disaster impairs its grandeur. To such a scene it is proper that the patriotic sentiment of a country should eternally recur for illustration, example, precedent. We receive Mr. Walker's book with thanks, as a good gift to the American people. A feeling of surprise, however, possesses us as we read it, not that he or any other American should devote himself, with loving enthusiasm, to chronicle the scenes of that eventful story; but that so many years should have passed before it was done. This, however, has undoubtedly been in a great measure referable to the fact that the *disjecta membra* of the work have been scattered everywhere in newspapers, magazines, speeches, poems, resolutions, etc., etc.; and their familiarity has put off the work of their collection and arrangement in a single volume. Time, however, very quickly obliterates or dims the brightest page of national story, if left to the careless keeping of anecdote and tradition, and the most glorious deeds survive rather as heroic myths, than as substantive facts. In throwing together in an enduring form the sketches before us, Mr. Walker's object and motive as stated by himself are equally philosophic, and we entertain no doubt will achieve their purpose, and "prevent unpatriotic lapses of memory." View it in what light we may; whether as the completion and crowning glory of a war waged against the first power in the world by a Republic whose thews and sinews were scarcely hardened into manhood, and waged successfully; the exhibition of combined valor and good conduct on the part of a hastily-collected and badly-equipped citizen-soldiery; or the bright halo it set for ever around that grand old head of him whose character and services have enshrined him in the hearts of the American people as second only to the Father of his country: viewed in any light,

Digitized by Google

"There is no campaign in modern military history, which, for its extent, was more complete in all its parts, and more brilliant in its results, than that conducted by Andrew Jackson in 1814–15, in the defense of New-Orleans. In the brief period of twenty-six days, a town of less than eighteen thousand inhabitants, including all sexes and ages, without forts—natural or artificial defenses—exposed to approach and attack on all sides, by land and water—with an army of less than five thousand militia, hastily raised *en masse*, and illy armed and acoutred—was not only successfully defended against a veteran army of ten thousand of the best soldiers in the world, but was made for ever glorious by the most brilliant victory which has been achieved since the invention of gunpowder. The peculiarities of this victory are the astonishing and unprecedented disparity of loss between the combatants, and the marvellous proofs of steadiness, of skill and rapidity in the use of firearms, displayed by the American militia. The splendor of the closing victory has obscured many features of this campaign, which contributed largely to the final result, and, as valuable lessons and glorious illustrations of the valor of our citizen soldiers, and of the genius of the great Chief and Hero—whose lofty soul was the fountain of inspiration, from which all engaged in that defense drew courage, confidence, and patriotic resolution—ought not to be forgotten or hastily glanced over."

To preserve their record fresh in the heart and memory of America is to do the state yoeman service, and we congratulate Mr. Walker on having performed the work gracefully and well.

His style is lively, often graphic, and pleasingly free from those disgusting attempts at the "height of fine writing," described with epigrammatic point by the good strong Yankeeism, "Highfalutin."

The distinguished English military gentlemen who proposed an unmolested promenade for themselves through the streets of New-Orleans in search of "Booty and Beauty," were met by a little obstacle on which they had not reckoned. Mr. Walker notices the fact, thus:

"The strength of earth-works against the most powerful batteries, which was so strongly shown in Jackson's defense, was again illustrated on the southern side of Sevastopol, against the same British Engineering-officer who constructed the redoubts which Jackson's Artillery destroyed in three hours on the plains of Chalmette, on the first of January, 1814; this unfortunate officer is Sir John Burgoyne, Inspector of Fortifications in the British army. The lesson at New-Orleans should have taught another wholesome truth to the projectors of the Crimean Expedition—that of the great peril and difficulty of all attempts to capture a town, the communication of which with the interior is left open and unobstructed. In this respect, the positions of New-Orleans and Sevastopol were identical. Finally these two campaigns have demonstrated this other valuable and encouraging truth; that in the most remote and exposed points of a united nation, we often find the most brilliant proofs of patriotism, courage, and devotion."

Coupling their experience of January, 1814, before New-

Digitized by Google

Orleans, with that of 1854–5–6 before the "earth-works" of Sebastopol, will, we benignantly trust, convince Her Majesty's Ministers that another hostile attempt on this continent might possibly be attended with a disagreeable number of casualties in the Royal Army, and prevent at any future time the landing of those "fifty thousand" red-coated individuals upon the shores of Long-Island, so painfully hinted at by the enterprising and ubiquitous Mayor of New-York. Should any English Cabinet be inclined to "put the matter to the test," we "feel it in our bones" that we could "*reword*" the result in pretty much the same phrase used before New-Orleans on the 8th of January, 1814.

Seriously, and to save a large expense of transportation and warlike material, we would advise Her Majesty's government, whenever it finds itself encumbered with a hundred or two thousand useless "sodgers," to quietly drown or shoot them at home and save us the trouble. It is hardly fair for Great Britain to turn us into executioners, and send the poor wretches three thousand miles away for the "*coup de grace.*"

Although familiar to us all, we can not refrain from copying the little sketch of Jackson's earlier life given by Mr. Walker, especially as it is well and pointedly presented:

"What were these glorious antecedents, that drew so much of popular admiration and confidence to Andrew Jackson, and constitute some of his titles to the renown, which history and all nations assign to him? Let us briefly sketch them.

"A wild and desolate place called the Waxhaw Settlement, in a remote district of South-Carolina, was the scene of Jackson's birth and boyhood. Throughout the wide Union it would be difficult to find two more dreary and desert-looking localities, than those which have been consecrated by the birth of the two most eminent men in the history of America—George Washington and Andrew Jackson.

"Jackson was born on the 15th March, 1767. His parents were emigrants from the north of Ireland, but of Scotch descent. They had fled from the persecutions and dissensions of the Old World, in pursuit of peace and happiness in the New. They had been two years in the country when Andrew was born. Like most great men, he was blessed with a mother of uncommon intelligence and vigor of mind. With such an instructress and guardian, his intellect early developed, and his spirit expanded into premature manliness. He needed only the occasion to cast his thoughts and feelings in that heroic mould, which constitutes true greatness. Such opportunity was presented, when in beardless boyhood, he found himself in the very midst of some of the most gloomy scenes of the Revolution of 1776.

"In old age, when time and infirmity pressed heavily upon that sanguine and dauntless spirit, and the impressions of youth came out upon the memory with more distinctness, that tottering old man of the Hermitage, with his shrivelled visage and snowy locks, but with eye still undimmed and piercing as ever, would recall, with frightful accuracy, the horrible scenes of carnage,

Digitized by Google

rapine, and desolation which had made that boyhood, to which most men recur as the bright period of their lives, the gloomiest and saddest epoch in his career.

"When a stripling of thirteen, with scarcely the strength to raise a musket, he joined a party of patriots, under the heroic Sumpter, and in the action at Hanging Rock, and in various skirmishes, showed himself to be a boy only in years. His biographers relate several instances in which his ready courage and self-possession saved himself and his companions from death and capture. Even then he was a chief among men, and often assumed the leadership of those who were old enough to be his father.

"Captured, at last, by the British, with his brother, he was subjected to the most cruel treatment. When, with characteristic spirit, he refused to perform some menial office for a British officer, he was dastardly cut down by the blow of a sabre, the mark of which was visible ever afterwards. A similar cruelty to his elder brother eventually produced his death. Closely confined in a British prison, Andrew contracted a disease from which he barely escaped with his life, and the effects of which were felt by him for many years after. It was whilst suffering with this disease, and nearly mad with fever and pain, that the young soldier, hearing that a battle was to be fought within view of the prison-windows, contrived, by the exertion of all his strength, to climb up the wall to a small port-hole, which commanded a view of the field of strife. It was thus the boy-warrior witnessed the first and only pitched battle that ever occurred under his observation previous to the events we are about to relate.

"This was the severely-contested battle of Camden, of which Jackson never failed to retain a clear, distinct, and vivid recollection.

"Such were the scenes and sufferings amid which the boyhood of Jackson was passed. It was a severe school, and its effects were quite perceptible in that staunch, unyielding spirit, heroic fortitude, and dauntless resolution, which distinguished him through life.

"At the close of the Revolution, Jackson found himself alone in the world, the solitary survivor of a family, which twenty years before had left Ireland, with bright hopes of finding in the forests of America, a peaceful, happy home. These circumstances were well calculated to impart to the character of Jackson, that tinge of melancholy which it wore through life. This feeling of loneliness and keen sense of wrong, in the high-day of youth, broke out into reckless dissipation, which, however, was always redeemed and qualified by a spirit of generosity and chivalry. Conquering this tendency, after expending his patrimony, Jackson, with dauntless heart and iron will, threw himself among the hardy and reckless frontiersmen of Tennessee, and engaged in the perilous practice of law, at a time, and in a country, when and where a good eye, steady nerve, and prowess and courage in personal combat, were more essential to the success of a lawyer, than a knowledge of Coke and Blackstone. Jackson possessed these qualifications of 'sharp practice' in an eminent degree. His professional career was a perilous and contentious one. It was better adapted to train and form the warrior than the jurisconsult. The courage, which had been so severely tested in the Revolution, was frequently required to repel the aggressions of those pestilent bullies, who always abound in frontier settlements. Through many dangerous conflicts, the impetuous young Carolinian had to fight his way to a position, which secured him the fear and awe of the disorderly, and the respect and confidence of the hardy settlers. Chivalrous and generous, as determined and ferocious, he was the leader in all enterprises to protect the weak and defenseless. Patriotic and high-toned, he was ever ready to risk

Digitized by Google

his life to maintain the laws of his country, and enforce justice and lawful authority. Thus the 'Sharp Knife' and 'Pointed Arrow' of the Indians, was not only a terror to the prowling aborigines, who hung around the settlements, but the even more ferocious frontiersmen, who straggled from more populous and better-organized districts, in the hope of getting beyond the reach of the law and justice, and finding larger and safer fields for their deeds of violence and crime.

"Called by the people successively to the civil offices of member of the State Convention, Representative and Senator in Congress, and lastly Supreme Judge of the State, Jackson displayed in these positions, the same firm spirit and fearless courage, united with great sagacity, and that remarkable courtesy and impressiveness of manner, which excited so much surprise in all persons, who never having before seen him, but familiar with his character and acts, were suddenly brought into his presence.

"The life and character, we have thus imperfectly described, clearly indicate the man who would be selected from a million for high military command."

His after-course, and how he grew to be the idol of the nation we all know. One thing connected with the defense of New-Orleans sustains the Democratic Party in its views and policy with regard to the adopted citizens of the Republic, and ought to bring the red blush of shame to the cheek of every man, whose cold heart and narrow judgment would lead him to support the designs of *Know-Nothingism*, and assist in the unholy effort to disfranchise them.

Speaking of the feeling in New-Orleans before the battle, Mr. Walker says:

"Besides, there was the prejudice and jealousy of races. The Americans distrusted the loyalty of the Creoles, and the Creoles could not believe that the new settlers would risk their lives for the defense of the soil whereon they had so recently 'pitched their tents.'

"Both distrusted the foreign population, though it contributed some of the boldest and most efficient of the city's defenders."

And what was the result, what the reality when the "blast of war blew in their ears," and the foot of the invader desecrated the soil of their *adopted country!* "It contributed some of the boldest and most efficient *American* soldiers!" Ay, "American to extremity!" as the bold Irish sentinel cried out when surrounded at midnight, and threatened with instant death if he did not declare to which party he belonged. "Which party ye thief of the world?—American to extremity, and be —— to yez!" And so rely upon it, good "dark lanterns," they will always be found "Americans to extremity," when the crisis demands their blood as the seal of their loyalty to Freedom.

In describing the circumstances attending the death of Gene-

Digitized by Google

ral Ross, the English Commander of the marauding force which "harried" the shores of the Potomac, and crowned the British name with undying infamy by the burning of Washington, Mr. Walker is led into a slight mistake. He says:

"The circumstances of Ross' death were very impressive, and to the British disheartening. He was advancing upon Baltimore, along the banks of the Petapsco, with the same army, somewhat augmented in strength and numbers, with which he had fought at Bladensburg and captured Washington, when his advance and flanking companies became engaged with some of the light infantry of the brigade of the American General Stryker. Capt. Aisquith, of the Baltimore Sharp-Shooters, a corps which still exists in that city, so famous for the efficiency and brilliancy of its volunteer military, had been thrown forward by Stryker to reconnoitre on the very road which he was pursuing. The Sharp-Shooters having scattered in small squads on either side of the road, became engaged with the British flank patrols, and quite a brisk firing ensued.

"Ross immediately rode to the front to observe the character of the attack, and had reached the most advanced party of his skirmishers, accompanied by his aid, Major McDougal, when suddenly, as they reached the top of a slight hill in the road, two of Aisquith's Sharp-Shooters, H. G. McComas and Daniel Wells, appeared before them, and coolly levelling their rifles, fired at the British. Ross was struck in the side and fell into the arms of his aid, who lifted the wounded General from his horse and laid him under a tree by the side of the road. The General's horse, released from restraint, galloped wildly to the rear, carrying in his terrified aspect and blood-stained saddle the sad tidings to the British troops, who pressed forward in quick time, full of apprehension and grief. As soon as they perceived their General fall, the British skirmishers rushed to the front and avenged his death by killing the two Sharp-Shooters—who met their fate like men, and were overwhelmed by superior numbers whilst gallantly fighting."

Captain Edward Aisquith was *not* in the battle of North Point; nor in any other. Captain Aisquith was on sick leave, and at the request of Major William Pinckney, *Spencer Houghton Cone*, then a 1st Lieutenant of Artillery, took command of Captain Aisquith's Company of Rifles, and fought it at North Point. He was ordered by the General to "advance and feel the pulse of the enemy." Whilst performing the duty indicated his Company made the dash during which General Ross was killed. A detailed account of the affair may be expected in Mr. Cone's Memoirs, which are now in the press of Edward Livermore of this city.

This, however, is an inaccuracy for which Mr. Walker is not accountable; as he could not become acquainted with the facts from the ordinary record. Any body belonging to the fighting 5th or 27th could have corrected him.

We will not mar the interest of the well-told story by making any further extracts. The name of Andrew Jackson is

Digitized by Google

dear to a whole people, a people increasing in happiness and greatness by fidelity to the principles he placed more broadly before them, and defended more heroically than any other American patriot or statesman. His name is revered. Enemies and opponents to the living have forgotten their animosity and unite to honor the dead. He is enshrined for ever in the heart of America, and men scarcely know which most to honor in him—the genius of the soldier, the wisdom of the politician, or the prophetic grasp of the sage. Mr. Walker offers a laurel at his tomb, and we thank him. Buy and read!

Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution. With Notes and Illustrations by FRANK MOORE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. MOORE has done a good work. The childhood of nations is their heroic age. The roar of the thunder is in the lullaby, with which the nurse, capable of handling him, stills the offspring of the Giants to his slumber. The verse of her ditty may be rough and irregular; it may want all the nicety and finish of a courtly and luxurious age; but it is ever a grand old song, and rises and falls upon the air with the fitful grandeur of a "Saga," sung by some wild old Norse "Rimekeller," singing to the storm a story of the battles of the gods. So the rough verses sung upon the march, and around the camp fire of the continental army, are the wild lullaby of the Giant child, nursed in storms, whose glorious purposes short-sighted tyranny so early endowed with words of wisdom and liberty.

Mr. Moore says in his preface:

"All that we can claim for the writers of these songs, is a manifest spirit of devotion to the cause, and defiance to its enemies. The poesy of their productions is meagre. They did not write for fame; but, in the language of one of the most honest and homely of them, 'from a great desire to state the truth, and their opinion of it, in a quiet way, just set their poetical lathes a-turning, and twisted out ballads and songs for the good of the common cause.'"

We differ with him in opinion. The poesy of their productions can not justly be called "meagre." Delicacy of touch, a

Digitized by Google

classical purity of diction, or high imaginative excellence may be perhaps looked for, in vain, in them. But the thoughts which a song suggests often give it a poetic power, which all these combined would fail to do;—and yet, the verse itself may be plain and rude. What, for instance, can be more careless than the opening of the old ballad of "Robin Hood and the Monk:"

> "In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
> And leves be large and longe,
> Hit is fulle mery in feyre forest
> To here the foulys song.
>
> "To see the dere draw to the dale,
> And leve the hilles hee,
> And shadow him in the leves grene
> Vndur the greene wode tree."

Or the "Lytell Geste of Robin Hode:"

> "Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
> That be of frebore blode;
> I shall you tell of a good yemàn,
> His name was Robyn Hode.
>
> "Robin was a proude outlawe,
> Whyles he walked on grounde,
> So courteyse an outlawe as he was one
> Was never none yfounde.
>
> "Robin stode in Bernysdale,
> And lened him to a tre,
> And by him stode Lytell John,
> A good yemàn was he."

What rougher?—What smelling less of the lamp, and yet how odorous of the summer under the greenwood tree! How the whole picture of the free forester's life, and the romantic age of merry England flashes out from them upon the sight. It is not so much the words of the ballads themselves, as the fresh vigor and heartiness of the time they present. They are as a door leading into scenes amongst which the fancy of the reader runs riot. They are not self-contained, nor do they confine you within themselves. Their very want of finish, and naïve prattle is their charm. We open the door, and step out of the *present*, clipped and hedged with conventionalities, into the painful order of a Dutch garden, back again, to a *past* picturesque—wild—disordered—poetic. They call it all up

Digitized by Google

for us; they are the magicians at whose beck the shadows of knight and ladye, outlawe and friar, swordsman, swashbuckler and lanzknecht, come trooping before the mind's eye.

So the rough song and ballad of revolutionary times summon before us the spirits of the noble army of martyrs in the cause of freedom. From Bunker Hill to Yorktown, the panorama of battle and retreat moves on before us. We see the brave fellows tracking with bleeding feet the cold snow of the hills, the sharp ice of the frozen rivers. We hear their glorious voices ringing out the refrain of the rough ditty—rough but inspiriting—around the camp-fire. That noble old face, which hangs upon the wall there opposite us, seems to look down upon us as we write, with a smile of pleasure, that these things are not forgotten by his children; that the songs which cheered many a weary march, and solaced him and his compatriots under trial and privation, are yet household words in the homes of America, and that his children thank God that his blood runs in their veins. These songs shall never be forgotten. Says Joel Barlow on entering the army:

"I do not know, whether I shall do more for the cause in the capacity of chaplain, than I could in that of poet; I have great faith in the influence of songs; and shall continue, while fulfilling the duties of my appointment, to write one now and then, and to encourage the taste for them which I find in the camp. One good song is worth a dozen addresses or proclamations."*

Joel was prophet as well as preacher.

Ladies, too, as well as preachers, owned the divinity of the cause of freedom, and offered their "muse," and pet "Bohea," on the same patriotic shrine, as appears by the following:

"Many urgent appeals to the people of the different colonies were made after the destruction of the tea at Boston, calling upon them to abstain from the use of all imported commodities, and to confine themselves to the fragrant herbs and other productions of their own fields and forests. The following poetical one was written by a young lady, of whom all that is known is, that she was 'a native of Virginia, endowed with all the graces of a cultivated mind, pleasant external qualities, and a model of patriotism worthy the emulation of many more conspicuous.'

"VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA.

"Begone, pernicious, baneful tea,
With all Pandora's ills possessed,
Hyson, no more beguiled by thee†
My noble sons shall be oppressed.

* Curiosities of American Literature, by Rufus W. Griswold.

"† *Hyson, no more beguiled by thee.* These appeals, very generally, had the desired effects. Some, however, of the 'more ancient and decaide females,' could not

Digitized by Google

"To Britain fly, where gold enslaves,
And venal men their birth-right sell;
Tell *North* and his bribed clan of knaves,
Their bloody acts were made in hell.

"In Henry's reign those acts began,
Which sacred rules of justice broke;
North now pursues the hellish plan,
To fix on us his slavish yoke.

"But we oppose, and will be free,
This great good cause we will defend;
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's decree,
Shall make us 'at his feet to bend.'

"From Anglia's ancient sons we came;
Those heroes who for freedom fought;
In freedom's cause we'll march; their fame,
By their example greatly taught.

"Our king we love, but North we hate,
Nor will to him submission own;
If death's our doom, we'll brave our fate,
But pay allegiance to the throne.

"Then rouse, my sons! from slavery free
Your suffering homes; from God's high wrath;
Gird on your steel; give *liberty*
To all who follow in our path."

Not so smooth, but full of the spirit of the time, and of sentiments worthy to be imitated and cherished through all time of the Republic is this: and

"The defiance and devotion expressed in these verses, are an excellent illustration of the spirit of the times, in which they were written. The author, Dr. Jonathan Mitchell Sewall,* of New-Hampshire, composed many poems and patriotic songs. His ode of War and Washington is familiar to every one.

---

deny themselves the pleasing stimulant, and it was their custom to take a 'wee drop' clandestinely. The following is one of many anecdotes concerning these quiet solacements. 'A lady of Virginia, being in opulent circumstances, invited a party of her female acquaintances to pass an evening with her in a private room up stairs, where they were to regale themselves with a dish of the forbidden tea. But the husband of the lady, inferring, from the appearance of affairs, what was going on, quietly stole up stairs and slipped a piece of tobacco into the tea-kettle. The consequence was, the ladies all went home most terribly disturbed and uncertain; while the old gentleman enjoyed himself, *patriotically*, at their expense.'"

"* *Jonathan M. Sewall* was born in 1749. Being adopted by his uncle, Chief-Justice Stephen Sewall of Massachusetts, he studied law, and in 1774 was Register of Probate for Grafton County, N. H. He afterwards removed to Portsmouth, where he died March 29, 1808.—*Allen's Biographical Dictionary.*"

Digitized by Google

"ON INDEPENDENCE.

"Come all you brave soldiers, both valiant and free,
It's for Independence we all now agree;
Let us gird on our swords and prepare to defend,
Our liberty, property, ourselves and our friends.

"In a cause that's so righteous, come let us agree,
And from hostile invaders set America free;
The cause is so glorious we need not to fear,
But from merciless tyrants we'll set ourselves clear.

"Heaven's blessing attending us no tyrant shall say,
That Americans e'er to such monsters gave way;
But fighting we'll die in America's cause,
Before we'll submit to tyrannical laws.

"George the Third of Great Britain, no more shall he reign,
With unlimited sway o'er these free States again;
Lord North, nor old Bute, nor none of their clan,
Shall ever be honored by an American.

"May Heaven's blessings descend upon our United States,
And grant that the Union may never abate;
May love, peace, and harmony, ever be found,
For to go hand in hand America round.

"Upon our grand Congress may Heaven bestow
Both wisdom and skill our good to pursue;
On Heaven alone dependent we'll be,
But from all earthly tyrants we mean to be free.

"Unto our brave Generals may Heaven give skill,
Our armies to guide, and the sword for to wield;
May their hands taught to war, and their fingers to fight,
Be able to put British armies to flight.

"And now, brave Americans, since it is so,
That we are independent, we'll have them to know
That united we are, and united we'll be,
And from all British tyrants we'll try to keep free.

"May Heaven smile on us in all our endeavors,
Safe guard our seaports, our towns, and our rivers,
Keep us from invaders by land and by sea,
And from all who'd deprive us of our liberty."

Our space warns us from the subject. It is one over which we love to linger, and the only thing we have to regret about Mr. Moore's collection is that it is not larger and more compre-

Digitized by Google

hensive. It is, however, a good beginning, and we hope will be the cause of a larger collection and a more thorough antiquarian research amongst the remains of the unnamed poets and heroes of that honored time.

THE LADY OF MONTCABEL.

HENRY III. was for a short time the idol of France. The first years of his reign promised a whole romance of chivalry. Many illusions were dispelled before Paris changed from praise to satire; before that insurrection of pasquinades, which transformed the walls of the city, where invisible hands wrote them by night and even by day, into a thousand echoes of public contempt.

These pasquinades seemed to seek him, by preference in his bigoted public religious ceremonies. What a spectacle was presented when the king, barefooted, a chaplet of death's-heads in his hands, and clothed in penitential garb, led long processions in person—religious masquerades, which succeeded beneath the eyes of the same people the scarcely-ended masquerade of a licentious carnival.

But let us leave to others a past, which, to the epoch about which I write, was yet a future. I treat of that young, valiant, graceful Henry, the idol of beauty; of that Henry wearing his lady's colors in the midst of chivalric jousts and tournaments, which he loved as well as the battle-field. There, at least, instead of caustic verses, the trophies of the tourney offered to his pleased sight escutcheons, where in the midst of flowers, his cipher shone between the two consecrated words, "love and honor."

It was the beginning of summer. Henry had just quitted the Louvre for the shady retreats of Fontainebleau, where Margaret had prepared for him knightly entertainment.

For some time the lines of deep care had marked his brow, but not that stern care, the bitter fruit of royalty. Its true cause was shrewdly guessed by the Court. Ambassadors had

Digitized by Google

even written about it to their cabinets, as an affair of state. It was one in truth. It concerned a quarrel between two high and mighty powers—the king and his mistress.

The day of the tourney arrived, dark and cloudy, a day of sadness rather than of joyous sports.

Soon the only light came from the flash of the lightning, so black was the sky, and all nature seemed mute with terror except when the thunder spoke. Margaret became as gloomy as the weather. The sports had to be adjourned. Ennuied to death, she wished to fly to her brother; but he had shut himself up in his cabinet. She inquired if he was with his ministers. She was told he had not required their attendance. She ventured another question, and was informed that no reconciliation had yet taken place. Her curiosity increased, and taking the surest way of satisfying it, she entered her brother's apartments. A sister may cross the sill which bars out princes and counts. She perceived her brother standing close to the window, against which the rain was beating. With one of the diamonds from his finger, he was writing on a pane of glass in the window. Two Italian greyhounds couched at his feet, they had taken the place of his court. At the sound of Margaret's footsteps, Henry, slightly confused, hastily dropped the silken curtain which he held raised in his hand.

"What treason is this, my lord and master?" said Margaret. "Why hide from me, what you were looking at; may I not look, too?"

"It is even as you say, Sister of Valois; I am hiding a treason from you as I would from all others."

She insisted upon seeing; the king persevered in his refusal to permit her. A spirited, playful, and amicable altercation ensued. Margaret, however, conquered. Henry, the squire of dames, his sister certainly not excepted, could not but yield, and that with a good grace. Retiring from the window, he seated himself on a large oaken settee, leaving Margaret, mistress of the conquered territory, to raise the curtain at her pleasure. A gay smile danced in the sister's eyes, whilst the brother wore a serious and sad look.

"What is this?" said Margaret, on seeing some verses traced by Henry's hand. "I never knew you for a poet, sire; but it seems a noble desire to imitate in all things, our royal ancestor Francis First, of great renown, burns in your bosom. As for him, so window-panes serve you instead of tablets. Let us see. Ah! But this is a crime of lese-majesty against woman."

Digitized by Google

And she read the following verses:

"'Gentle ladies you have charms,
Velvet brow and love-lit eye,
Fray or tourney calls to arms
Knights that for your glances die.
But one stain your beauties bear,
Able all your worth to spot,
Were you fairest of the fair
You swear oaths which you keep not.'

"Treasonous words, methinks—a distich which might be made more just, and not less piquant. A slight alteration would suffice. Listen, noble Sire de Valois," and she immediately wrote underneath:

"Gentle ladies, when your charms
Loud-voiced man, with flaming eye,
Vaunts amid the clang of arms,
Oh! distrust his flattering lies.
To amuse these heartless things
At the best is woman's lot,
And their falsehood pleasure brings,
Swearing oaths which they keep not."

"I regret that the window is not of large enough dimensions to contain at least a hundred stories of man's inconstancy, which would all confirm by incontestable facts, the truth of my rhyme."

"I can conceive, sister mine, that it needs a hundred at least to prove our inconstancy; for me, I shall be convinced of the constancy of woman, if you can furnish me with a single instance of a faithful woman. But I am in a gloomy mood, sister of Valois, let us quit this subject of constancy and infidelity, it is too tiresome a one."

"No, no; my sex shall not thus be accused of a fickle nature, without my defending them. I, too, am comprised in your distich, for it is general in its slander. So, seriously, and to lay aside our rhyming, can your Majesty cite the inconstancy of a single dame of high degree, one I mean truly noble and reported worthy of her name?"

"Not even Eleonore of Montcabel," said the king.

The words awakened a sorrowful recollection. Eleonore had been brought up in Marguerite's own household. She was the loveliest and most virtuous of her ladies of honor, and the one on whom she most relied. Before her marriage with the Lord of Montcabel, she had been long and tenderly loved by him.

Digitized by Google

Their nuptials were celebrated joyously; but fortune proved more cruel than love. A year afterwards, the young husband was accused of having traitorously surrendered to the rebels a fortress confided to his honor and his sword. A terrible sentence fell upon him. He was condemned to lose for ever that chief of blessings—liberty. Eleonore appeared inconsolable; she came often to the dungeon where lay her captive husband. Forced, sometimes, to appear at Court, her sufferings were enhanced by the scorn her husband's treason excited amongst the courtiers, and the anger of the king. This anger was not directed against herself — the innocent wife of a criminal spouse; no, truly, the king sought, on the contrary, to console her by marked attention.

All at once Eleonore disappeared. Report tarnished her chaste renown. It was said that she had secretly quitted France, carrying with her valuable jewels, and galloping away in amorous companionship with her young page Isoel of Rhaboul. Marguerite, deeply wounded by this adventure, commanded that her name should never again be mentioned before her.

Rallied by her brother, and piqued at his seeking amongst her own ladies his proof of infidelity, she felt obliged to espouse the cause of Eleonore. She declared, therefore, that she did not believe her criminal. In the warmth of her defense, she even went so far as to undertake to furnish, within a month, irrefragable proofs of her innocence.

"Take care, sister, Isoel the page is a gentle mignion. To a soldier's glance he joins fair lady's smile."

"A wager!" replied Marguerite. "If I lose, let your ungallant verses be inscribed on my tomb as my epitaph; if I win——"

"If you win," said Henry; "I will break that glass of my window, and grant you whatever boon you ask. We pledge our royal word for it."

This wager was an event. The minstrels sang it throughout "la belle France." Marguerite caused it to be proclaimed by the sound of the trumpet, in castle and town, rich recompense to him who could afford information which would throw any light upon the mysterious flight of Eleonore. Useless effort: the month drew near its close, and Marguerite had discovered nothing. Willingly, to take back her promise, or draw her wager, would she have given her royal brother ten of her bounding jennets, which beneath the skies of Bearn, loved to plunge in the foamy torrents.

Digitized by Google

On the evening of the last day, it was announced to Marguerite, that the jailer of the prison where the Lord of Montcabel was incarcerated, asked audience of her. She granted it. He came to announce to her, that the Lord of Montcabel offered to show her how to win her wager, if, to the number of conditions she would have the right to exact from her royal adversary, she would add his own liberty, and the favor of being allowed to throw himself at the feet of his irritated master. Marguerite was overjoyed; she promised every thing, for Henry had promised in advance to accord every thing. What happier *denouement* could she hope? In gaining her wager, she satisfied her self-love; and, besides, Marguerite was not of a character to regret that her victory should also be the occasion of a good action.

That evening Henry was in excellent humor. In the morning a cavalier, with battered armor, arrived crying: "Thanks be to God! Victory!"

Guise, the pillar of the Church, had, at cost of the scar which afterwards gave him the nick-name of "Le Balafre," overcome the forces gathered for the defense of heresy. Such were the news which caused the king's heart to beat. In the dispatches, full of the recital of gallant feats of arms, it was said that the messenger, who was described by no other name, had borne the most brilliant part. Henry, charmed with his bravery, loaded him with presents, caressed him, and called him the flower of chivalry,—regretting all the while, that a secret vow forbade the young victor to raise his vizor, and declare his name. This vow Henry respected. Whether made to God or the ladies, in the eyes of the monarch, a vow was equally sacred.

Towards evening, just as the sun, striking with its last rays the window-pane upon which the satiric quatrain was written, seemed to delight in gilding it with a thousand fires, Henry found himself seated in the same oaken chair he occupied at the moment of making the wager. Standing beside him, her eyes full of her approaching triumph, Marguerite seemed a sovereign about to dictate her conditions. Sure that they would be all fulfilled; that the king, a slave to his word, would refuse nothing—she had anticipated his orders, and had the prisoner in waiting. Henry informed by her what she had done, consented to see him, eager to learn by what proof the innocence of Eleonore could be established.

Guarded by men-at-arms the prisoner was led in. When he

Digitized by Google

came near the king he knelt, and uncovered his face which had been concealed.

Long and lovely hair fell upon the shoulders—large blue eyes were timidly raised to the monarch's, who cried out:

"Ha! There is treason here. Jailer, your head shall answer for it."

"Alas! sire, condemn him not!" said the sweet and trembling voice of Eleonore, for it was she; "more vigilant than he have been deceived by woman. Montcabel, my husband and my lord, was not guilty of the crime for which he has suffered so much. But you were angry, sire, and it was necessary to persuade you. In this hope, Montcabel resolved to go and, under Guise, combat your enemies—against them to pour forth his blood for the glory of your crown. Aided by Isoel, my page, whose address is equal to his courage, I favored the escape of my husband. The jailor, an old soldier, moved by pity, consented to keep me as a hostage for the return of his prisoner. Montcabel has kept his word; your enemies are defeated; your crown has acquired new glory. The gallant knight who this morning placed in your Majesty's hands the dispatches from the Duke de Guise — glittering leaves for your history — he whom you loaded with honors and with praise, is the Lord of Montcabel! I awaited till by his gallant deeds he proved his innocence, for traitors are never brave; then I confessed all to my noble mistress, your sister. Beau-Sire, has she not won her wager? And the boon she asks——"

"Is the pardon of the Lord of Montcabel," said Marguerite, with difficulty hiding her proud joy. "My noble brother, you should, to-day, pardon a loyal knight, and punish a discourteous poet."

Henry before replying rose, and bidding the Lady of Montcabel to leave her suppliant attitude, broke, with the pommel of his sword, the lying glass, and then, turning to Marguerite, said, with a smile which more than balanced the verses:

"Sister, you have a happy hand. Noble lady," he continued, addressing Eleonore, "you who are beautiful as the loveliest star of heaven, accept this enameled ring; it is of marvellous workmanship. Preserve it in memory of this adventure, and of your king. A Jew sold it me whilst I was in my kingdom of Poland. It belonged first to a young widow who died of grief upon the grave of her husband. The Jew bought it as a curiosity; it shall be for you the badge of virtue, as well as an ornament. Its dark blue will enhance the

Digitized by Google

whiteness of your hand. As to the jailer, I will pardon him, in order not to derogate from custom in such cases; but I will take care to choose no more old soldiers for such posts. We must have no turnkeys with tender hearts,—we might as well send our prisoners the keys of their cells at once."

A tournament celebrated the triumph of Marguerite. Henry desired it. Conquered, he was as generous as a conqueror, and was the hero of his own defeat. The flower of France's chivalry adorned the scene, and offered their knightly homage to woman's virtue and a wife's devotion in the person of the lovely Lady of Montcabel.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

THE PROEM.

I.

Up, like warrior blithe and ready,
Up! my soul! For battle gird thee—
Never greater field was set.
Gaze with honest eye and steady,
Never terror yet deterred thee,
Never hast thou trembled yet.

II.

Giant toil thy strength is asking,
Mighty enemies swarm round thee—
Selfishness and subtle wrong,
Human crime thy courage tasking,
Guilt which formerly has bound thee,
Brawny lie and falsehood strong.

Digitized by Google

III.

Up! the only weapon taking
From the armory within thee
With an edge no mail can turn—
Faith, thy sword and buckler making,
The only spoil worth having win thee,
Cleanliness of conscience earn.

TOIL.

(LABOR AND HARVEST.)

No. I.

SHORT the hour for tear or sleep,
Keep thine hand upon the plough;
Toil must neither dream nor weep,
Harvest comes by sweat of brow.

Ever look towards the light,
Tarry thou no friend to greet;
Willful sleep is wakeless night,
Earnest act has tireless feet.

Search for ever—searchers find;
Ask for ever—askers win:
Only lazy eye is blind,
Want of will alone is sin.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

BULL-BAITING IN THE JERSIES.

THE next morning Mr. Jones Cartwright returned to New-York with a severe headache, and a melancholy conviction that Rougemont was one of the "fastest" places of the age. The fine china was put carefully away; the chairs resumed their slip-covers; the parlor-hearth grew cold; the windows were shut up, and the whole place, recovered from its passing fit of social insanity, settled back into its accustomed air of gloomy desolation.

It was not long, however, before the genius of the place, whom I verily believe to have been the king of the Cobalds, from his delight in mischief, brought about a state of things which substituted the stirring events of a "battle-piece," for the disgusting sameness and platitude of our ordinary "still-life."

Every body knows that New-Jersey stands in the same relationship to the United States as Berwick-upon-Tweed to the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, and Scotland. It is *in* the United States, but not *of* them. It is a little principality of itself, and is generally known as the Kingdom of New-Jersey.

No statutes extend to it, unless it be expressly mentioned in them; and even when they do extend, they are stretched so very thin as to be almost impalpable, anywhere within its limits, and monstrous easily seen through. New-Jersey is "*sui generis*," the "*sui*" meaning, in connection, "sue you" for two-pence half-penny two minutes over due, and just two-pence over-charged—invariably. In proof of which interesting characteristic of the Jersey nation, I must one day tell the story

Digitized by Google

of Smithers' bill for blacksmithing, which I had the pleasure of paying twice over, with costs of court. Smithers was the defendant in the celebrated action of Bivins *vs.* Smithers, assault and battery, accompanied with killing—canine murder—in which I made my first legal appearance in the charming village of Persepolis. Smithers' bill, however, was no particular exception to the general rule. In fact, the Jersey rule of law, that a tradesman, having sworn to his book-account, offers indisputable evidence of his customer's indebtedness, to the amount upon his books, when he offers the said books in evidence in the "Court for the Trial of Small Causes," opens as delightful a highway, turnpike, macadamized road to top-swindling at a three-minute gait, as can well be imagined. For it is a fact, which seems to have escaped that dear Fourier, and his brother socialists, communists and human-perfection philosophers, that tradesmen, especially in the shady places of rural virtue, are apt to twist the good old proverb of "a penny saved," etc.—into the more convenient formula of "a penny swindled is a penny earned." A tendency which strikes us as decidedly hostile to the success of associated effort, unless the other questionable formula of "honor among thieves" be grafted into the constitution and organic structure of the phalanxes. In fact, I found the smug-faced community of Persepolis, in the matter of bills, a perfect flock of wood-cock, and never walked outside of my own fence without flushing a "village-bird," and having his premonitory elongation thrust into my face. But of that hereafter.

I am about to relate circumstances "*quorum magna pars fui*" —circumstances in which I found myself thrown, not only upon both horns of a dilemma, but came monstrous near going on to the horns of the worst bull in the county.

My farm, which consisted of about one hundred and twenty-five acres, abutted immediately upon the village of Persepolis. In fact, two small frame-houses which stood upon the north-east corner of it, facing the turnpike, were the last houses at that end of the village. I rented them, by the way, to two industrious and enterprising citizens of Persepolis, from whom I was supposed to receive a hundred dollars a year. Twelve dollars lawful currency of the State of New-Jersey, consisting of two Plainfield five-dollar notes, and one Delaware Bridge "two," were however the entire proceeds of three years from the said eligible two-story frame dwelling-houses, and the enterprising citizens who honored me by occupying them for that length of time.

Digitized by Google

Something may have grown upon the farm when it was new, that is, at a period anterior to the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but I never met any one who remembered seeing any thing there, except wild onions and mullen stalks. I could find my way home the darkest night that blew by merely following my nose. So could any body, indeed, for that matter, for your eyes began to water at the distance of a quarter of a mile. The only plant I found upon the place upon moving there to take possession, and turn myself into a "bold yoeman," was the house. I bought a farm, and it turned out nothing but a house after all. Like Slender, I cried "mum," however, and although the sweet Ann Page of rural availability had slipped through my fingers, and left nothing but a great lubberly bank of red-shale, I shrugged my shoulders and waited for the chance of encountering a greater fool than myself, and selling at an advance.

Luckily, after five years of patient suffering, I found him. The house, and that really was a great comfort after all, was a very fine one; an imposing Grecian edifice, slightly in the tea-box and awning-post style of architecture, but very imposing, and well off for pillars. One of the pillars, by the way, was never finished: but that gave an agreeable variety to the front view of the edifice—and I never altered it. The farm had been entirely mortgaged, up to the hub, to pay for the house, and the owner *sold me* to pay the mortgages. One part of the farm, however, was really beautiful, as well as valuable, and that was the wood-land. There were twenty-five acres of it lying in a rich bottom, through the middle of which ran one of the loveliest brooks in the world. Variable, however, in its temper and in its size, it was in the morning a peaceful, purling rill of water, thridding its way slowly among the great old trees, and at night, swollen by the storm, of which we could hear the footsteps on the mountains, and not unfrequently caught a good sound box-o'-the-ear from nearer by—it would spread out to fifty or a hundred feet in breadth, and go rushing to the river turbid and violent, sweeping every thing in the shape of rails or gates before it, and, considering its short life, kicking up a great bobbery, and making a great deal of noise in the world.

Adjoining my wood-land, and only separated from it by a parti-fence, which it was our duty mutually to keep in order, and which, of course, was never kept in order, but furnished as delightful a bone of contention as a country-gentleman ever picked—was another piece of wood-land, belonging to an anti-

Digitized by Google

quated comicality, named Richard Dyscamp—better known, however, in the neighborhood as Son-in-law Dicky. Poor old Dicky! his title was dearly earned. He had been a man of substance in his middle age, and had grown fat himself by melting fat for others. In short, he had been a soap-boiler. His kettle, however, ran over. Dyscamp failed. He returned to live with his mother-in-law, a terrible old shrew. His wife died, and, at an advanced age, penniless, except what little he derived from the old lady, he was cast upon her tender mercies, and became a kind of great watch-dog, prowling from sunrise until sunset from one end of her farm, which was a very fine one, to the other; and whenever beyond the fear of her small gray eye, and sharp nose, resuming a good deal of the importance once familiar to the gait and countenance of the thriving man of soap and candles, and setting up for a little while again for the best sperm, instead of a poor old dip which had half run away and flared fitfully and agueishly in its socket at her very breath. That same fickle brawling brook ran through Mother-in-law Dyscamp's wood-land as well as mine. At the place where it left the one to enter the other the ground presented very unfortunate obstacles to fencing. On one side, it rose up in a very high and steep bank, and on the other, it sunk away in an oozy flat, or piece of wood-meadow. The stream, too, was wider here, in its most placid moods, than at any other point; and here it was necessary there should be a gate. The bottom of the creek or brook was rocky. You could not sink a post-hole in it at all. You could not, therefore, make a fence across. On the bank side, however, there grew close down to the water a gigantic old shell-bark hickory. Into this hickory we drove enormous staples, and planting a post on the opposite side, in the ooze, where we bolstered it up with piles of stone, we swung between them a great gate, so constructed as to float on the surface of the water when it rose from a sudden storm. Unfortunately, alas! the storm, three times out of four, was stronger than the staples; and gate, chains, and, not seldom, post also, went sailing away, at the first dash, down with the angry stream. This was the more unfortunate, as that severe old mother-in-law kept always about fifty head of cattle in the woods-pasture there for at least six months in the year. The result, of course, was that every storm, when the gate went away, it not only poured metaphorical cats and dogs on the best fields of my farm, but it literally rained oxen, cows, and calves. I bore it meekly for some time, and might have gone on bearing and expostulating, mending

Digitized by Google

and gate-hanging for an indefinite length of time, but one unfortunate day Dyscamp went into a little speculation of his own in potential tallow. He bought a bull—the ugliest bull mortal eyes ever saw. A short, scrubby, thick-necked, long-tailed, duck-legged, twisted-horned little monster, with the strength of a whole herd, and the viciousness of Satan himself. That bull *chased me.* I was up to my knees in mud and water, and up to my throat with spleen, setting up that horrible post, when I heard something slush, slush, a little way from me. I looked around, and there he came, tail in air, and eyes on me, floundering through the water of the brook. To say I dropped that post, would give a very faint idea of the suddenness with which I abandoned my occupation. How I got there, I do not know to this day; but immediately, if not sooner, I found myself seated on a branch of the shell-bark hickory over the brook, with my friend, the bull, occupying the position of a sentry on guard, standing up to his belly in the brook below me, and jerking his head up at me with an insinuating twist in either horn, as much as to say, "whichever you please, my dear, drop on either." The appearance of some of the farm-hands relieved me shortly from my ridiculous position, but that bull and I were enemies for ever. My *amour propre* was exceedingly wounded, and I vowed his annihilation. An opportunity to wreak a full revenge was not long deferred. I awoke one morning, and looked abroad on my favorite corn-field. It was a desert. That bull had thrown down the fence, and led the whole herd to pasture for a night upon my best crop. The rest had strayed away; but he, gormandising beast that he was, had gorged himself to repletion, and, too lazy to follow them, stood flicking the flies from his haunches with that diabolical long tufted tail of his. My resolution was taken. I could bear no more. The crisis of that bull's fate, or mine, had arrived. One of us must be immolated. One of us must succumb. I called my brother-in-law; who, by the way, poor infatuated infidel, afterwards bought a farm of his own, about nine miles distant from mine;—but thereby hangs another tale, and it is that bull's tail with the tuft on the end, lazily swinging, which I am now doomed to follow to the last.

Hastily arming myself with a revolver, I clapped my spurs on, and rushing out to the barn, threw the saddle on a one-eyed mare I had, and galloped towards the foe. My brother-in-law, almost at the same moment, bestrode a four-year-old, and followed to the field.

Tom's "mount" was, if any thing, rather diminutive. She

Digitized by Google

was also of the feminine gender, and with the exception of a spavin in one hind leg, which gave it an unhappy crook, and caused her to use a gait compounded of a trot, a gallop, and a shuffle, was as valiant and vicious a piece of horse-flesh as you would find in a drove of sixty. Her unfortunate hoppity-hickity pace had fastened on her the name of the "Grass-hopper," although Tom preferred calling her "Cricket," as more elegant and euphonious.

Dashing the rowels in the flanks of our astonished steeds, we wheeled for the bull. We wheeled, however, much sooner when we reached him. Cricket made a side-bolt and landed Tom some six feet off—luckily—on his feet. That young gentleman was armed with a double-barreled gun. The gun, of course, went one way, and he the other. Happily for him it did not imitate his example and go off. I had taken the precaution to approach the monster on my horse's blind side, and got near enough to fire one of my charges fair into his rump. With a roar which shook the surrounding hills, and almost threw down the supporter which upheld one end of the piazza, where the pillar never was finished, the bull sprung to his feet and rushed at me. But my horse's good eye had come into play, and, not at all disposed to go more than one eye on the bull, away we went—head and tail up. Whose head and tail was highest, the horse's or the bull's, the most acute observer would have been puzzled to determine. The pace was a killing one. I am sure I never felt the force of the term more perfectly; but fear lent wings to the one-eyed, and we cleared a gap in the fence just as the bull grazed her tail with his horns as he went head over heels into the ditch. To wheel and give him the second barrel, was the work of a moment; and before he could recover and scramble out, bellowing all the while like a legion of devils, Tom came up at a hand-gallop. He had caught Cricket, recovered his gun, and, exasperated by his hoist, "horribly bepainted gules," with streaks of red mud, began to be mischievous. Before Cricket could cut a pigeon-wing, or turn a pirouette, he had given bull both barrels in the shoulder; and then away we went together. By this time, bull began to have it almost as much his own way as if he had been in a china shop, instead of a ten-acre lot. Neither horse could be brought to face the music of his roar a third time, and round and round the field we went, the pursued instead of the pursuers.

Already the windows of the house were filled with anxious faces, and fainter or louder, as the chase receded or approached,

Digitized by Google

the voices of women rose upon the frightened breeze of morn. Wanting the delightful heroism of Spanish women, who cheer the Toreador in the ring, and wave their scented kerchiefs and enjoy the sight, our wives might be seen clasping their hands in terror and amaze, and their voices came fitfully upon the summer air, laden with any thing but cheers or animating cries. In fact, they considered us already as good as devoted to the infernal gods, and by way of helping us shouted the assurance that we would certainly be killed, whenever we came near enough to hear them.

At this interesting juncture, too, a new feature was added to the scene, in the withered and angry person of old Dyscamp himself. Perched upon the fence, from which he did not dare to descend, he shook his fist, both his fists, at us, in impotent rage. He yelled, he swore—that venerable tallow-chandler, that ancient respectable soap-boiler—and would have torn his hoary hair, but that he wore a gray scratch.

I freely admit that I began to feel very uncomfortable. My horse began to blow. The ground was broken. There was a ditch and a two-rail fence on top of it at one side of the field, and dividing it from a piece of meadow. Three times we had taken the ditch and fence in the finest style, clearing it without starting a splinter; but the ground and the pace began to tell, and a few rounds more would make it a hand-to-hand fight. To the man who bucked the bull off the bridge, this would probably have added an additional zest to the amusement. To me, who had no particular confidence in the frontal bone of my head, it presented a questionable variety of the sport. In the most headlong and critical part of the course, however, I could not help, as we passed Dyscamp, leaning over nd shouting:

"Uncle Dicky, how's your mother-in-law?"

This was too much for the venerable ex-soap-boiler to bear; it was the last drop in the kettle of his wrath. The kettle boiled over. He could not restrain himself. Anger got the better of prudence. He leaned forward from his perch to grab me: missed me, lost his balance, and rolled head over heels into the field.

Uncle Dicky missed me; but the bull didn't miss Uncle Dicky. He was upon him in an instant; with a single bound and roar he drove his horns into him. I had turned upon my saddle to see. I begun to be really terrified for the unfortunate old fellow. I thought that he was about to bid farewell to his mother-in-law for ever. By a lucky chance, however,

Digitized by Google

the bull had merely entangled his horns in the tails of his coat, and the hinder parts of his nether-garments, which were of singularly ample dimensions, and Uncle Dicky Dyscamp went up into the air a whole man.

But this sort of thing could not be expected to happen twice, and we looked to see the unlucky Dicky descend upon the very points of the enraged beast's horns, and perish miserably. Actuated by I know not what feeling, but probably a compound of nervous horror, and unavailing desire to repair the mischief I had been the proximate cause of, I drove the spurs into my horse. He darted with a wild plunge towards the bull. The bull saw us, and, instead of waiting for Dicky to descend, and finishing him comfortably, he lowered his head and started for me. The movement was just sufficient to change his position so far, that instead of falling on his horns, Uncle Dicky fell astraddle on his back. With the intuitive energy of desperation, Dicky clung to him as he fell, and grasped—what, I don't know—but he stuck as close and suddenly to him as a set of false teeth put into a man's head by atmospheric pressure. This was adding insult to injury. To be hunted, was bad enough; but to be turned into an old gentleman's saddle-horse, exasperated the bull beyond the bounds of sanity. He went wild crazy at once, and dashed off in a series of the most comical as well as terrible turns, twists, and plunges.

Dicky held on still; but the old man was evidently growing faint.

By this time all the farm-hands, and many neighbors, were on the ground. They had some of them procured a cart-rope, and one, bolder than the rest, succeeded, as the unfortunate animal rushed towards him, in throwing a noose over his head. The noose caught. Twenty hands grasped the rope, and the bull rolled over and over on the ground.

Bruised, haggard, terrified, breathless and muddy—his gray scratch gone, and his exceedingly prominent nose guiltless of its natural covering of skin—Uncle Dicky was dragged from the dangerous vicinity of the floundering, and yet unconquered monster.

We tendered him our sincerest regrets, and endeavored to persuade him to accept of the hospitality of Rougemont. But the indignant sufferer violently refused our proffered kindness, and, resuming his wig, limped gloomily away.

Next day he *sued us.*

Digitized by Google

We knew he would. They never do any thing else in New-Jersey.

We immediately brought a cross-action for *trespass;* and after a protracted litigation, in the course of which we made several forensic efforts, as brilliant and successful as our first, in the case of Bivins *vs.* Smithers, we came to an amicable arrangement,—each party agreeing to pay his own costs, drop the suits, and say no more about the matter.

Mr. Richard Dyscamp visited a remote city for the benefit of his health. He was absent some time, and we are happy to state, that on his return our relationships assumed a much more amicable and neighborly character. From which we drew the moral, that "There is nothing like taking the bull by the horns."

PUBLIC OPINION.

THEORETICALLY and logically the inhabitants of this blessed country are the freest people on the face of the earth. Practically their freedom has its limits, and sometimes those limits are so strait as to narrow down the results of the theory closer than under worse governments. Government derives *all* its just powers from the consent of the governed. That is theory. All *our* government or governmental wire-pullers do is *just;* therefore, the consent of every citizen is implied, and he who dissents does so at his own proper peril. That is practice. We mean to talk plainly about this matter. It is time some one did so. There are a great many profounder thinkers and better writers than we in the country, and if there seemed any chance of their doing it, we would gladly leave it to them. But the men who would do it dispassionately, who would be guided in it by the spirit of a large philosophy, and not handle words deceitfully to bolster up an "ism" or an "ology" will not, it seems, so much as touch it with one of their fingers. It is a hard thing to say, but we verily believe a little cowardice ties their tongues, and plucks from their fingers the gray goose shaft they should let fly to the very heart of the error. You will ask, against what

Digitized by Google

would you have these great wits empty their quiver? Against the *Tyranny of Public Opinion.* Do you mean public opinion itself? No, the thing—the institution, if you please, is in itself admirable. It is also, in most cases, ultimately just in its decisions, and demonstrates the truth of the "vox populi—vox dei" principle. It is, moreover, the true conservative element of this government; in fact, it is the government itself. Your Federal and State governments are mere figments of the imagination. They are things which are and are not. They are not substantive existencies. They possess neither inherent force nor vitality. They live, move, and have their being in the atmosphere and through the medium of public opinion. It is the breath of their nostrils, the vital current, the informing soul—the will—whose impulses they obey. A well-educated and right-minded public opinion is therefore as necessary to the moral health of the Republic, as correct moral principles and just ideas are indispensable in the formation of the character of an individual member of the body politic. It is, indeed, to us a matter of supreme necessity. Other governments, based upon prescription, and holding power, commonly, by "adverse possession" to the will of the people, may, and often do, keep a rotten and unseaworthy bark afloat, for many years, by keeping a crew of hungry and desperate office-holders constantly at the pumps. Below them the mutinous waves may heave, or the "spirit of an equinoctial gale" whistle through the complicated cordage, and after all the old bark claw off from a lee shore, and sail away a century or so more upon her voyage. In such governments public opinion, inchoate, and wanting altogether an organized machinery of expression, or a "*point d'appui*," shipwrecks itself among the wild breakers of the mob, or lands high and dry to rot upon the hopeless shore of "privilege" and "prescription." In strictly constitutional governments it has other means, as well as other epochs of development. In *ours*, especially, it dominates every moment and faculty of the state's existence, and commands its action with a voice potential. Hence it results that the individual citizen has no "unhouseled—free condition," but exists in the "circumscription and confine" of a real or *simulated* "public opinion." To obey the former is a privilege; to show the falsehood of the latter, and "whip it naked through the world," a duty. It is this simulated "public opinion," which makes the citizen a slave, and constitutes every clique of rascally traders *in agitation* his jailors. He acts, scarcely ever, of his own mere motion. He is cribbed and

Digitized by Google

cabined down to the opinion of other men. His decisions come from a "ready-made clothing shop," for the mind. He has his "resolutions," like his washing, "done out." "Ward committees" command his conscience, and political "strikers" his purse. He is a free agent in just the same sense that the poor Poll Parrot was, who was perpetually screaming, "I'll fly—I'll fly—hang me if I don't fly!" after the bad boys had cut her wings off. The community "assesses" him morally, and his "party" politically. If he be seeking office he has to *come down* equally with his self-respect and his money. If he hold office, he pockets both daily, and sleeps the sleep of the just at night. Nothing ruffles the equanimity of his temper, or touches the delicate tenderness of his disinterested patriotism, but the monthly *request* of his superiors for a *voluntary contribution* to elect Mr. Squeers of "Do-the-boys hall," to the office of town constable, for the glorious purpose of putting an end to all faction, schism, treason, agitation, and peculation; and at once saving the Union, and carrying it up to an unexampled pitch of happiness and prosperity. Shall he refuse? Of course he may. Is he not a free agent? No body can put him in jail, or the pillory; or cut off his ears; or hang, draw, or quarter him, if he does. Has he any right to grumble?—Preposterous ass; inconceivable idiot. He is a citizen of the freest government under the canopy of heaven. Grumbling is high treason against the majesty of *public opinion.* Knock the absurd rascal down; pound him to a jelly; jump on him; smash him; gouge him. Hurrah for the freedom of—*private opinion?* Not a bit of it. Hurrah for the freedom of *public* opinion. Liberty for ever! It is true that mediately, if not immediately, all penalties, except capital punishment, and direct incarceration between four stone walls, attach to the person and fortunes of the contumacious rebel who revolts, even in the most quiet and inoffensive way, against—not the just conservatism — but the absolute and unchartered license of public opinion. It is true, if you or I, my dear boasting freeman, or any other deluded independent voter, makes the mistake of taking an appeal from its court to the court of conscience, and *scratches* John Nokes, or Richard Fen from the "regularly-nominated ticket" of his party, because the said John Nokes and Richard Fen happen to be unto him well-known to be engaged in "watch-stuffing," "pocket-book dropping," "lottery policies," or any other line of genteel swindling, which, heretofore, to wit, in the olden time of this Republic—was held to fit their practisers rather for the Peniten-

Digitized by Google

tiary than the ermine: should he, we say, being befuddled with virtuous indignation, and flattered with the idea that he is thrice armed in the justice of his quarrel—make a special zany of himself, and fly the beaten track—what does this pretended publi copinion with him?—Answer me that! You know, all of you. The first man who reads the question can answer, and answer truly, if his "coward conscience" does not set "such black and grained spots" into the very essence of his soul, as by no human washing can be brought "to leave their tinct." He can tell you, innocent questioner, what happens to the man we speak of.

If he be an office-holder, "off with his head," "white livered runagate," what right has he to a conscience? His masters are his conscience-keepers. If he aspire to serve his country, and his "perfections be infinite as man can undergo," close on him the doors of the temple of Janus. Henceforth no peace for him. Henceforth no pardon for the heretic who denies the infallibility of a county committee, or a party leader. Henceforth war—war to the knife—without stint and pitiless. Ha! my brave, frank-hearted, liberal freeman—isn't it the jolly old middle age spirit "redivivus." Did not that same gracious form and influence light the blessed fires of Smithfield, and stand, in all its angelic power and sweetness, beside that good man, and amiable, heavenly-minded Christian, Charles IX. of France, on the happy day of St. Bartholomew? Arn't you proud of the lineage and descent of your bosom's lord and mentor? You should be, for he had Satan to his father, and stood at the right hand of the paternal throne, when he who drew the third part of all heaven after him assumed the royalty of hell. You know this to be so, and if you dare not say it—we dare. In the school in which we were brought up the daily lesson was: "Do right and leave the consequences with God!" and in all humility we try to practise the lesson.

Some of our country cotemporaries are "puzzled," they say, and at great loss to know our drift. Read, mark, and inwardly digest, good gentlemen, and officers of the grand joint-stock company for the manufacture of *public opinion*, and if neither heart nor head be bettered by your devotion to the deed; if you grow neither more right-minded as men, nor liberal as politicians, we consent to underlie your censure, and admit we are what you have called us, "cynical and sneering."

And if we should be both cynical and sneering, in the name of truth and justice, do not you and such as you, push us upon it as our supreme remedy? Are you frank, are you loyal?

Digitized by Google

Do you nail the old Democratic banner to the mast, and swear to conquer or to die beneath it? Or hiding behind the stick of timber from which it droops lazily, with scarce breeze enough to show its motto, do you, squinting at it with one eye, and stammering out at the same time, like a frightened urchin caught stealing apples, the oath of allegiance you once took to it, leer affectionately with the other at Know-Nothingism, and lend a finger of either hand to "free-soilism, or "Black-Republicanism"? We think we have seen men do such things, and we *know* we have heard them howl, in an agony of rage, when afterward accused of them. Or if you be earnest, true, and loyal—which we are heartily willing to believe until your acts bely the assumption of those generous qualities in your favor —to what else but "cynicism and sneering," can you point as a remedy for the evils of the time? Are they such as argument will reach or generosity conquer? Have not we—and by *we*, we mean all that part of the Democratic party, both North and South, which stands fast by the Constitution of the United States, and the reserved rights of the States—have not we exhausted our case? Have we not sifted and examined every piece of special pleading from the opposition, and shown that its highest flight was to a "*petitio principii*"—its common gabble a beautiful conglomerate of falsehood and insanity? Has there ever been an allegation, or argument against us, which even a justice's court would not rule out, instanter, as manifestly impertinent, and wholly irrelevant to the issue? Come, gentlemen, you who are coqueting with the "Isms" of the hour;—who kiss your new mistress "Know-Nothingism" behind the door of the lodge-room, and are ashamed to offer her your arm in the public street; you who hug Black-Republicanism in congenial darkness, and feed it fat with your substance, but slink away from it with the daylight, and talk oilily of democracy—stand out for once, if only for a minute, like men, and let us know where to find you. You can not serve two masters. You must hate the one, and love the other. You can not serve the Democratic party, and cherish ideas or schemes hostile to the rights of any part of the Union, at the same time. It is not we who terrify you, as you allege. A coward conscience afflicts you. "Cleanse your bosoms of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." Stand square and honestly upon the platform of the Constitution. Read a chapter from it, every night and morning before you say your prayers. Ponder the question, whether a Southern white man may not be as much "*a man and a brother*" as the "like-

Digitized by Google

liest" nigger south of the Potomac, and, mayhap, *a little more so.* Discard rant and rubbish. Come down from the hyperborean latitudes of *highfalutin* to the region of common-sense and common honesty, and then be you as "credulous a creature" as ever swallowed Munchausen or Baron Trenck for gospel, you may "go to bed after reading" the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW without fear of "a prodigious nightmare." In fact, you may go to bed and sleep quite sweetly, and get up in the morning with a much greater taste and ability for doing to your neighbor as you would he should do unto you, than you have experienced for some time back.

We cry the reader mercy for this episode; but the makers of *public opinion* have said that we terrified them into visions of the nightmare, and we can not deny them a penny-worth of opium to still their too delicate nerves. But, at the risk of startling them yet again, we tell them, that we the people of America are slaves to a hoard of petty tyrants, and whilst we boast our freedom, and plume ourselves upon exceeding all other people in liberty, we are bound hand and foot, and carried away captive to a worse than Egyptian bondage. Live where we may, in town or country, we are covered with it as with a pall, and our life-blood chills beneath it. Our miserable two-penny tyrants have learned the word "Public Opinion," and, parrot-like, they reïterate it as their answer to every thing. They have taken it and cut it up into shreds and patches, and plastered here a bit, and there a bit, over their own little particular locality, as rogues sometimes clap a sticking-plaster over the mouth of their victims to prevent their cries.

Thus your ward or county great man has his patch of the article for the ward or county; your candidate for Congress one a little larger, for his congressional district; your aspirant for the Presidency a plaster large enough to cover the North, or South, the East or West. Mind you these are all different; and this fine subtle essence of public opinion is bottled and served out in doses, to suit the particular political epidemic which happens to be raging in the locality to which these political alexipharmics are to be administered. Also, it is pleasant to see that the medicine which effects miraculous cures on one side of an imaginary geographical line, goes nigh to be a deadly poison on the other. But only dare to turn up your nose, and make a wry face when the Alderman of *your* ward, the member of Assembly for *your* county, the Congressman for *your* district, the political Sangrado, duly commissioned by their High

Digitized by Google

Mightinesses the "Primaries," to kill or cure you, walks up with a bottle of *his* "Public Opinion" to dose you, or his subscription-book to *bleed* you, and—take your passage for Coventry at once. You're lost, ruined, undone. Your character as a party man is gone at a clap. You may have spent the best years of your life, the best part of your means; lavished the hopes of youth, the energy of manhood, the wisdom of age; offered at its shrine all the treasures of your intellect—puff! Away the memory of it all goes like a wreath of smoke. You stand no more chance against the *public opinion* of your locality as made to order by the wire-pullers, than a pinch of snuff on a rail-fence of a windy day. Your doom is sealed; you may either move into some body else's circle of public opinion, or retire to the shades of private life. And so we are *slaves*,

> "Not such,
> As swept along by the full tide of power,
> The conqueror leads to crimson glory, and undying fame;
> But base, ignoble slaves—"

slaves to things meaner even than ourselves.

What, do our friends whom we have gone near, before time, to terrify into a nightmare, stand aghast? Do they say that we are unsettling men's minds; that we are disorganizing; that we are destructives, who pull down a system, but offer nothing in its place. Gentlemen, what we aim to pull down is a lie, an acted, ugly, hideous fraud and falsehood—patent to all men's eyes. Nor do we need to offer you a substitute, since behind it, obscured indeed by the foul mist and miasmatic vapor of this parti-colored falsehood which common tricksters dignify with the borrowed epithet of public opinion, rises in simple majesty, the glorious form of truth. Behold! in the language of Milton, how her master has "brought together every joint and member, and moulded them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection!" Look up, and worship her. And worship in her also that true public opinion which is not limited by a County or a State, but "broad and general as the casing air," pervades the Union, and carries with it an irresistible power. Such a public opinion—the real and noble influence—the bond of our Union, the golden chain which links its many States in one, we have lately heard speaking with imperial voice in the halls of Federal legislation, and we thank God and take courage at the sound. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand shows itself upon our horizon. It is a cloud of war. England maddened by grasping avarice is false to her

Digitized by Google

own treaties. She would push us from Central America. She would fetter the step of freedom beneath the tropics. She would close upon us the royal road to India, and prop up her tottering commercial Empire. She, in her dotage, mates herself against the lusty youth of America. She points to our small navy with derision—to her own powerful one with exultant defiance. She casts her eye over the United States, and sees the North and South arraying themselves in sectional opposition to each other. Every steamer carries out to her watchful ministers the frothy declamation of men hoisted to high political position on the shoulders of an "Ism"—and she chuckles over the idea that intestine divisions, broils, and commotions would play the ally to her fleets and armies in a war with the United States. Vain expectation. With the first blast of the bugle the land is up and united as one man. The "Jerry-rescuer" and the Georgia planter shoulder the musket and march side by side. James Buchanan finds a champion in William H. Seward; and Lewis Cass would back even Martin Van Buren in such a quarrel; Foot will stand by Frank Pierce, and the Free-soilers of New-York strike hands with the Adamantines. "Our country always right!" rings out on every echo from Maine to San Francisco. A *real* public opinion compels the union of all—however widely separated. Your "great men" grow pigmies before it, and your "leaders" puff after it in haste. They dare not be *left behind.*

And what does that prove, dear friend of the delicate physical organization, whom our "cynicism" has made sleepless? This! It proves this—that your Ism-ites, your Free-soilers, your Arch-Agitators—your William H. Sewards, your blood-and-sulphur secessionists are after all trading without a capital. That they are pretending, in their ordinary public life to represent *public opinion*, when they are merely misrepresenting it, and acting a miserable farce and fraud, which is kept moving by a machinery of hired scribblers and *primary* ruffians. But the moment the real public opinion, which is the soul and principle of the confederacy, has reason to speak; when war begins to threaten, or circumstances great enough to call it out occur —your loudest ravers of disunion, and faction—grow tame as lap-dogs. Their hour is past. The dog has had his day, and slinks back to his kennel. The voice of the PEOPLE rises, with no discordant note to break the majesty of its orders, and commands faction to be still; placemen to mind their red tape; Presidents to remember who made and can unmake them; Senators to repeat its orders, and leave ambitious follies, and

Digitized by Google

theories concocted for nothing but their own aggrandizement till a proper time for fooling. And all obey! A real public opinion seizes the control of public affairs, and the thousand puny imitations which have been swelling and vaporing for years, shrink back to their natural silence and nothingness.

At such times, when the exigence of the time demands gravity or sternness, our friends will find in us not the gravity of your great man of Frog-Town, your Sir Oracle of Four-Corners, before the fire of whose eye the very furnace in the Blacksmith's shop shivers with cold; not the sternness of a village pedagogue whose wrath is terrible to little boys; but the sternness of the pilot whose hand never trembles on the wheel because the storm bursts around him, the quiet sternness of faith in the People and in Democracy; and the gravity of the physician who knows that however sharp the pain his patient may suffer for the moment, it is but a transitory evil, and whilst his face is marked with the lines of sympathetic grief, his heart beats happily at the assured conviction of a speedy recovery.

The "heavy editor" of a commercial Journal in New-York benevolently remarked to a friend of ours that we treated grave subjects too lightly, and turned every thing into ridicule. It pleases us that a "very heavy editor" should have "nous" enough to discover it. We are laboring to undo the work of "heavy editors;" they have put such a weight of lead into every thing that they have sunk them where nobody can find them. The public have got to saying: "Skip that—it is a *heavy* article on politics—we know it all by heart—long-tailed words and bad logic—better read the advertisements than that." Now we mean to be what our heavy editors are not—we mean to be *read*. And when we are read—particularly this article—it will incontinently appear whether they or we know most about PUBLIC OPINION.

Let us give our over-wise and over-heavy friends an illustration. We have treated with a scorn which they call lightness the efforts of all sorts of "Ism" makers. We have said that no such tempest in a tea-pot as they can raise can harm the Union. We have declared our conviction that the moment their efforts or coälitions assumed dangerous proportions the Democratic party not of a State or States, but of the whole Union, would be found rising like a wall of adamant between them and the Constitution. We have prophesied loudly that the true *public opinion*, which it always proclaims as the law of our national existence, in every national crisis, would utter its

Digitized by Google

voice and say to the frothy waves of factious turbulence and sectional division, "Thus far shall ye come, and no farther!" Look at the record, O ye timid and faint-hearted! and see if it be not so.

A Convention of Know-Nothings meet in Philadelphia. Enter the domicil of that "happy family"—the door of that cage of unclean birds. Distinguish if you can the meaning of their ominous chatter. What does it amount to? Disunion—treason: war upon the rights of their fellow-citizens in their own States; war upon the rights of the sovereign States: war upon every thing but their own selfish interests as aspirants for two-and-sixpenny offices. Every discarded and broken-down hack and tool of every party and section of a party is there. Every uncloaked and discovered knave whose game has been played out in every other organization, and who has been discarded and thrust out from among decent men—is there. To do what? To represent public opinion forsooth. To make a national party. To insist upon Americans ruling America—that is, upon *his* ruling his own precious little portion of it. *Above all, to defeat* the Democratic party.

A little way from them another Convention is met: a Nigger Worshipper's Convention; a Convention of African Republicans. Here you have—what? New men and new measures? Truly nothing of the sort. You have free-soil Whigs; discarded servants of the Democracy—turned off for attempting to betray their masters; rampant Abolitionists; lackeys of Exeter Hall, and cats'-paws of English cunning;—a veritable pandemonium of hopeless madmen, and avowed traitors—glorying in their shame. What do these aim at? At the Constitution; at the reserved rights of the States; at the existence of the Federal Union; at the Democratic party which guards and preserves all! They have seen the Democratic party, in many States, divided against itself. They have seen men of avowed free-soil principles persisting in sticking like unsightly burrs upon its garments. They have believed their opportunity to strike it down arrived! Foolish madmen! The Democratic party is never divided when the Union and Constitution; when the rights of the States; when the franchises of the citizen; when freedom to worship God is threatened. Go to Old Tammany, O ye motley crew of Know-Nothings, Free-soilers, Nigger Worshippers, and all the rest of you! Interrogate her walls. They are yet ringing with the exulting shouts from thousands of loyal Democratic throats, which uttered their oath of fidelity to *all the rights of all the States*, in

Digitized by Google

that honored place, on the evening of the 22d February, 1856. Busy tongues, and hearts anxious to believe their own falsehoods, had represented that the Democracy of New-York were divided in opinion; that they were divided from their Southern brethren, that their love for the old Jackson faith had waxed cold. But Mississippi uttered her voice from the platform, and the sympathizing shouts of the assembled multitude seemed almost to lift the roof from the old Hall. Louisiana spoke face to face; South-Carolina looked eye to eye with the Democracy of New-York, and communicated to each other a holy enthusiasm. With one spontaneous and unanimous burst, the voice of the Democracy of New-York, mingled with the manly and uncompromising tones in which Quitman, Orr, and Davidson proclaimed the old doctrines of State Rights—doctrines dear to every true Democratic heart from Maine to San Francisco.

There was no mistaking the meaning of that sound: it was a pledge of the unfaltering fidelity of New-York to the Constitution, and the rights of every member of that Union it cements. It was an audible, an unmistakable expression of *true public opinion.* It was the death-knell of Know-Nothingism, and African Republicanism.

Who shall be so blind or deaf as not to understand it?

Henceforth the line of demarcation is truly drawn. The Democratic party purges itself of every questionable element at the North as well as at the South. Whoever desires to trim, or compromise, or use a forked tongue, or talk of fidelity to the Constitution, with the jesuitical proviso of—"as we interpret it"—has no place in the party. There is not a crevice left in it for them to creep through. It is sound and whole. They must go away to their own place. The camp of African Republicanism is their refuge. It is a happy riddance. Dangerous as pretended friends, they are impotent as open enemies. Array New-York, Virginia, South-Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana in one unbroken phalanx under the Democratic flag and they will sweep the field so clear of all petty treasons, at a single charge, and with so little trouble—the victory will be scarce difficult enough of achievement to be worth crowing over. And if those States be united, what other honest Democratic State dare hesitate to fall into the column? Such, O vain and foolish Know-Nothings, and other wild fanatical plotters against the Union and the Constitution! will be the fact. The alliance—offensive and defensive—is concluded. The voice of the Democratic party of the Union; the voice of a *real public opinion*, demanding that the ratifications of the

Digitized by Google

treaty shall be exchanged at once, has made itself heard. Let the *Leaders*, as they please to call themselves, listen to and obey it. It will be their wisdom to do so. Whoever falters or hesitates will go overboard. The time for trimming; for compromise; for base calculations of sectional expediencies, is past. A great crisis in our national history is upon us. The wave upon which the ship of state rides is rough with storms. Traitors plot within; an ancient foe threatens from abroad. The Democratic party is the only conservative party of the country. It alone has the courage, the character, the power to look these things in the face: to say the Union *shall* be sacred; the South *shall* be protected; fanaticism and sectionalism *shall* be crushed. "To your tents, O Israel!" — S. W. C.

CIVILIZATION — BARBARISM.

"Trois causes concourent à donner à l'homme de la nature une bonne constitution physique et une grande force: l'abondance d'alimens, l'exercise continuel de ses membres, l'absence de toute passion violente et la tranquillité d'esprit."

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

If, to remove an error, it were alone necessary to clearly establish an opposite truth, the received opinions of many writers of reputation might without difficulty be refuted. There are, however, very many persons, who, in good faith, give assent to opposite propositions. The propensities of the mind are not more, and are perhaps even less, easily changed than those of the body. When the habit of forming certain opinions has been contracted, those opinions are frequently preserved, even when, at a later period, under different forms or other names, contrary sentiments have been adopted. Our early impressions are always the strongest, and the least likely to be effaced; those received after maturer years are seldom of a lasting nature. If, then, it occurs that any false ideas we may have received during youth have been corrected, the rectification is liable to be effaced, and our former errors too frequently resume their sway. From this cause we find that instruction is of comparatively little profit, except to minds that are not already impressed. It is, nevertheless, for those who have read the works of such authors as the one from which we have made a quotation at the head of this article, and

Digitized by Google

who are like to allow their opinions to be biased, that what follows has been written: others may perhaps find little else to reward their labor than what they already know.

Three causes, according to Rousseau, unite in giving to the man of nature (*l'homme de la nature*) a good physical constitution and great power: an abundance of food, constant exercise of his limbs, the absence of all violent passions, and tranquillity of mind. The author then proceeds to demonstrate that these causes exist in man's savage state.

Buffon has endeavored to show that the earth, left to itself and without man's aid, is more fertile than when cultivated; and Rousseau thence makes the deduction that the earth, when uncultivated, offers to *man* more food than when man himself directs its productions. "The earth covered with immense forests which have never been mutilated by the axe," says he, "offers to man storehouses at every step."*

The assertion of Buffon may, in some instances, be true; but in more cases it is not. There are many countries which would not be fertile, had not the hand of man rendered them so. Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and the Cape of Good Hope would produce but little, were their soils not watered by the hand of man. Holland and other countries would be equally unproductive, had not man taken the pains to dyke or drain the land.

But, in partially adopting the proposition of Buffon, we can not admit the deduction which Rousseau has drawn from it, without acknowledging in the first place, that human life may be sustained by every plant which the earth offers, or that, when uncultivated, she prefers to produce such substances as are more proper for man's nourishment; and, in the second place, that these substances are better, and for a longer time preserved, when left on the soil, than when locked up in store-houses. Among these propositions we find no one that is not evidently false. Not only is the assumed abundance of food, produced by the earth in an uncultivated state, not proved in a single instance, but it is contradicted by undeniable facts in every part of the world which has not been submitted to culture; in this respect we are at a loss to find an exception.

The first condition requisite for man's attaining a robust constitution, therefore, does not exist. The second, which consists in the regular, but moderate exercise of his muscles, is much better fulfilled in a state of civilization than in a state of barbarism. Man in his savage state, according to Rousseau, has more physical power than his civilized brother, for the reason, says he, that the one is obliged to execute every thing by the help of his hands alone, while the other accomplishes little but by the aid of machinery; in a word we scarce know how to run, for the reason that we have locomotives and steamboats to carry us; we are unable to climb trees, because we are possessed of ladders; and we are unable to tear off great branches, be-

* "La terre couverte de forêts immenses que la cognée ne mutila jamais, offre a l'homme des magazins a chaque pas.

Digitized by Google

cause we have axes and saws; and the savage performs all these operations without exertion, since he possesses none of those implements, or of that machinery, which has enervated us.

Rousseau, in this instance, mistakes the relations of cause and effect. We find amongst us very many who are by no means swift of foot, such as masons, carpenters, shoe-makers, tailors, and others; but if some of these have legs stiff or bandied, is it because they have been too long used to riding in cars or on horseback? We see also among us many persons who are unable to climb a tree: doctors, lawyers, professors of colleges are, we suspect, but indifferent climbers; but had they never seen a ladder, is it to be supposed that they would have been able to climb much better? In fine, we every day see men who have not much muscular power in their arms; painters, engravers, writers, and a multitude of others, have, in general, hands scarce suited to tear off great branches of trees; nevertheless, is it just, on that account, to reproach the inventors of the axe and of the saw?

Man, in a savage state, exercises himself in such a way and to such a degree as will best and most easily procure for him such food as uncultivated nature may afford: he becomes a runner, if it be necessary, to pursue game; a swimmer and diver, if obliged to pursue his prey in the water; but this exercise does not distribute an equal force to the different parts of the body. How can a savage acquire a habit of climbing trees, or of tearing off great branches, in a country like Central Africa, the deserts of Arabia, or the prairies of America, all which are destitute of trees? Why, in countries covered with forests, should the inhabitants indulge in such exercises, if the trees did not produce fruits? Again, Rousseau takes for granted that the savage develops his muscular power in struggling with the wild beasts; if this exercise be frequent, it becomes extremely dangerous; and if it be not frequent, very little benefit to his physical development may be expected. One or the other of these absurdities must be met; unless we suppose that some accommodating bears are to be found, disposed to give every morning to the wild man a gratuitous lesson in gymnastics.

If Rousseau had not seen the whole world in a small circle of artisans and among a few college professors, he might easily have perceived that there is, in a civilized community, a far greater distribution of muscular power than can be found among men in a savage state. The savage applies his hands directly to the branch which he wishes to break, and the effect which he seeks to produce can never, in consequence, be very considerable: the civilized man applies his hands to the handle of an axe, and in a few moments he fells an oak. The one applies his hands to the stone which he wishes to remove; the other applies his at the end of a lever, and produces a tenfold greater effect. There is on the part of each an exercise of the muscular powers; but the same force which, in the one instance, produces but a feeble effect, in the other accomplishes an immense result. There are very many mechanical arts which demand the constant use of a large share of physical

Digitized by Google

power: laborers, miners, carpenters, smiths, sailors, all use, to a great degree and laboriously, their limbs. In applying them to their instruments of trade or to machinery, they multiply the power of their limbs instead of enfeebling them. It is true that the civilized man gives more exercise to his arms than to the muscles of his legs, and that the contrary is the case among savage nations: but what reasoning is it, that teaches us to judge a force by the place in which it may be found, rather than by the results it may be capable of producing?

The security, the third condition on which Rousseau makes the well-being and the superior physical power of his man in a natural state to depend, does not exist according to his own statements, since he describes him always in danger, contending with wild beasts. Besides, among a people who are in a complete state of barbarism, we find no government giving to one man, or to those whom it employs as its agents, unlimited power over all the others; but this power, among barbarians, may be found in the hands of each one in regard to all others.

In a civilized nation, there are advantages and disadvantages peculiar to every station and position. In the savage condition every individual follows the same occupation; all are exposed to the same hardships, all may enjoy the same advantages. But, to prove the superiority of the savage over the civilized life, Rousseau gathers together all the calamities to which man, in every condition, is exposed, and presents them as the predestined lot of every individual man. To discover the sophistry of such a mode of reasoning, no extraordinary degree of sagacity is requisite; the soldier, who remains on *terra firma*, will never be exposed to shipwreck; the laborer does not incur the dangers of the sailor; nor does the sailor run the risks of the miner. The evils common to each profession and to each condition, should, for the justice of the comparison, exceed those which accompany a savage life.

We often meet in the writings of Rousseau, another kind of sophism. The point which he proposes to prove being that the evils which accompany the life of a savage, are inferior to those which are attached to a state of civilization, he offers no reply to the objections which he foresees should be met, except by an ingenious system of dodging the question. When, for example, it suggests itself that man in his natural state can not successfully oppose the strength of certain wild beasts, he makes the acknowledgment. "But," says he, "man stands in the same relations to these animals as do those of a weaker species." The human species under Commodus and under Nero continued to exist; but their existence does not prove their well-being. Besides, the question is not, Is the man of nature as happy as certain wild beasts; but, Is he as happy as the man in a state of civilization?

Rousseau endeavors to anticipate another objection: If a mother perish, the life of her young child is subjected to extraordinary and immediate danger. "No doubt," says he, "but this danger is common to a hundred other

Digitized by Google

species." But was that the question? Was it necessary to prove that there are a hundred other species of animals not more happy than the savage? Nevertheless, Rousseau's inevitable reply obtrudes: "*L'espece humaine n'est pas, en cet égard, de pire condition que toutes les autres.*" The human species, in that regard, is in no worse position than all other animals.

A more serious difficulty presents itself: What, in his oldage, becomes of the man of nature? Rousseau tells us that, among old men who work but little, and perspire scarcely at all, the necessity to use food diminishes with the power to procure it, and that life in such cases passes away almost imperceptibly. Old men, it is true, among civilized races, work but little, for the reason that their wants are generally provided for, and because they are no longer capable of labor; but in a state of nature are they, less than younger men, obliged to undergo fatigue to repulse danger, or to defend themselves, naked and without arms, against their enemies and the beasts of prey? Is it less necessary for them to jump, to run, to climb? Do they find the lions and the tigers less ferocious? If, instead of a haunch of venison, the old savage is able to content himself with a rabbit, should he therefore be less swift of foot?

One of the prominent characteristics which Rousseau recognizes among the savages, is improvidence—the facility with which they yield to first impressions; and at the same time he indicates the absence of vice as the principal cause of their happiness. This is a manifest contradiction; a vice is nothing but the giving one's self up to an act which affords immediate pleasure, the evil of which being, generally, more or less distant. Besides, is the absence of vice among savages less contradicted by facts than many other of the assertions we have occasion to examine?

The attachment which savages have shown to their mode of living, has been, by some, received as a proof of the superiority of a state of barbarism over that of civilization. By this mode of reasoning, there is no vicious habit of which we can not prove the excellence; for where is the man to be found who does not cling to the vices with which he is infected? Men have left civilized life to dwell among savages; and this fact has moreover served as an argument against civilization; but we have no certain means of ascertaining the causes which have determined the conduct of individuals in all such cases, and if we are to credit the testimony of many travellers, it will be found difficult to reconcile their statements to any proof of the advantages of a savage over a civilized life. According to many authorities,* such Europeans as have been found living among the savages, had been generally attracted by the lascivious habits which, in that state, could be, without restraint, indulged. We have accounts, also, of transported convicts, who, after having escaped, have returned to resume their labors and their chains,

* Charlevoix, Volney, De la Rochefoucauld, etc.

Digitized by Google

notwithstanding the severe punishment which is invariably the penalty of their running away. Their return under such circumstances, does not prove much in favor of barbarism.

For the present, we shall not continue the examination of this subject. If enough has not already been said to convince those who are the admirers of a savage life, we are confident that for those whose judgments are not influenced by the glitter of style or by the harmony of words, but rather by the truths conveyed, we have already said too much.

Atrocious Judges. Lives of Judges infamous as Tools of Tyrants and Instruments of Oppression. Compiled from the Judicial Biographies of Lord JOHN CAMPBELL. Edited by RICHARD HILDRETH. New-York and Auburn: MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN. 1856.

NOTHING can be more instructive than an examination of the working of England's system of judicature. So much of our own is drawn from it; we are so deeply indebted to the example of its errors, in teaching us to throw around our own new safeguards for the liberties of the people, that every exhibition of the sins of that system, is of immense value to us. True, we are in no danger of intimidation from frowning kings and tyrants; our judges may sit calmly on their benches, dispensing even-handed justice without the fear of a Plantagenet or Stuart. Knights of the bloody hand, or mercenary ruffians, at some king's command, may not now stalk into the audience-chamber and relieve the judge of all doubt on the subject of his decision, by informing him what the king his master wishes him to decide. The day of brute violence has passed away, but we have a more fearful, because a more insidious and more omnipresent tyranny, to dread at the present time — the tyranny of public opinion — public opinion manufactured by mad fanatics for a mad purpose, and threatening to overthrow all law, under the insidious disguise of love to man and his rights, and devotion to man's well-being in the care, by law, of his morality. In view of this danger, the more deadly because it insidiously puts on the disguise of

Digitized by Google

liberal principles, we recommend this partial reprint from Lord Campbell's Lives of Chancellors and Judges of England.

We may learn from it how fatal to the liberties of our country it will be, when our judges forget that they sit to administer the laws of the land, as they stand on the statute-book, unterrified by the bullying, and unseduced by the siren flatterers of manufactured public opinion. The extracts from Lord Campbell commence with a sketch of Brabacon, a Judge under Edward I., in the thirteenth century. The only remarkable feature in this judge's career seems to have been his employment by Edward to contrive some legal scheme for the assertion of that monarch's claim upon the neighboring kingdom of Scotland.

"Edward I., arbitrator by mutual consent between the aspirants to the crown of Scotland, resolved to set up a claim for himself as liege lord of that kingdom, and Brabacon was employed, by searching ancient records, to find out any plausible grounds on which the claim could be supported. He accordingly travelled diligently both through the Saxon and Norman period, and—by making the most of military advantages obtained by kings of England over kings of Scotland, by misrepresenting the nature of homage which the latter had paid to the former for possessions held by them in England, and by blazoning the acknowledgment of feudal subjection extorted by Henry II. from William the Lion when that prince was in captivity, without mentioning the express renunciation of it by Richard I.—he made out a case which gave high delight to the English court. Edward immediately summoned a Parliament to meet at Norham, on the south bank of the Tweed, marched thither at the head of a considerable military force, and carried Mr. Justice Brabacon along with him as the exponent and defender of his new *suzerainetè*.

"A public notary and witnesses were in attendance, and in their presence the assumed vassals were formally called upon to do homage to Edward as their *suzerain*, of which a record was to be made for a lasting memorial. The Scots saw too late the imprudence of which they had been guilty in choosing such a crafty and powerful arbitrator. For the present they refused the required recognition, saying that 'they must have time for a deliberation, and to consult the absent members of their different orders.' Brabacon, after advising with the king, consented that they should have time until the following day, and no longer. They insisted on further delay, and showed such a determined spirit of resistance, that their request was granted; and the first day of June following was fixed for the ceremony of the recognition. Brabacon allowed them to depart; and a copy of his paper, containing the proofs of the alleged *superiority* and *direct dominion* of the English kings over Scotland, was put into their hands. He then returned to the south, where his presence was required to assist in the administration of justice, leaving the Chancellor Burnel to complete the transaction. Although the body of the Scottish nobles, as well as the body of the Scottish people, would resolutely have withstood the demand, the competitors for the throne, in the hopes of gaining Edward's favor, successively acknowledged him as their liege lord, and their example was followed by almost the whole of those who then constituted the Scottish Parliament."

Digitized by Google

The text of this work, as might be expected from Lord Campbell's station and ability, contains much entertaining and instructive history. Mr. Hildreth, the editor, wishing to relieve the tedium of dry history, puts in, in the shape of footnotes to the page, the most delightful lot of comicalities we have seen since Hood's. Being intended as comicalities it is not to be expected that they should be either so elegant or dignified as history. For instance to the last sentence quoted above, he appends this funny note: "Just like our Northern candidates for the Presidency, and the *dough-face* (?) politicians who contrive to get chosen to Congress by Northern constituencies, whose rights they may barter away and betray." *Apropos* of the Bruce's splendid victory at Bannockburn mentioned in the text, Mr. Hildreth notes thus: "May the pending attempts of the Southern States, countenanced and supported by the Federal Judges, to establish a superiority and direct dominion over the North, be met and repelled with similar spirit and success!" Shade of Bruce; what bathos! Poor Lord Campbell little thought his "Lives" would ever furnish Yankee editors with matter for such stupendous jokes.

One of the biggest judicial rascals, undoubtedly, of whom Lord Campbell has given an account was William Scroggs. He was as remarkable for his ability as he was infamous for his venality and baseness. "With honorable principles and steady application he might have left an historical reputation. * * * He could both speak and write our language better than any lawyer of the seventeenth century, Francis Bacon alone excepted.

With the notorious Jeffreys our readers are probably very well acquainted. We shall, therefore, confine our extracts from this work to such as relate to Sroggs, of whom

"It was positively asserted in his lifetime, and it has been often repeated since, that Scroggs was the son of a butcher, and that he was so cruel as a judge because he had been himself accustomed to kill calves and lambs when he was a boy. Yet it is quite certain that this solution of Scroggs's taste for blood is a pure fiction, for he was born and bred a gentleman. His father was a squire, of respectable family and good estate, in Oxfordshire. Young Scroggs was several years at a grammar school, and he took a degree with some credit in the University of Oxford, having studied first at Oriel, and then at Pembroke College. He was intended for the Church, and, in quiet times, might have died respected as a painstaking curate, or as Archbishop of Canterbury. But, the civil war breaking out while he was still under age, he enlisted in the king's cause, and afterwards commanded a troop of horse, which did good service in several severe skirmishes. Unfortunately, his morals did not escape the taint which distinguished both men and officers on the Cavalier side. The dissolute habits he had contracted

Digitized by Google

unfitted him entirely for the eclesiastical profession, and he was advised to try his luck in the law. He had a quick conception, a bold manner, and an enterprising mind; and prophecies were uttered of his great success if he should exchange the cuirass for the long robe.

"He practised in the King's Bench, where, although he now and then made a splashy speech, his business by no means increased in the same ratio as his debts. 'He was,' says Roger North, 'a great voluptuary, his debaucheries egregious, and his life loose; which made the Lord Chief-Justice Hale detest him.' Thinking that he might have a better chance in the Court of Common Pleas, where the men in business were very old and dull, he took the degree of the coif, and he was soon after made a King's Sergeant.

"What was of more importance to his advancement, he was recommended to the Earl of Danby, the reigning prime minister, as a man that might be useful to the government if he were made a judge. In consequence, on the 23d of October, 1676, he was knighted, and sworn in a justice of the Court of Common Pleas."

To forward certain schemes of the Court party, Scroggs having been knighted, was sworn into the office of Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and soon earned his bloody fame.

"The first of the Popish plot judicial murders—which are more disgraceful to England than the massacre of St. Bartholomew's is to France—was that of Stayly, the Roman Catholic banker. Being tried at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, Scroggs according to the old fashion, which had gone out during the Commonwealth, repeatedly put questions to the prisoner, attempting to intimidate him, or to involve him in contradictions, or to elicit from him some indiscreet admission of facts. A witness having stated that 'he had often heard the prisoner say he would lose his blood for the king, and speak as loyally as man could speak,' Scroggs exclaimed, '*That is when he spoke to a Protestant!*' In summing up, having run himself out of breath by the violence with which he declaimed against the Pope and the Jesuits, he thus apologised to the jury:

"'Excuse me, gentlemen, if I am a little warm. When things are transacted so closely, and our king is in great danger, and religion is at stake, I may be excused for being a little warm. You may think it better, gentlemen, to be warm here than in Smithfield. Discharge your consciences as you ought to do. If guilty, let the prisoner take the reward of his crime, for perchance it may be a terror to the rest. I hope I shall never go to that heaven where men are made saints for killing kings.'

"I must not run the risk of disgusting my readers by a detailed account of Scroggs's enormities on the trials of Coleman, Ireland, Whitebeard, Langhord, and the other victims whom he sacrificed to the popular fury under pretense that they were implicated in the Popish plot. Whether sitting in his own court at Westminster, or at the Old Bailey in the city of London, as long as he believed that government favored the prosecutions, by a display of all the unworthy arts of cajoling and intimidation he secured convictions. A modern historian, himself a Roman Catholic priest, says, with temper and discrimination: 'The Chief-Justice Scroggs, a lawyer of profligate habits and inferior acquirements, acted the part of prosecutor rather than of judge. To the informers he behaved with kindness, even with deference, suggesting to them explanations excusing their contradictions, and repelling the impu-

Digitized by Google

ation on their characters; but the prisoners were repeatedly interrupted and insulted; their witnesses were browbeaten from the bench, and their condemnation was generally hailed with acclamations, which the court rather encouraged than repressed.'

"Meanwhile the Chief-Justice went the circuit; and although the Popish plot did not extend into the provinces, it may be curious to see how he demeaned himself there. Andrew Bromwich being tried before him capitally, for having administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Church of Rome, thus the dialogue between them proceeded:

"*Prisoner.*—'I desire your lordship will take notice of one thing, that I have taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and have not refused any thing which might testify my loyalty.' *Scroggs, C. J.*—'That will not serve your turn; you priests have many tricks. What is that to giving a woman the sacrament several times?' *Prisoner.*—'My lord, it was no sacrament unless I be a priest, of which there is no proof.' *Scroggs.*—'What! you expect we should prove you a priest by witnesses who saw you ordained? We know too much of your religion; no one gives the sacrament in a wafer, except he be a Popish priest: you gave that woman the sacrament in a wafer: *ergo*, you are a Popish priest.' Thus he summed up: 'Gentlemen of the jury, I leave it upon your consciences whether you will let priests escape, who are the very pests of church and state; you had better be rid of one priest than three felons; so, gentlemen, I leave it to you.'

"After a verdict of guilty, the Chief-Justice said, 'Gentlemen, you have found a good verdict, and if I had been one of you I should have found the same myself.' He then pronounced sentance of death, describing what seemed to be his own notion of the Divine Being, while he imputed this blasphemy to the prisoner: 'You act as if God Almighty were some omnipotent mischief, that delighted and would be served with the sacrifice of human blood.'"

Scroggs beginning to entertain a suspicion that the king was secretly opposed to these murders, and having ascertained the truth on this point, suddenly went over to the opposite faction.

"Roger North gives the following racy account of his conversion:

"'It fell out that when the Earl of Shaftesbury had sat some short time in the council, and seemed to rule the roast, yet Scroggs had some qualms in his political conscience; and coming from Windsor in the Lord Chief-Justice North's coach, he took the opportunity and desired his lordship to tell him seriously if my Lord Shaftesbury had really so great power with the king as he was thought to have. His lordship answered quick: 'No, my lord, no more than your footman had with you.' Upon that, the other hung his head, and, considering the matter, said nothing for a good while, and then passed to other discourse. After that time he turned as fierce against Oates and his plot as ever before he had ranted for it.'

"The first Popish plot case which came on after this conversion was the trial of Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, against whom Oates and Bedloe swore as stoutly as ever; making out a case which implicated, to a certain degree, the queen herself. But Chief-Justice Scroggs now sneered at the marvellous memory or imagination of Oates; and, taking very little notice, in his summing up, of the evidence of Bedloe, thus concluded

"'If you are unsatisfied upon these things put together, and, well weigh

Digitized by Google

ing, you think the witnesses have not said true, you will do well to acquit.' *Bedloe.*—'My lord, my evidence is not right summed up.' *Scroggs, C. J.*—'I know not by what authority this man speaks. Gentlemen, consider of your verdict.'

"An acquittal taking place, not only were Oates and Bedloe in a furious rage, but the mob were greatly disappointed, for their belief in the plot was still unshaken, and Scroggs, who had been their idol a few hours ago, was in danger of being torn in pieces by them. Although he contrived to escape in safety to his house, he was assailed next morning by broadsides, ballads sung in the streets, and libels in every imaginable shape.

"After the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament the court was completely triumphant, and, being possessed for a time of absolute power, had only to consider the most expedient means of perpetuating despotism, and wreaking vengeance on the friends of freedom. Before long, Russell, Sydney, and Shaftesbury were to be brought to trial, that their heads might pay the penalty of the Exclusion Bill; but if Scroggs should be their judge, any jury, whether inclined to Protestantism or to Popery, would probably acquit them.

"Accordingly, in the beginning of April, to make room for one who, it was hoped, would have more influence with juries, and make the proceedings meditated against the city of London and other corporations pass off with less discredit, while he might be equally subservient, Sir William Scroggs was removed from his office of chief-justice of the King's Bench. So low had he fallen, that little regard was paid to his feelings, even by those for whom he had sacrificed his character and his peace of mind; and, instead of a 'resignation on account of declining health,' it was abruptly announced to him that a *supersedeas* had issued, and that Sir Francis Pemberton, who had been a puisne judge under him, was to succeed him as chief-justice.

"His disgrace caused general joy in Westminster Hall, and over all England; for, as Jeffreys had not yet been clothed in ermine, the name of Scroggs was the by-word to express all that could be considered loathsome and odious in a judge.

"He was allowed a small pension, or retired allowance, which he did not long enjoy. When cashiered, finding no sympathy from his own profession, or from any class of the community, he retired to a country house which he had purchased, called Wealde Hall, near Brentwood, in Essex. Even here, his evil fame caused him to be shunned. He was considered by the gentry to be without religion and without honor; while the peasantry, who had heard some vague rumors of his having put people to death, believed that he was a murderer, whispered stories of his having dealings with evil spirits, and took special care never to run the risk of meeting him after dark. His constitution was undermined by his dissolute habits; and, in old age, he was still a solitary, selfish bachelor. After languishing, in great misery, till the 25th day of October, 1683, he then expired, without a relation or friend to close his eyes. He was buried in the parish church of South Wealde; the undertaker, the sexton, and the parson of the parish, alone attending the funeral. He left no descendants; and he must either have been the last of his race, or his collateral relations, ashamed of their connection with him, had changed their name; for, since his death, there has been no Scroggs in Great Britain or Ireland. The word was long used by nurses to frighten children; and as long as our history is studied, or our language is spoken or read, it will call up the image of a base and bloody-minded villain."

Digitized by Google

Query?—Did Know-Nothingism revive the name for some occult purpose;—and how long before Uncle Sam will be as ashamed of it as John Bull?

As was natural the sketch of Scroggs suggested to our Editor Hildreth several appropriate notes. In one, for instance, we are requested to note that recent American history presents a curious parallel to the English Popish plot delusion, in attempts by so-called Democrats and Whigs (but in reality Slavery-extenders) taking advantage of popular sentiment in favor of the Union, to hoist themselves into power by abuse of those immaculate saints the Abolitionists. Daniel Webster is dabbed of course in the same note with a little of Mr. Hildreth's slime.

The book closes with an appendix containing the case of Passmore Williamson, as stated by himself in his petition, with the various judicial opinions delivered in the matter. From all which we learn that Passmore Williamson having urged and led on a mob of Philadelphia dock-negroes to attack a United States ambassador, and with the aid and assistance of such a mob having assaulted the ambassador and stolen his property, escaped after all with only a few days' imprisonment in Moyamensing jail, while all the time he richly deserved hanging.

In one point of view we regard this appendix as a valuable addition to the work. Mr. Hildreth claims that the Abolitionists have produced the same state of dangerous public excitement in America, that the Popish plot agitators brought about in England, in the time of Scroggs, Chief-Justice. We coïncide with him in his opinion. But what a glorious point of departure from English precedent, when we come to look at our American judges, does this case of Williamson present. In a city where Abolitionism is rampant, and on a question, where, according to our Annotator Hildreth, public opinion is as mad as when it murdered Stayly, the Roman Catholic banker, a Judge of the United States Court coolly and impartially administers the laws of the Republic, "calm as a summer's day," (we believe it was in July,) his judgment as unbiased by fear of the howl as it was unseduced by the fawning of that big dog Abolitionism. And the comfort is, that not a United States Judge from Maine to California, could have been found who would not have decided exactly as Judge Kane did. We were at first disposed to regret, that the valuable text of Lord Campbell should be marred by this attempt of Mr. Hildreth to turn it into a catch-penny pam-

Digitized by Google

phlet of Abolition incendiarism; but, on second thoughts, we are content to put up with the smaller evil, for the sake of the greter good. We are willing that the work of the great English lawyer should receive some harm by this American rehash, if thereby the great cause of the Union may in some good degree be benefited. And that these silly notes of R. Hildreth, will have this effect we can not for a moment doubt.

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Russia and the Allies.—The question of peace or war between the great belligerents continues to absorb public attention with regard to foreign affairs. We shall devote a few minutes to it. Many of our cotemporaries find fault with us for treating great affairs lightly and sneeringly. Our wise brother of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, who, we understand, has lately graduated with distinguished honor as a general scholar, at the "night school" in that city, pays us marked honors. He pleasantly remarks, "*en passant*," that our efforts are beneath criticism—ergo, he criticiseth. What is the matter now? Will any body tell us how to please every body? Our nature is mild, placable, conciliatory. We are not quarrelsome. We abhor great swelling words; and your *Sir Oracles*,

> "Whose visages
> Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
> With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
> Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;"

and who go perpetually strutting up and down the world, so puffed up with self-importance, they seem to be saying all the while, "When I do ope my mouth let no dog bark!"—these vapid fellows are exceedingly nauseous to us, a sort of human ipecac and tartar emetic to our moral stomach. They make us sick. Pray, some good gentleman, tell us what to do to rid us of these imposthumes. They are festering all over; they cover the body politic, till "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot is naught but putrifying sores." Shall we not even have a potsherd to scrape them off with? The worst of it is, this class rush, in this age, naturally into newspaper work, and innoculate the whole nation with their miserable mediocrity. Therefore, when one dares puncture their swollen

Digitized by Google

bladder of blown phrases, with the pin-point of satire, or cut off the caudal appendage of their long-tailed words, they all howl at once; and rightly enough, for them; for "the craft by which they get great gain is in danger;" and the makers of brazen images of Diana of Bombast, and bathos, are after us with "sharp sticks," because we treat their "heaviness" lightly. "Let slip the dogs of war," and all your "Atés prowl for your revenges." We can not help it. We are bound to truth and plainness. When we have, by good fortune, something to enlighten the word with, and the felicity of a new idea inspires, we give it with unpretending simplicity. When the character of the month's events admits of no such thing, we do not pretend to it: we make no spasmodic effort to get sunbeams from cucumbers, or blood from beets. Happily, a very great majority of the Press in the United States are men of large and generous minds, and scorn, as we do, this eternal reaching after fineness—this Bobadil grandiloquence. So it happens that we are snubbed to-day, and petted to-morrow; called hard names by one side, and patted nicely on the back by the other. So be it. However, by way of variety, we undertake this month to be as grave and learned as the biggest owl in the profession. We shall therefore commence incontinently, blinking at the daylight, and to "return to our sheep," abandon this highly necessary digression and episode, after the manner of Homer, for the great question of Peace or War in Europe.

Peace Congresses are then on the carpet, and "each hour brings a varying tale" with regard to them, It is, however, established that the Emperor Alexander II. consents to treat, on a certain basis, no matter what; that Austria and Prussia are anxious for it; that England has more than half a mind to it; and that France really desires it. Suppose, therefore, as the signs seem to indicate, that negotiations are definitely reöpened; the diplomatic corps assembled, and the Congress under way. *Cui bono?* Will it lead to a speedy termination of the war? will it reconcile the jarring interests of European States? will it solve the riddle of the balance of power? will it really decide any thing?

We can argue only inductively, and look to the Past for a solution of the difficulties of the Present. The course of, character, and effect of former European Congresses will perhaps indicate those of the one now proposed.

In 1618 the celebrated "Thirty Years' War" commenced in Germany. Schiller has made every body familiar with its history. The fanatical hatred of Ferdinand II. to Protestantism, not badly copied by his son Ferdinand III., invested that war of opinion with its chief horrors. The war was finally put an end to in 1648 by the treaty of Westphalia. On the basis of this treaty Germany was reconstructed in the form preserved by her till the formation of the confederation of the Rhine in 1806. The Congress which finally concluded this peace assembled in 1651; and, it will be seen, was occupied in its discussion for rather more than *seven years;* during all which time Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, and Tilly ravaged Germany

Digitized by Google

with fire and sword. Such was the *seven years' session* of the *peace Congress of Westphalia!* Not much comfort, or very large hopes of a speedy adjustment of the difficulties between Russia and the Western Powers to be drawn from that. The treaties of Münster and Osnabruck, concurrent with the peace of Westphalia, having relieved France on the side of Germany, and the Fronde, which broke out in 1650, having terminated in 1653; the year 1654 saw the opening of a French and Spanish war, and the first campaign of Louis XIV. in Flanders. Mazarin finally concluded this war in 1659, by the treaty of the Bidasoa, and the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, and Louis XIV. Here would seem to have been a conclusive triumph of a "peace Congress," fortified not only by public but private barriers against renewed agitation or aggression. Yet it concluded nothing. A hollow diplomatic arrangement, instead of peace, it resulted in the war of the "Spanish succession." Between them came, however, the war against the Emperor Leopold, Holland and Spain on the one side, and France on the other. In 1678 this war was claimed to be ended by the treaty of Nymegen. It was, however, simply a new shuffle of the pack in which all the cards were kings and knaves, monarchs and diplomats. They took a long breath and were at it again, hammer and tongs. The empire united with Holland and England against Louis, and in 1689 the world was in a new blaze of war. In 1697 the treaty of Ryswick gave the world another glimpse of peace, and quidnuncs prophesied a millennium of brotherly love in Europe. 1701, however, gave a beautiful definition of the word "stability" in European affairs. In that year the war of the Spanish succession broke out afresh. It lasted for *thirteen years.* All Europe was convulsed, and every interest well nigh ruined by it. Eugene and Marlborough played magnificent games of chess with human pieces: millions watered the devastated fields of Europe with their blood, and nothing was gained—nothing ended. In 1713 the peace of Utrecht finished the war, and left the quarrel to rankle in all breasts. What need to follow this farce of Peace Congresses farther? From Campo Formio to the Congress of Vienna, we all know the steps. Every American schoolboy has a clear idea of the pompous folly and inconclusive parade of diplomatic sagacity and royal cunning. They see England madly loading her people with a debt she can never pay, except, as sailors say, "with the foretopsail"—in order to crush Napoleon, the representative of democratic ideas—the emperor of the people. They see the farce of Charles X.; the more successful interlude of Louis Philippe, all ending in an emperor of the people again—a Bonaparte;—they see Europe again convulsed, and again talking of Peace Congresses, and they smile in pity over the sad spectacle of human folly, untaught by experiences so manifold, continued, and bitter. Is there much to be hoped from a new peace congress? Is there much to be feared from European interference on this continent? Scarcely. It is perhaps wise for us to walk cautiously—to do nothing in a hurry; but this

Digitized by Google

continent is *ours*. God's providence has given it to us. The law of national progress is absolute; it marches with the steps of Fate. What part we need, that part we will take and keep. It is written in the book of fate.

The correspondence between Mr. Marcy and Mr. Buchanan; the pitiful shuffling of the English Cabinet and their minister, Crampton, leaves us but one alternative. A bold and unwavering front must be presented to English aggression and English falsehood. If, carried away by the anticipation of peace with Russia, she attempt to cover her acts by bluster, the common subterfuge of the bully, we must teach her a lesson of war which will not be forgotten by her statesmen during the present generation at least. The country demands it, and will sustain any administration in the boldest measures.

DOMESTIC.

The Kansas "imbroglio" is the chief subject of interest and discussion. We have already very plainly stated our opinions. Those opinions appear to be shared by the national Executive. In his proclamation, dated Feb. 11, he recites the facts and his determination in the following language:

"Whereas, indications exist that public tranquillity and the supremacy of law in the Territory of Kansas are endangered by the reprehensible acts or purposes of persons, both within and without the same, who propose to direct and control its political organization by force: it appearing that combinations have been formed therein to resist the execution of the Territorial laws, and thus, in effect, subvert by violence all present constitutional and legal authority: it also appearing that persons residing without the Territory, but near its borders, contemplate armed intervention in the affairs thereof: it also appearing that other persons, inhabitants of remote States, are collecting money, engaging men, and providing arms for the same purpose: and it further appearing that combinations within the Territory are endeavoring, by the agency of emissaries and otherwise, to induce individual States of the Union to intervene in the affairs thereof, in violation of the Constitution of the United States. And whereas, all such plans for the determination of the future institutions of the Territory, if carried into action from within the same, will constitute the fact of insurrection, and if from without that of invasive aggression, and will, in either case, justify and require the forcible interposition of the whole power of the general government, as well to maintain the laws of the Territory as those of the Union—

"Now, therefore, I, Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, do issue this my proclamation to command all persons engaged in unlawful combinations against the constituted authority of the Territory of Kansas or of the United States to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, and to warn all such persons that any attempted insurrection in said Territory, or aggressive intrusion into the same, will be resisted not only by the employment of the local militia, but also by that of any available forces of the United States; to the end of assuring immunity from violence, and full protection to the persons, property, and civil rights of all peaceful and law-abiding inhabitants of the Territory."

To which we say heartily, amen! Let all good men refrain from meddling. Let them leave the people of that territory to settle the matter themselves. Look at it in the most common and every-day point of view, if you please, and see the wicked folly of adding to this thing by injudicious sympathy for either side in the quarrel. Granted that the right be upon either side.

Digitized by Google

What then? Can you convince the other side? No! But what can you do, by adding word or deed to either? You can make the matter only worse for both. It can not be that any right-minded patriot, or God-fearing man, desires civil war. What curse compares with it? Alas! it carries all other curses in its bosom. And yet every grain you add to the weight of either side in this quarrel makes it imminent. In the name of all you love or cherish, in the name of your country and humanity, peril not *all interests* for the sake either of *slavery* or *anti-slavery* fanaticism! Let them alone, and like all other follies they will die out and shrivel up of themselves. Let the federal government do its duty, carry out the act for the constitution of the territory, and every good citizen hold his hands and his peace from every thing but the vindication of the supremacy of the law. We have faith enough in the good sense of the American people to believe they will.

Congress.—On Saturday, Feb. 2, the House of Representatives organized, by the election of Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., of Massachusetts, as Speaker. The balloting commenced Dec. 3, and *one hundred and thirty-three* ballotings were had before a choice was effected. *Sixty days* of a congressional session, and half a million of the people's money wasted to make Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., Speaker at last! Who shall say we do not get the worth of our money? Let us put the vote on record for future reference. Probably one of these days *some* of the gentlemen who, happier than Dogberry, have had their wish, and are "written down asses" to all time, will be glad to forget the act. We do not wish the people—the Democracy—to forget them:

THE VOTE FOR MR. BANKS.

Black Republican.

Albright, of Ohio.
Allison, of Pa.
Ball, of Ohio.
Barbour, of Ind.
Bennett, of N. Y.
Benson, of Me.
Billinghurst, of Wis.
Bingham, of Ohio.
Bishop, of N. J.
Blist, of Ohio.
Bradshaw, of Pa.
Brenton, of Ind.
Buffington, of Mass.
Burlingame, of Mass.
Campbell, of Pa.
Campbell, of Ohio.
Chaffee, of Mass.
Clark, of Conn.
Clawson, of N. J.
Colfax, of Ind.
Comins, of Mass.
Covede, of Pa.
Cragin, of N. H.
Cumback, of Ind.
Damrell, of Mass.
Davis, of Mass.
Day, of Ohio.
Dean, of Conn.
De Witt, of Mass.
Dick, of Pa.
Dickson, of N. Y.
Dodd, of N. Y.
Durfee, of R. I.
Flagler, of N. Y.
Galloway, of Ohio.
Giddings, of Ohio.
Gilbert, of Ohio.
Granger, of N. Y.
Grow, of Pa.
Hall, of Mass.
Harlan, of Ohio.
Halloway, of Ind.
Horton, of N. Y.
Howard, of Mich.
Kelsey, of N. Y.
King, of N. Y.
Knapp, of Mass.
Knight, of Pa.
Knowlton, of Me.
Knox, of Ill.
Kunkel, of Pa.
Leiter, of Pa.
Mace, of Ind.
Matteson, of N. Y.
McCarty, of N. Y.
Meacham, of Vt.
Miller, of N. Y.
Morgan, of N. Y.
Morrill, of Vt.
Mott, of Ohio.
Murray, of N. Y.
Nichols, of Ohio.
Norton, of Ill.

Digitized by Google

Oliver, of N. Y.
Parker, of N. Y.
Pearce, of Pa.
Pelton, of N. Y.
Pennington, of N. J.
Perry, of Me.
Pettit, of Ind.
Pike, of N. H.
Pringle, of N. Y.
Purviance, of Pa.
Ritchie, of Pa.
Robbins, of N. J.
Roberts, of Pa.
Robison, of Pa.
Sabin, of Vt.
Sage, of N. Y.
Sapp, of Ohio.
Sherman, of Ohio.
Simmons, of N. Y.
Spinner, of N. Y.
Stanton, of Ohio.
Stranahan, of N. Y.
Tappan, of N. H.
Thorington, of Iowa.
Thurston, of R. I.
Todd, of Pa.
Trapton, of Mass.
Tyson, of Pa.
Wade, of Ohio.
Walbridge, of Mich.
Waldron, of Mich.
Washburne, of Wis.
Washburne, of Ill.
Washburn, of Me.
Watson, of Ohio.
Welch, of Conn.
Wood, of Me.
Woodruff, of Conn.
Woodworth, of Ill.

Know-Nothing.

Edie, of Pennsylvania.

THE VOTE FOR MR. AIKEN.

Democrats.

Allen, of Ill.
Barksdale, of Miss.
Bell, of Texas.
Bennett, of Miss.
Bocock, of Va.
Bowie, of Md.
Boyce, of S. C.
Branch, of N. C.
Brooks, of S. C.
Burnett, of Ky.
Cadwallader, of Pa.
Caruthers, of Mo.
Caskie, of Va.
Clingman, of N. C.
Cobb, of Ga.
Cobb, of Ala.
Crawford, of Ga.
Davidson, of La.
Denver, of Cal.
Dowdell, of Ala.
Edmondson, of Va.
Elliott, of Ky.
English, of Ind.
Evans, of Texas.
Faulkner, of Va.
Florence, of Pa.
Fuller, of Me.
Goode, of Va.
Greenwood, of Ark.
Hall, of Iowa.
Harris, of Ala.
Harris, of Ill.
Herbert, of Cal.
Houston, of Ala.
Jewett, of Ky.
Jones, of Tenn.
Jones, of Pa.
Keitt, of S. C.
Kelly, of N. Y.
Kidwell, of Va.
Letcher, of Va.
Lumpkin, of Ga.
Marshall, of Ill.
Maxwell, of Fla.
McMullin, of Va.
McQueen, of S. C.
Miller, of Ind.
Millson, of Va.
Oliver, of Mo.
Orr, of S. C.
Peck, of Mich.
Phelps, of Mo.
Powell, of Mo.
Quitman, of Miss.
Ruffin, of N. C.
Rust, of Ark.
Sandidge, of La.
Savage, of Tenn.
Shorter, of Ala.
Smith, of Tenn.
Smith, of Va.
Stephens, of Ga.
Stewart, of Md.
Talbott, of Ky.
Vail, of N. J.
Warner, of Ga.
Watkins, of Tenn.
Wells, of Wis.
Wheeler, of N. Y.
Williams, of N. Y.
Winslow, of N. C.
Wright, of Miss.
Wright, of Tenn.

Know-Nothings.

Campbell, of Ky.
Carlisle, of Va.
Cox, of Ky.
Etheridge, of Tenn.
Eustis, of Ala.
Foster, of Ga.
Harris, of Md.
Hoffman, of Md.
Kennett, of Mo.
Lake, of Miss.
Lindley, of Mo.
Marshall, A. K., of Ky.
Marshall, H., of Ky.
Paine, of N. C.
Porter, of Mo.
Puryear, of N. C.
Reade, of N. C.
Ready, of Tenn.
Ricaud, of Md.
Rivers, of Tenn.
Smith, of Ala.
Sneed, of Tenn.
Swope, of Ky.
Trippe, of Ga.
Underwood, of Ky.
Walker, of Ala.
Zollicoffer, of Tenn.

Digitized by Google

THE VOTE FOR MR. FULLER.

Know-Nothings.

Brown, of Pa.	Cullen, of Del.	Millward, of Pa.
Clark, of N. Y.	Davis, of Md.	Whitney, of N. Y.

THE VOTE FOR MR. CAMPBELL.

Black Republicans.

Dunn, of Indiana.	Moore, of Ohio.

Know-Nothings.

Harrison, of Ohio.	Scott, of Indiana.

THE VOTE FOR MR. WELLS.

Democrat.

Hinckman, John, of Pa.

ABSENTEES.

Democrats.

Barclay, of Pa.	Miller, of Mo.	Seward, of Ga.
Bayly, of Va.	Richardson, of Ill.	Taylor, of La.
Craige, of N. C.		

Black Republicans.

Childs, of N. Y.	Horton, of Ohio.	Packer, of Pa.
Edwards, of N. Y.	Hughston, of N. Y.	Wakeman, of N. Y.
Emrie, of Ohio.	Haven, of N. Y.	

Know-Nothing.

Valk, of New-York.

NOT VOTING.

Aiken, of S. C. (Dem.)	Banks, of Mass. (B. Rep.)	Fuller, of Pa. (K. N.)

Not a single Northern Know-Nothing voted for Aiken! and the "Fuller" men sold the House to Giddings and Greeley. Let the Democracy, both North and South, stick a pin there till November, 1856.

PHILADELPHIA.—In the city of brotherly love, the brothers of the "dark lantern" have been busy in devising schemes of brotherly hatred to all mankind—except themselves. Excellent men; benevolent and pure-minded Christians—if they do not succeed in sinking themselves below the lowest deep of human infamy, providence will deal very hardly with them.

Let us give them a fair record—Let us hear them for their cause, and put it down after the manner of a true Chronicle:

So the KNOW-NOTHINGS came from the East and from the West; from the

Digitized by Google

North and from the South, and gathered themselves together in one place. And it was so, that when they were all assembled, the like of that company —for folly, rascality, and meanness—was never seen before. And when the Know-Nothings of the North had talked *treason* for many days, and the Know-Nothings of the South had listened, and licked their lips, and rolled it under their tongues like a sweet morsel, the whole band of foolish and addle-headed traitors set them to work to make a *platform* for the nation. But when they counted noses, it was seen that the KNOW-NOTHING assembly was an ABOLITION Convention, and as all the world knew their principles before, the wiser sort said unto the rest: "Let us have no platform at all; for you see brethren, we have but one plank to make it of, and the less we say about that the better." And all the company said, Amen. Whereupon it was unanimously agreed, that the Southern brethren should betray their several States, in a quiet and sneaking way, to *Abolitionism*, and that Abolitionism in return should mercifully grant them the privilege of licking the dirt at its feet as long as they liked. So the conclusion of the whole matter was a resolution, that the Order of Know-Nothings, together with all its affiliated orders, should be resolved into a grand NATIONAL ABOLITION COUNCIL for the speedy suppression of slaves, and slaveholders; the disfranchisement of all foreign-born citizens; the support of the PROTESTANT religion; the persecution of Catholics, even to fire and sword, if necessary, and the election of a President sworn NOT to support the Constitution of the United States! Fellow-citizens! honest men of the North; brave brothers of the South, Know-Nothingism is before you now, open, confessed—without disguise! If you have ceased to love one another; if you have ceased to love your country; if you no longer fear God, nor respect truth; if honor, virtue, manhood, bravery, no longer inhabit any corner of your hearts—support it! If you be yet MEN, fall into line with the Democratic party, and let the last entrenchment of the liberties of your country rather be filled with your honest dead, than that the black flag—the skull and cross-bones of Know-Nothingism or African Republicanism shall float over the dismantled citadel of the Constitution.

NEW-YORK—The YOUNG MEN'S DEMOCRATIC UNION CLUB, of which the Editor of this Review has the honor to be President, celebrated the birthday of Washington at Tammany Hall, February 22d. Gen. John A. Quitman of Mississippi, Col. James L. Orr of South-Carolina, and Hon. Thomas G. Davidson of Louisiana, accepted the invitation of the Association, and addressed it on that occasion. The reports of their speeches have already appeared in the papers of the day. For the service performed upon that platform, the Democratic party of the Union owe those gentlemen a debt of gratitude the extent of which it is difficult to estimate. Unconnected with faction, standing boldly and clearly on the Constitution and *all* the rights of *all* the States, pledged to the support of the nominee of the National Democratic Convention, the Young Men's De-

Digitized by Google

mocratic Union Club of New-York is the only political Association of the Northern States upon which the Democracy can fearlessly rely—which they can *use* as their rallying point in the Northern States, against every anti-National and anti-Democratic "*Ism.*" The knowledge of this fact brought those distinguished gentlemen upon its platform, on the 22d of February, and their appearance there marks a memorable epoch in the history of the Democratic party. By their hands the South grasps the hand of the conservative Democracy of the North, and they mutually pledge themselves to each other "till death do them part!" It is an alliance offensive and defensive against every form of treason to the articles or *any article* of our national compact and confederation. The *South shall* be protected in the enjoyment of her legal and constitutional rights; the principle of self-government in State or territory *shall* be maintained at all hazards, and against all assailants. To this we have sworn, and God defend the right. We, the Democratic party, know no North, no South, no East, no West. Our oath of allegiance is to God, and our whole country; and we are the *only* party which dares to take that oath, or, having taken, have power to keep it! Let there be no misunderstanding among us. The providence of God has put upon us the solemn duty of guarding the sacred ark of our national covenant. With his blessing, we are able to do it. No unhallowed hand must touch it. The rights of Mississippi and South-Carolina are as dear to the Democratic party of New-York as their own. We will fight for them as long as they will. NEW-YORK declared for STATE RIGHTS before any other State ever raised its voice in their defense; and she will abide by them to the last. *Misrepresented* in the national councils, she may be for a *single Congress*, but her *heart* never changes; and even in that Congress she can boast a JOHN KELLY—a man whose single character is able to rescue her fame from the imputation of disloyalty to the Union; or dereliction from her duty to the whole country. She stands immovably fixed upon the sure foundation of Democracy and State Rights. Rally upon her, Democrats of the *South* as well as the *North*, and you will find her like the *Old Guard* at Marengo. Speak cheeringly to her from every quarter of the Union. She knows her own honest purpose towards you, and she likes to hear that you know it. Imitate Quitman, Orr, and Davidson; and remember when New-York, South-Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana join hands, and swear to one compact; when the Democratic party stands shoulder to shoulder—North and South—no weapon forged against it can prosper; no temporary check can injure; no folly or treason of Know-Nothingism, or African Republicanism can harm either *it*, or the country of which it is the living bulwark!

Digitized by Google

LITERARY NOTICES.

Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada. By the Hon. Amelia Murray. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Miss Murray begins off the Banks of Newfoundland a series of pen-sketches without breadth or color, and devoid of the picturesque. She gives no right and left views, but pushes through America on one little path; that, however, she examines closely for botanical specimens to carry to England. Her eyes being cast down, she does not catch many glimpses of the heart of American life. At Trenton Falls, she discovers a fern about the size of an "Asplenium ruta muraria," not at all like the "Pteris crispa." In Cuba a "controversy waged in her mind," between the two palms common there She settled it finally by concluding that the "Areca oleacea is no cocoa." This would have been well enough if Miss Murray had entitled her book a Botanical Excursion; for Botany is an admirable accomplishment for a lady to possess; but it seems out of place in letters that purport to be a way-diary for friends at home. She does one benefit, however, to her friends at home by her frequent dissertations on Slavery. It is to be hoped that they will profit by them, and save us from the overflowings of Exeter Hall philanthropy. Her remarks differ entirely from those of Mrs. Stowe, for she regards our Southern brothers as philanthropists under the painful responsibility of slaveholding. Now and then she strikes out a social truth worthy of dissemination. She gives it as a fact that "American ladies bestow those hours of leisure, which English women of the same class give to drawing, to the study of nature and mental cultivation, almost wholly on personal adornment." She fears that the "national character of women in the United States, more resembles that of self-indulgent Asiatics than those of energetic Anglo-Saxons." Our dolls are devoted to the arts of the toilette, which are full of extravagance and artificiality. The magnificence of our hotels did not compensate her for paying board for herself and maid while absent, because her trunks were left at one of the princely mammoths. Travellers neither need nor desire gorgeous mirrors, silk curtains, and splendid carpets. But hotels are not furnished for travellers merely, but for fashionable "dolls," who prefer hotel-life in order to get rid of housekeeping, and to indulge themselves in constant society; and where can dress be more displayed than at the *table d'hote* of the St. Nicholas or the Astor? Miss Murray is right in saying she had rather abide in an English farm-house than be condemned to fritter away her life in a great American hotel. Notwithstanding her Gipsy Ex-

Digitized by Google

pedition, in the region of the lakes, which by the way, is the most agreeable portion of the book, Miss Murray made but a drawing-room tour through this country. A "Maid of Honor" could not land upon our shores without being seized by the first families throughout the land. As first families are not always the best society, the dullness of Miss Murray's letters may perhaps be accounted for. The reading of her book confirms one in the opinion, that writing is a gift, not an art or an accomplishment. She is undoubtedly cultivated and well read, and we have Putnam's announcement of her birth, yet her composition would disgrace a penny-a-liner.

The History of Religious Ideas. By L. Maria Child. New-York: Francis & Co.

If any thing pertaining to man, either in thoughts or deeds, be worthy of being handed down to remotest time, it is the history of his religious ideas. All other history deals with man in his relation to man, but this shows his relation to God: how near he comes to, or how far from, a just conception of his Maker, and how far his Maker has enlightened him in various ages and lands. His human history, so to speak, is colored by a thousand trivial circumstances, such as the customs of his ancestors, the whims of kings and queens, or perhaps the climate in which he lives; but his divine history, the chronicle of his religious ideas, presents a systematic and compact whole, consistent with itself, and gradually developing into nearer and more perfect forms. As the soul is nobler than the body, so the history of religion is nobler than the history of nature.

A work like this of Mrs. Child's has long been needed; not indeed by divines and scholars, with large libraries at their command, but by the mass of thoughtful readers, whose craving for knowledge exceeds their opportunities; to all such it will be a handbook of curious religious lore. She begins at the earliest-known fountains of theology among the Egyptians and Hindoos, and traces the broadening and deepening current of religious ideas through the fertile plains of Greece and Rome, across the sands of the desert, and around the hoary snowy hills of Scandanavia, till it finally pours into the great ocean of Christendom. We see the nations encamped along its banks like the phantoms of a dream. In Egypt they worship

"Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,"

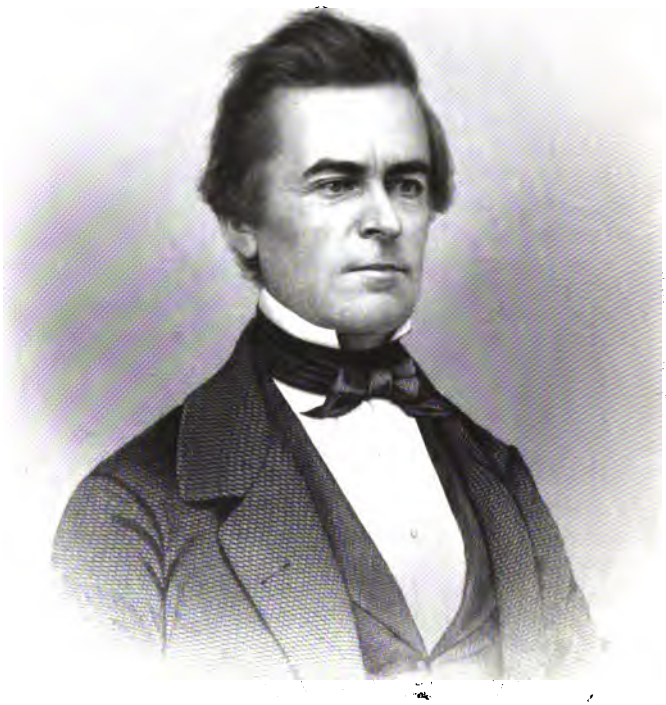
and sacred cats, bulls, and crocodiles without number: in India their hundred-handed Brahmas and Vishnus, and other monstrosities: there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet, in the east: Odin and Thor, and the beautiful Balder rule the northern skies: and in the heaven of the Hebrews and Christians, sits the inconceivable Three-in-One, the Ancient of Days. These, and many like gods and faiths pass in review before Mrs. Child. She enters upon her task, as very few could, without bias or preju-

Digitized by Google

dice: gives the facts of religious history calmly and dispassionately, and leaves the reader to form his own conclusion in the premises. And after all, this seems to us, the only way of writing history properly. It is not what Mrs. Child, or Mr. Macaulay, or any body else thinks or believes that we want to know, but what the mass of men have thought and believed, and have said and done. The partisan character of a historian may make his work more energetic and brilliant than it would otherwise have been; but it always creates dissatisfaction and distrust in his fairness. No one doubts that Macaulay's History of England is a splendid book, few are verdant enough to think it a fair one. If Mrs. Child has any fault, it is that she is *too fair*. Sectarian Christians will condemn her because she is not sectarian. For ourselves, however, we confess to being pleased with her "History of Religious Ideas." It brings together a great deal of interesting matter from widely different sources, some of them not easily attainable.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Engraved by J. C. Buttre

Thos. L. Harris.

M. C. OF ILLINOIS

Pub'd for the U.S. Dem. Review

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

APRIL, 1856.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

In a memorial presented to the President of the United States, and the Senate and House of Representatives, by the merchants and traders of the city of Baltimore, in the year 1806, they say: "The relations which subsist between Great Britain and the United States rest upon the basis of reciprocal interests, and your memorialists see in those interests, as well as in the justice of the British government, and the firmness of our own, the best reasons to expect a satisfactory answer to their complaints. * * * The means of redress for the past, and security for the future, are respectfully, confidently submitted to your wisdom; but your memorialists can not forbear to indulge hope, which they would abandon with deep reluctance, that they may yet be found in amicable explanations with those who have ventured to inflict wrongs upon us, and to advance unjust pretensions, to our prejudice."

In the same year William Pinckney, of Maryland, who was the author of the memorial referred to, was appointed Minister Extraordinary to the Court of St. James. Mr. Monroe was also at that time Minister-resident near that Court. If genius, learning, and patriotism could have succeeded in bringing the government of Great Britain to consider with impartiality the points at issue, those shining qualities were so happily

Digitized by Google

blended in our ministers that such a result could scarcely be doubtful. The expectations which based themselves, as in the Baltimore Memorial, upon the "justice of the British government," or, with apparently better foundation on the skill and character of our negotiators, were rudely disappointed. Those which arose from a confidence in the "firmness" of the government of the United States received a noble confirmation.

Very early after Mr. Pinckney's arrival at his post, Sir John Nicholl, King's Advocate-General, made a report in which he justified the British practice of impressing seamen on board of neutral vessels on the high seas. In a note to Mr. Monroe, Mr. Pinckney characterizes the report as "shallow," and dismisses it with that contemptuous epithet. Yet the English ministry persisted in acting upon the principles laid down in Nicholl's report, until the encounter between the President and Little Belt relieved diplomacy of its burden, and substituted shot and shell for notes and protocols.

In a word, seamen were impressed, often with circumstances of insult which aggravated the wrong, from beneath our flag; the rights of neutrals invaded; compensation for spoliations of American commerce denied; the rule of the war of 1756 insisted upon; the orders in council of 1807 and 1809—"Which in their motive, principle, and operation, were utterly incompatible with our existence as a commercial people"—enforced, even after Napoleon had practically abandoned, with regard to the United States, the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees; —reparation for wrongs already committed; security against future aggression; even indeed the barren courtesy of explanation contemptuously refused: and such an attitude assumed by Great Britain as left to the United States but one of two alternatives—either, with "bated breath and whispered humbleness," to sue for mercy, to beg of his Majesty's ministers permission to exist on any terms they saw fit to grant, or to summon fate into the lists, and upon the ocean, and the battle-field, "champion it to the utterance." The genius of the American people, at all times eminently warlike, naturally seized upon the latter. The brilliant feats of arms performed, the successes achieved, on land and sea, by American conduct and valor, decided in our favor the points at issue between the two nations, and introduced into the General Code of international law the first recognition of the rule, that the flag covers the cargo. The sacredness of the persons of seamen beneath a neutral flag came also, as between Great Britain and the United States, to be tacitly admitted.

Digitized by Google

From that war the feeble and once-despised navy of the United States came out "its forehead circled and adorned by the laurels it had torn from the brow of the naval genius of England." From that war the citizen soldiery of America came out, with a well-earned reputation, as the equals of England's most veteran regiments. From it the whole country issued with a just increase of confidence in its own power, dignity, resources, and capacity to resist aggression, and compel adherence to the faith of treaties. In the language of Mr. Cass, March 10th, 1856:

> **"When we entered upon our last war with England our flag was contemptuously designated as striped bunting, and our armed ships as fir-built frigates. But when we came out of it, that striped bunting had so often floated over St. George's cross, and those fir-built frigates had so often redeemed their character in desperate conflicts, and by capturing their opponents, that even national vanity, in its own defense, was compelled to admit the prowess of our gallant navy."**

Into that war, however, we did not enter until we were pushed upon it as our supreme remedy. We continued to appeal to English justice, and to persuade ourselves even "against the stomach of our sense," that it would be accorded, until a long and persevering course of diplomatic insincerity, and frequent acts of wanton and unprovoked aggression, on the part of Great Britain, proved, irrefragably, that the single motto of English policy was:

> **"That he shall get who *has the power*,**
> **And he shall keep who can."**

Actuated by the same spirit of forbearance, and anxious to cultivate the most friendly relations with a people whose real interests are, as it were, almost identified with our own, the government of the United States, from the termination of the war, and the treaty of Ghent in 1814, up to the present moment, has constantly displayed a rare and admirable temper. An impartial history of that half-century would exhibit it to the world as a model of mingled firmness and forbearance.

Unhappily, English ministers and diplomatists fail to appreciate either the power or justice of the principle which controls the policy of our government. Accustomed to expediency as the common guide of their own, they fancy, when we declare that all our intercourse and relationships with other States are governed by the inflexible rule, "to ask nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong,"

Digitized by Google

that we do no more than utter one of the sounding phrases with which diplomacy at once amuses and betrays. The mistake is a grave one. The language of American diplomacy is not made to conceal its thoughts. The principle which maintains our national existence is truth. To that principle the acts of all the agents of the Republic must conform. When they violate its spirit they cease to be the representatives or exponents of American principles or policy. To that principle the conduct of the government of the United States has conformed; and by it its policy has been directed throughout the entire correspondence and negotiations with Great Britain, relative to *Central America*, and foreign enlistments upon American soil. And if an all-wise, but inscrutable Providence, should strike the present ministry of England with blindness to the careful forbearance we have manifested, as well as the insecure and perilous position they have too long and unwisely insisted upon maintaining; if every pacific means having been exhausted, as before, namely, in 1812–14, we should be compelled, by the interests and honor of a great nation, to vindicate the principles of its existence, and defend the rights on which its national future depends — our government through all vicissitudes will, at least, be able to console itself with the reflection, that it omitted no honorable means to avert the horrors of war, and appealed to the decision of God, only when hope had ceased in the justice of man.

The attitude now occupied by the governments of Great Britain and the United States is precisely analagous to that in which they stood on the day that the "President" fired into the "Little Belt."

The line of demarcation between peace and war is often faint. A single slip of diplomatic India-rubber, and it is rubbed out. A single hot-headed naval captain, on a station which requires more coolness than courage; a single encounter between the vessels of the two nations — thousands of miles away—and the mischief is done. Is it the purpose of the English press to bring about such a state of things—to provoke some fiery Tar to such an act? The tone they have lately adopted, silly as it is, affords very plausible reason to think so. Before they proceed farther in this business, it will be the part of wisdom for both the English press, and the Cabinet of St. James, to understand, that whilst the present Administration fully comprehends all the blessings of peace, it is not prepared to buy them by the sacrifice of a single penny-worth either of principle or honor. It

Digitized by Google

will also much assist them in arriving at such a conclusion as results will warrant, to take as the basis of their calculations these facts, namely: That the American government clearly understands its position; that from that position it can neither be coaxed nor driven; that its policy being inseparably connected with all the interests of the country, commends itself to something better than the applause of sections or factions; that it is, therefore, backed by the common sentiment of patriotism shared by all American citizens, and will receive their hearty and unanimous support; and, finally, that the gentleman at the head of the State department, however it may be necessary to the feverish and unhealthy existence of certain partisan presses to attack and undervalue him, has long since proved himself the ablest war minister we have ever had; and is probably, the coolest, most astute and longest-headed Premier in any cabinet existing at the present day.

Let us examine for a moment the position which the honorable Secretary of State now occupies. In our opinion that position has been wisely assumed. That it will be immovably maintained, the character of the man, the exigencies of the time, and the strongly-pronounced sentiment of the American people leave us no room to doubt. But to arrive at a just comprehension of that position we must commence at the beginning and follow all the steps which have, year by year, led up to it. To do so it will, in the first place, be necessary to give a digest of the history of the negotiations between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, on the subject of Central America; and also of the attempt on the part of the former to enlist American citizens, within the jurisdiction of the latter, as material of war against a power with which we were then, and still continue to be not only at profound peace, but also upon intimate terms of friendship.

Great Britain has claimed that a title to the Mosquito shore, by right of possession, accrued to her so early as the seventeenth century. In the treaty with Spain, in 1786, she surrendered it, by the fourteenth article, to Spain. By the second and third articles of the same treaty, a certain right was secured to British subjects in the district of country, lying along the shores of the Bay of Honduras, called the "Belize." That right was defined and laid down in the "second article" as being simply to enter such territory, and cut dye-wood and mahogany. In return for the concession of this right, Great Britain covenanted and agreed that her subjects should never use the right so limited, as an excuse or pretext for assuming

Digitized by Google

any other right, or exercising any other privilege within that district. Up to a late period no larger claims were advanced by the British government. Upon the Mosquito shore, subsequent to the treaty of 1786, she never had any rights, and the feeble effort made by the opposition in Parliament, in 1787, to assume even the right accruing from temporary occupancy and organization, was at once cried down and defeated. There was yet some honesty in 1787. And in that very debate Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who defended the Administration, relied upon nothing but the clause respecting the "Belize," and indeed denied, in terms, that either Great Britain or the Mosquito Indians had any claims beyond what might be warranted by that clause.

To the territorial extent, and for the limited uses described in the treaty of 1786, it has always been conceded by the government of the United States that Great Britain had the right to continue in the possession of the district known as the "Belize." To any greater extent, or for any different purpose the legality of her assumptions has been denied and contested by us from the beginning.

Having abandoned by the treaty of 1783, and yet more distinctly by that of 1786, the Mosquito shore, that section of country was reïncorporated with the Spanish crown. But the Mosquito Indians had been the allies of Great Britain in the war with Spain. She, therefore, stipulated with the latter that no act of severity should be exercised against them on that account. That was the whole extent of her "*Protectorate.*" Nor does it even appear that she was ever at any extraordinary pains to investigate whether his Catholic majesty kept faith upon that head, or whether he caused her dusky allies to be comfortably shot or hanged for the assistance they had afforded his enemies.

"When Great Britain determined to resume her dominion over the Mosquito shore, in the name of a protectorate, is not known with any degree of certainty in the United States. The first information on the subject, in the Department of State, at Washington, was contained in a dispatch of the 20th January, 1842, from William L. Murphy, Esq., special agent of the American government at Guatemala, in which he states that, in a conversation with Colonel McDonald at Belize, the latter had informed him he had discovered and sent documents to England, which caused the British government to revive their claim to the Mosquito territory."

This and subsequent information led to the negotiations,

Digitized by Google

which resulted in the conclusion of the treaty of 1850, known as the "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty." By that treaty of April 19th, 1850, it was agreed that a kind of joint protectorate should be exercised by Great Britain and the United States over a specific thing, namely, an inter-oceanic ship-canal, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific. They further agreed, "that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself, any exclusive control over the said ship-canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America."

But, at the time of the conclusion of this convention, Great Britain was in possession of the Island of Ruatan! What, and where was Ruatan? It was a Central American island, belonging to the State of Honduras, and lying within thirty miles of her port of Truxillo. It was an island of great value and importance. Its harbors were fine, its position most commanding. The key of the Bay of Honduras, its occupation or fortification by either party, to the treaty of 1850, was clearly a most insulting breach of the conditions of that convention. In the possession of either power, the commerce of the other, by the isthmus, must lie at the mercy of the occupant. What course did her Majesty's government pursue? Did they abandon Ruatan? Did they comply, in good faith, with the terms and conditions of the treaty of 1850? On the contrary, they proceeded to new invasions both of its spirit and its letter.

The island of Ruatan was captured in 1841 by Colonel McDonald, then her Britannic Majesty's superintendent at Belize. Great Britain continued to occupy it up to the year 1850. She continues to do so to the present time. In 1850, and *after* the conclusion of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, she established a colonial government over it. Nay, indeed, as if actuated by a spirit of insulting bravado; as if resolved to show that the purpose of her treaties was to bind others, whilst she remained "legibus solutus," and unclogged by the respect or fear of any in her avarice of empire; as if bent upon securing her own ends, and acquiring, at whatever hazard, or by whatever faithlessness, a station from which she could command the great avenue of communication between the Atlantic seaboard of the United States and California—she proceeded to occupy five other islands of the same group, and converted them all into the British colony of the "Bay Islands."

Digitized by Google

Startled by these indications of a purpose inevitably hostile, in its result, to the continuance of a good understanding between the two governments, the United States made strong representations to her Majesty's government. Negotiations were commenced afresh, and dragged their slow length along until 1854. In that year, Mr. Buchanan submitted a "statement," containing the majority of the points to which we have referred, to the Earl of Clarendon. By that statement he advertised her Majesty's ministers, in very plain and unequivocal terms, that the government of the United States seriously contested the claim of Great Britain to any part of, or foothold upon the soil of Central America. That Ruatan, and the Bay Islands, were a part and portion of Central America. That Central America had assumed, from the circumstance of the railroads and canals proposed to be constructed through the isthmus, a peculiar value to all the commercial nations of the world. That the mutual desire of Great Britain and the United States to prevent each other from being placed in a position to exercise exclusive control, in peace or in war, over any of the grand thoroughfares between the two oceans, had been the controlling reason which dictated the Clayton and Bulwer convention. That for a good and valuable consideration, namely, the abstaining of the United States from occupancy or fortification of any point in Central America, etc., etc., Great Britain clearly agreed not only to abstain in like manner, but also to withdraw from each and every possession she might have previously occupied, except her limited occupancy of the Belize.

"And yet the British government, up till the present moment, have not deemed it proper to take the first step towards the performance of their obligations under the convention, (of 1850.) They are still in the actual occupancy of nearly the whole coast of Central America, including the island of Ruatan, in the very same manner that they were before its conclusion."

The *animus* of the British government having thus clearly manifested itself; and the fact that they did not intend to adhere to the terms and conditions of the treaty of 1850, as plainly and unmistakably defined by words which would admit of no other fair or honest construction than that put upon it by the government of the United States, the latter were compelled to ask that it should either be faithfully executed by both parties, or else cease to be used as a cloak to the British government for acts and designs not only never contem-

Digitized by Google

plated by the government of the United States; but, on the contrary, intended to be expressly provided against by them, and supposed to have been so provided against by the treaty of 1850. Thus driven to the wall, the government of Great Britain was obliged to confess in effect that they never meant to observe the treaty; that it was in simple verity no more than a diplomatic trick and subterfuge. To have said this in so many words; to have said it frankly at last, would have reflected some degree of credit upon her Majesty's ministers. It would have indeed been a death-bed repentance; but at least better than none at all. This was, however, a sacrifice to honesty and plainness of speech; a practical confession of their want of both, through the whole preceding negotiation, of which they were not capable. They replied, therefore, that the very evident interpretation of the treaty of 1850 was that the United States should not colonize, fortify, acquire, or control, directly or indirectly, any part or portion of the states or territories of Central America; and also that England had magnanimously stipulated and agreed to adhere to the same conditions. But, *of course*—how pleasing the irony of that "of course"—of course the terms of the treaty could have no reference to territory possessed and held by Great Britain prior to the conclusion of the treaty of 1850. Which, in plain Saxon-English, was to say: "What we have we mean to keep; and we merely nose-led our good simple cousin Jonathan into making that treaty for the purpose of preventing him from getting any thing for himself. The trade to California and China is entirely too valuable to be left to his control. We *have* the 'Bay Islands,' therefore we mean to fortify and maintain ourselves there. They are the key of the door through which that trade must pass. Nobody shall have it but ourselves, and whenever it is necessary to maintain our commercial superiority by shutting that door, we will shut it. Meantime, and for the purpose of amusing you, we will negotiate and diplomatize with you. You are very young. Wide-awake enough, perhaps, in small matters of trade and commerce. But you have a great deal to learn yet. The grand scope of British statesmanship; its prophetic grasp of the future, is quite beyond you. After we have amused you a few years with trifles suited to your age; put you, in fact, through your A, B, Cs, and horn-book of diplomacy, we will lay before you the complete British Reader, where among the elegant extracts treating of her skillful art to make the worse appear the better reason, you may disport yourselves, and learn a

Digitized by Google

great deal which will be useful to you for the next hundred years of your national existence. You ought to be sincerely grateful to us for the trouble we are taking to educate you!"—We appreciate the benevolence of the proposition, and reply—"*Marcy!*"—If you, gentlemen, Her Majesty's adroit Ministers and astute Counsellors, can really out-wit *him*, we are perfectly willing to be matriculated as a member of the "Freshman Class" in the Royal English College of Diplomacy. Till then we must be pardoned for saying, that, in our humble opinion, the present Cabinet of Great Britain is scarcely a body competent to complete the diplomatic education of either William L. Marcy or James Buchanan. A glance at the communication of Lord Clarendon, dated May 2d, 1854, and at Mr. Buchanan's reply, July 22d, of the same year, will dispose most minds, we think, to the same opinion. After advancing afresh all the claims long since exploded, and drawing a pleasing, but airy and fanciful distinction between holding possessions in Mosquito, and holding the Mosquitos in possession, Lord Clarendon with a graceful air of disdain waves away the whole subject, and with a naïveté which would be delicious in a pretty woman, but which sits oddly enough on a wrinkled diplomatist, feels assured that "the government of the United States will not be surprised if the government of Great Britain abstains from entering into any thing which might appear an explanation or defense of its conduct with regard to its *long-established protectorate* of the Mosquitos." It is painful to be compelled to disappoint his lordship's expectation; but, by all the gods at once, that is the very thing which the government and people of the United States are surprised at. Possibly as no good reason can be given why one man should dislike a gaping pig, or why another can not bear "a harmless necessary cat;" so none can be rendered why Her Majesty of England doth affect, with such a tender love, her royal cousin of "Bluefields." Men of evil minds have suggested that her love for him is of much the same kind as the Wolf's in Little Red Riding Hood, for that meritorious child; and that when, one of these days, his Sable Kingship of Mosquito shall inadvertently say, "Dear Cousin Victoria, what a great big mouth you have;" the answer will be—"That's to eat you all up—my dear!" Be that as it may, Lord Clarendon will be hanged and drawn first, before he will let the wolf out of the bag. So he waives the explanation, and gives us a very polite bow in its place. For the bow, as for all other mercies, we trust we may be made duly thankful. His lordship next lays down a new principle

Digitized by Google

in the law of nations, namely, that when a part of an empire constitutes itself into a distinct sovereignty, and its independence is recognized by civilized nations, including Great Britain, the rights of the original empire in the territory of which the new sovereignty is constituted are not transferred, and vested in the latter, or necessarily recognized as belonging to it by Her Majesty's Government. By this happy fiction of English diplomatic law, the recognition of the Independence of the United States, by Great Britain, does not release any of the original rights of Great Britain to the territory of which they are composed. Does Her Majesty's Government anticipate a time when it will be necessary for it to exert also a Protectorate over the United States, as well as Mosquito?

Lord Clarendon also repudiates, with an ill-concealed sneer, the doctrine laid down by President Monroe in 1823—that "the American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for future colonization by any European powers." His Lordship's sneer is ill-timed. Mr. Buchanan tells him "that doctrine has received the public and official sanction of subsequent Presidents, as well of a very large majority of the American people." Here we have the American minister's plain-dealing contrasted with his lordship's diplomatic shuffling, and we are compelled to think, that although Her Majesty's government "can not now admit it," before the question is finally settled to his lordship's satisfaction or *ours*, Her Majesty's government will, however reluctantly, concede "that doctrine as an international axiom which ought to regulate the conduct of European States." Why, my lord, We, the American People, believe that doctrine to be "truth as true as holy writ." We should deeply regret the necessity of propagating it by the sword, or of punishing resistance to it with bomb and round-shot; but it must have free course. We will preach it to you in love, if you will hear. But if you will none of our counsel, we must back our opinion with our steel. It is a great truth, that Monroe doctrine, may it please Her Majesty's government. *Our* future greatness depends very much upon our maintaining it. We feel deeply sensible of that fact. God has joined us to these American continents, as man and wife are joined; and what God joins together, man must not put asunder. There may be questions about balances of power in Europe. There can be none with us. The United States are *the* power of this Western world. We say this very gently, and with great good-humor; but we

Digitized by Google

mean it. It is not a thing to rave about or bluster over. It is a plain substantive fact. We would be truly glad if her Majesty's Ministers would accept it frankly, and to the end of the game play "a brother's wager"; but, if they will not, he that is the less cunning of fence "will take nothing but his shame, and the odd hits." Nor can this information be distasteful to Lord Clarendon, or Her Majesty's government, since he declares distinctly, and with his hand upon his loyal English heart, that "Her Majesty's government has no prospects of political ambition or aggrandizement" with respect to Central America. Truly we rejoice to hear it. Our minds are much relieved. But why all this pother, then; why this engendering of malice; this sowing of uncharitableness; this increase of the British fleet in the West-Indies; these new regiments to Canada, and all the bellicose bluster, and bobadil swagger of the *Times*, and *Chronicle*, and *Post*, and *Telegraph*? What is it all about? You have no projects of ambition. Surely we have none—Republican America can not be ambitious. That is a vice of kings. The royal rage of conquest, and godlike thirst for blood, is not a republican failing. How much we think alike. At least Lord Clarendon says so.

But Mr. Buchanan has found, it seems, "inaccuracies" in his lordship's *resumé* of the points in Mr. Buchanan's statement of January 6, 1854. Little gentlemanly slips, we presume: slight mistakes as to dates, facts, rights, principles, consequences, peace, war, and such like trifles. Ah! indeed. A rude, hard man, this Mr. Buchanan, and quite careless of his lordship's shattered nerves. He insists upon correcting his lordship's "cakeology." We think we see the faded smile upon his lordship's wearied face. These rude, naked truths, disgusting things with not a rag of deceit or flummery about them, are really shocking. How ill-bred to force Her Majesty's Ministers to listen to them. But Mr. Buchanan has no pity—no sentiment: he will do it.

He is so rude and downright as to insist that "the rights and duties of the parties must be regulated by the first article of the Convention of April 19th, 1850." He is so perseveringly careless of the feelings of his noble adversaries as to call their attention to that first article, and remind them that it declares that neither Great Britain nor the United States will ever *occupy*, fortify, colonize, etc., etc., any part of the country referred to by the Convention. *Occupy.* Let us print that word in italics, for that is the word, to use my Lord Castlereagh's

Digitized by Google

remarkable trope, "upon which the subject into which they have *launched*, chiefly *hinges*." Occupy! It is an English word. Now, good Mistress Doll Tear-Sheet, wert thou unwittingly a prophetess, and was Captain Pistol the renowned type of British statesmanship to all time: "He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word OCCUPY; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted." Truly, so it was, but to be long of the same company with my Lords Palmerston and Clarendon is dangerous to the morality of any word, and our poor *occupy* has not come away from them scot-free. It has paid toll to their lordships' mill, and a swinging toll-dish they keep, and having left both its morality and its meaning behind it, has come away not even unbolted flour, but a mere undistinguishable mixture of "shorts" and "chaff." How long Yankee good-nature will stand "chaffing" is another question. Also Mr. Senator Cass, a man than whom few living have a more intimate knowledge of, or better appreciation of the character of English statesmen and diplomats, and the tendency of English principles, feelings, and designs with regard to this country—Mr. Cass seems to be of our advice; for he says, in his place in the Senate, March 10th, 1856, speaking of the wholesale bragging and billingsgate of the English press:

"Some of the most violent of these papers are the supporters, and under the control of members of the Cabinet; and appreciate their own position too well to give utterance to a single thought on grave public matters unacceptable to their readers. When, therefore, I read well-turned periods of conciliation uttered by Lord Palmerston, in the House of Peers, while he holds on with characteristic tenacity to the last letter of his construction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which he maintains that the engagement on the part of England, that she will not OCCUPY any part of Central America does not mean what it says, but it means that she will not OCCUPY any more of it than she claimed at the date of the treaty, or in other words, that she will not increase her occupation—when I read this and then turn to the miserable diatribe, preëminent for its arrogant abuse, against the United States, which has recently appeared in his journal, the *Morning Post*, I am free to confess that the coarse effusion of the paper more than neutralizes the professions of the peer, and in my opinion speaks more truly his sentiments."

And further on, speaking of the magnanimous proposal of Great Britain to refer the meaning of the word OCCUPY, not to the first English Dictionary at hand, but to the "arbitrament of a friendly power"—he says:

"I have seen no speeches in either house of the British Parliament which

Digitized by Google

give rise to the least expectation that the views of the ministry will be changed respecting the differences arising out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. I see, indeed, there are intimations that they would be willing to submit these differences to the arbitrament of some friendly Power. For one, sir, I do not perceive how such a proposition can be accepted. The question in dispute is hardly a question for reference. It does not relate to disputed facts, nor to the fair construction of the engagements of the parties. It is a mere question as to the meaning of a word—the word 'OCCUPY'—to bring the matter within its narrowest compass. I should as soon think of referring to arbitration the meaning of the words free, sovereign, and independent States, in the treaty of peace with Great Britain, which recognize our independence, as the words, OCCUPY and assume and exercise dominion in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The former measure would be just as reasonable and honorable as the latter. No arbitrator, whether understanding the English language or not, can tell us better than we now know what a treaty means when it says that neither party shall OCCUPY or possess any dominion in Central America except in the single case provided for in the rider annexed to it. If any other OCCUPATION is retained the treaty is violated, and we profess to know what OCCUPATION means without resorting to the lexicographical knowledge or good offices of friend or foe.

"If England can hold possession without OCCUPATION she may make out her case. If she can not, ours is made out. The reference of such a question would be but a subterfuge unworthy of our position and our cause."

Well, indeed it may come to that; we may have to arbitrate the meaning of "free, sovereign, and independent States," if Lord Clarendon's gloss upon the law be correct, and recognizing the independence of a government does not carry with it a recognition of the integrity of its territory. California, for instance, would be a valuable acquisition to the crown of Great Britain. Her Majesty's government by no means anticipated the acquisition of California by the United States, when the peace of Versailles was concluded in 1783. On Lord Clarendon's system of international moralities, Her Majesty's government can quite as justly OCCUPY California as Central America.

But to the single point at issue, for this quibble about the meaning of a word, which has but one meaning, may amuse, but can neither mislead nor deter the Government of the United States from the pursuit of justice. In the words of Mr. Buchanan—does the language of the Convention of 1850—"require that Great Britain, shall withdraw from her existing possessions in Central America, including the Mosquito Coast"?

The British government says it does not. That it interferes with none of their existing possessions. That it is entirely prospective in its operation and effect. That it merely prohibits new acquisitions.

To this, Mr. Buchanan replies: "If this be the case, then it

Digitized by Google

amounts to a recognition of their rights on the part of the American Government, to all the possessions which they already hold, whilst the United States have bound themselves by the very same instrument never, under any circumstances, to acquire the possession of a foot of territory in Central America. The mutuality of the Convention would thus be entirely destroyed; and whilst Great Britain may continue to hold nearly the whole eastern coast of Central America, the United States have abandoned the right for all future time to acquire any territory, or to receive into the American Union any of the States in that portion of their own continent." This self-imposed prohibition was the great objection to the treaty in the United States at the time of its conclusion, and was powerfully urged by some of the best men in the country. Had it been imagined that whilst it prohibited the United States from acquiring territory, under any possible circumstances, in a portion of America through which their thoroughfares to California and Oregon must pass, the Convention, at the same time, permitted Great Britain to remain in the occupancy of all her existing possessions in that region, Mr. Buchanan expresses the confident conviction that there would not have been a single vote in the American Senate in favor of its ratification. In every discussion it was taken for granted that the Convention required Great Britain to withdraw from these possessions, and thus place the parties upon *an exact equality* in Central America.

Such was the common sentiment of the government and people of the United States. If any alteration has taken place in that sentiment; if we no longer feel in as generous a mood, it is because the Government of Great Britain, not satisfied with *equality*, have clutched at exclusive power, dominion, and OCCUPANCY. Much as the word grates upon the fine nerves of the British Cabinet, we are forced to its repetition; and to repeat to them also that to American ears that word OCCUPANCY, coupled with their knowledge of English governmental habits, means "to have and to hold" to their own special and exclusive use, benefit, and behoof—and to the exclusion of all others. And, in plain words, the American government and American people will permit no such "occupancy" by any European power. This question must be discussed openly, and frankly —for the people and in the people's language—not in the jargon of diplomacy. It is American children's inheritance which is in dispute, and we will have no lordly uncles making "babes in the woods" of them. The next generation of

Digitized by Google

Americans will need all these continents for elbow-room. We can not have English forts and "Bay Island" colonies keeping toll-gates on our national highways. We desire to be on terms of peace and amity with all men; but the friendship of the greatest European nation, if it be only to be bought by a sacrifice of the principle of our own national growth, by a mortgage upon property already vested in us, or even by a *post obit*, is too dear for our market. Therefore to the following language of Mr. Cass we may say most heartily, Amen:

"This very state of things, however, renders it but the more proper to regard with careful attention the course and conduct of other nations, the pretensions they advance, and the results which their measures appear to foreshadow. Obvious as this duty is, it is scarcely ever fulfilled, but the cry immediately goes forth, and often from this place, that war is desired. It is an idle charge, sir; scarcely deserving serious refutation. To adopt the side of our country in her dispute with a foreign Power is not to desire war; it is to desire that humiliating concessions should not be made, but that if war is forced upon us we should be ready to meet its responsibilities. Its true aim is to avert war, not to invite it. To avert it by showing that we are aware of our position, and are not to be driven from it by arrogance or injustice. My friend from Tennessee, (Mr. Bell,) as true a patriot as we have among us, in his remark the other day, fell into this error. He renewed the oft-repeated story of my bellicose disposition towards England, (this is his word, not mine,) founding the charge upon nothing better than the freedom with which I examine her pretensions, and the earnest desire I expressed, as I am convinced that my country is right, that she will yield nothing to the unjust demands made upon her. The Senator seemed to think that this course of discussion here would be considered by England as a determination to cut the gordian knot with the sword. So be it, sir, if she has the arrogance to view the debates here as trenching upon her rights and honor, as a menace, to adopt a phrase which the Senator used upon that occasion. If the statesmen and people of England, in that spirit of assumption so often displayed in her history, connect the free discussion of our cause with the determination to appeal from the arbitrament of reason to that of force, let them learn to correct their errors in the school of experience. I repeat what I before said—the people of this country desire no war with England. Every man knows the calamities which such a rupture would bring with it; and certainly, at my time of life, and with the experience I have had, I am among the last to look with satisfaction upon such a prospect. But we are not to lay our hands upon our mouths, nor our mouths in the dust, lest foreign Powers should see in the examination of their conduct a foregone determination to engage in hostilities. I agree at least with one sentiment recently advanced by Lord Palmerston, that 'what a government has to consider is the justice of its cause and what is befitting the honor and dignity of the country.' That, I trust, will ever be our rule of action, and if it leads to peace, so much the better; but if to war, we should meet it as we may. We find no example, either formerly or recently in English history, of this careful attention to the feelings of another nation, and of this studied purpose to avoid giving offense by avoiding the discussion of national differences. Why, sir, the people and the press of England

Digitized by Google

are equally violent in their denunciations of our country and her position. I am not going to quote the terms of abuse so lavishly employed. They show how improvement follows practice; for in the extensive experience we have heretofore had in the receipt of similar national favors, we have received none more significant than these."

With one fact we are particularly struck, and that is, the vastly superior ability of Mr. Secretary Marcy over his British opponents. His whole course has been cool, dignified, temperate, and honest; whilst that of Her Majesty's Ministers has unfortunately developed exactly the opposite qualities; and we are at a loss to decide which is the more amusing, their clumsiness or their irascibility. Nor do we imagine that in the hands of Mr. Dallas the interests of the United States will be exposed to any greater hazard; or that Her Majesty's Ministers will find in him a less worthy antagonist than his predecessor.

The whole course of this discussion, both in England and America tends very clearly to show two things: first, that England means to OCCUPY; and if *right* will not support her occupation, she will go near to try what *might* will do for it; and second, that the government and people of the United States do not mean that she shall OCCUPY; and if *right* will not persuade her to retire, they will go near to try what *might* can do in the premises.

We had intended to consider the vexed question of British Enlistments in the United States, but our space warns us that the subject must be laid over.

In conclusion of the Central American question, we have merely to say, that the government of the United States and the people of the United States are of one accord in that matter; and while, as a commercial people we deprecate war, as a people chary of their honor, and alive to the vast significance of the question, we are ready, if God will it, upon this issue "to fight until our eye-lids can no longer wag." We will admit but one line of consideration, namely, "the justice of our cause, and what is befitting the honor and dignity of the country."

Digitized by Google

TRANSPLANTED.

One bud the Gardener gave me,
A fair, and only child;
He gave it to my keeping,
To cherish—undefiled.

It lay upon my bosom;
It was my hope, my pride;
Perhaps it was an idol,
Which I must be denied:

For, just as it was opening
In glory to the day,
Came down the Heavenly Gardener,
And took my bud away.

Yet not in wrath he took it,
A smile was on his face,
And tenderly and gently
He bore it from its place.

"Fear not," methought he whispered,
"Thy bud shall be restored;
I take it but to plant it
In the garden of the Lord."

Then bid me not to sorrow,
As they who hopeless weep;
For He who gave, hath taken,
And he who took, can keep.

And night and morn together,
By the open gate of prayer,
I'll go in to my darling,
And sit beside her there.

Digitized by Google

I know 'twill open to me,
Poor sinner though I be,
For His dear sake who keeps it,
And keeps my bud for me. S. W. C.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PART FIRST.

In the year 1794, there arrived at Bristol in England, three young men, of marked physiognomy and striking personal appearance. Their ages were about the same. They attracted immediate notice—not only from the fact of their being noticeable men—but more generally, from the singular ideas of society they professed to entertain, and were then endeavoring to carry out, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. One of these—perhaps the least marked of any of them—died early; not too early, however, to learn how completely all their hopes of common happiness—or rather of happiness in common—vanished away before those realities of life which must be everywhere met and resisted. He is not now known, excepting from this association.

The other two attracted the attention of a somewhat influential and very worthy citizen of Bristol. He saw at once they were no common men. He took them by the hand, when he beheld them struggling with difficulties, but ambitious of fame. He opened his purse for their use. He gave them the first assistance they received over that long and weary road they were hereafter destined to travel. All honor to Joseph Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, who thus early acknowledged the inspirations, and thus warmly encouraged the unessayed strength of Robert Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Of the former it may be remarked in passing, that he was one of the best-abused men of his day. He was naturally of a most ardent and sanguine temperament. He threw his whole

Digitized by Google

soul into whatever he undertook. He was as much in earnest when he indulged his visionary anticipations of Arcadian delights on the banks of the Susquehanna, as when, after years of bitter experience and disappointment, he labored for his daily bread, among the cobwebs of the commonwealth that darkened the prison of the Tinker of Elstow, and the glories that gathered round the British throne from the flag-ship of the Hero of Trafalgar. Hence he has been charged with gross inconsistencies. The author of Wat Tyler, it is said, should have been more careful of appearances. But an honest and sincere man can never reject his own conscientious convictions. The same earnestness, which in early life threw him into the thickest of what he then regarded as the battles of humanity, will, even when the judgment of later years has been matured by experience, and mellowed by chastenings and changes, still carry him forward, with higher faith, to better purposes. Thus it is we love to look upon Southey. We see him, with that noble appearance which drew from Byron his sneering admission—with high hopes and manly aspirations, momentarily carried away by an ignis-fatuus light, which *of itself* we knew must soon disappear, yet ever and always aiming at the highest—struggling through adversity, and opposition, and the desertion of friends, for a name that men would not willingly let die—giving all his life to the glory of his country and for the immortality of fame—worn out at last, and dying in harness—fitly represented by the mailed warrior sleeping on his tomb!

In speaking of Coleridge, especially in speaking to praise him, we must separate the man from his memory. "De mortuis nil, nisi bonum." Never was this truism more aptly illustrated than in his example. We are all familiar with the extraordinary effects of his colloquial powers, and the peculiar influence he exerted in the public lecture-room and at the social board. In every house he was a welcome guest. On every highway he travelled, he was the delight of his educated, and the astonishment of his illiterate companions. With them, his name was the Wizard. But he was unfortunate and unsuccessful in all his undertakings. Neither genius, or intellect, or influence—neither the open admiration of the public, nor the private encouragement and warnings of those who knew him best, and loved him most, and who were earnestly anxious that he should redeem himself from the thraldom of increasing propensities and habits, could avail to secure that respect which all were desirous of yielding to his virtues, while they could

Digitized by Google

not deny the homage they offered to his name. That part of Cottle's Reminiscences which refers to Coleridge, is a melancholy narrative. The old man is unwilling to give up his early friend. He seems to linger around him, as if in the hope that a part, at least, of his long-formed and cherished wishes may be realized. We close the volume with a heavy feeling; and turn from the man to his works, with the gentler aspiration, that the remains of such rare and noble endowments may go down to posterity mellowed by the soft and refining light of time—even as the grand old ruins of antiquity stand before the traveller of to-day, hoary with the ages that hang around them, but sanctified as the relics of glory and greatness long passed away.

There is still standing in the back-ground another personage, whom we now bring forward to form the triumvirate; well known to his comrades, as a man of modest and sterling worth, and whose disposition is of that persuasive character—mild, calm, and even—which scarcely seems to admit of a close alliance with the enthusiasm and social impulsiveness of the others. They are all friends together. Their object and end of life is the same. They have but one purpose in view, though different parts are given to each. They look forward to its accomplishment, knowing that much has to be undertaken, much endured, much resisted, and much overcome. Of these, the latest in order—but *facile princeps*—is William Wordsworth.

It is but a few years ago since he passed from among us. His sun went down clear and unclouded. He lived to a hale and hearty old age. His home was on the shore of the beautiful Lakes of Cumberland. Behind it, the bold mountains looked up everlastingly to the sky. Many a time in manhood had he wandered on their steep and shaggy sides. Indeed, nature was to him a peculiar and essential home. Waters, and trees, and flowers, and the song of birds, for him had voices of silent melody—for him had murmurs of perpetual praise. He consecrated his life to the worship of that beautiful spirit, which has ever presided over the high imaginings of the human mind. But with it was blended another feeling, by him acknowledged as indispensable to the true cultivation, both of the intellect and the heart. In earnestness and in faith, he pursued the profession of his life; in earnestness—with the knowledge and love of all things around him; and in faith—as having before him, "the evidence of things not seen." For him, Religion sanctified the teachings of Nature, and gave her

Digitized by Google

the privilege of leading from joy to joy—of so informing the mind, and feeding it with lofty thoughts, that not even

> "The sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Should e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

The early life of all great Poets is generally the same. It is a record of continued struggles, oppositions, and disappointments. A few may have escaped the severity of the common fate; but all have shared, more or less, in its crosses and vexations—have experienced the bitterness of poverty—mourned the loss of friends—or suffered unjustly from the effects of selfishness, persecution, and prejudice. So strongly indeed is this believed to be the case, that most young bards, when they have failed in their first essays, immediately fly for consolation to the "verdict of posterity." It sometimes happens that a true poet is not recognized by his own generation. He may have labored under peculiar disadvantages, and been affected by particular circumstances; and these may have arisen through his own fault, the fault of others, or most probably of both. But generally speaking—and especially as education advances, will it more certainly be the case—no man of marked originality and true inventive genius, will escape the notice, or finally fail in receiving the admiration of his contemporaries.

This was the case with Wordsworth. He came forward in a singular manner. His own claims were out of the common track. The English ear had long become insensible to any thing but the monotonous melody of Pope, and still craved for some new and rougher Dryden, to satirize the men and manners of the times. The latter was a child of the commonwealth; but never—as Johnson in no very enviable mood remarks—after its dissolution, came up to the promise of the flattery he laid on its Protector. When that passed away, to use an old proverb, he cut his coat according to his cloth; and became a smatterer of Religion, by way of pleasing a venal and licentious Monarch. He does not bear the true mint stamp.

There were many who made good verses after the fashion of Pope. It is well known that he was Johnson's model. The great Book-Worm had knowledge enough to be a poet, but it was not of the right kind. Excepting his tour to the Hebrides, and a short visit to Paris, he had never travelled outside of

Digitized by Google

London. That was his world. No man can ever be great from imitation or learning—least of all, a great poet. Observation, and experience, and a knowledge of men and things as well as books—an eye that loves to look on nature in all her changing moods, and a heart that can understand and appreciate the common sympathies and charities of life—above all, a *taste* for those objects on which the imagination is to be exercised, and an earnest application for the development of the high faculties connected with it—these all are of the essence of poetry. You may have them all, and yet not be a poet *outwardly*—that is, not convince others that you are one—but to be one, you must have them. The dissertation in Rasselas describes the poetical education grandiloquently; but we very much doubt whether Johnson was not more sensitive to the rounding of his sentences than to their substance and truth. Hence he was a good imitator in poetry, and with the tools of some masters, produced admirable specimens of the same kind of work; but he could make nothing original.

About this time also, several other stars began to appear in the literary firmament. Shelley was, head and soul, an Atheist. He absolutely believed in nothing—unless it were in some creation of his own brain. There is no great name in English history, for whom we have so little sympathy or respect. In his scope of imagination and powers of intellect, he may have been all, and even more than his friends asserted of him; but not the most varied attainments, nor the most gorgeous and lavish display of mental riches, can ever make up for the absence of that higher feeling of reverence and love, which sanctifies the gifts of the Creator as blessings to mankind. One unyielding, unbending, unelastic spirit, seems to pervade all his poetry. Outwardly, it is not the freshness of the morning dew-drops—inwardly, it is not the crystal clearness of the fountain, or the dripping cave. There is something wanting here—wanting there—wanting everywhere; that indescribable influence, which, like the breathing of the wind, we can not see either coming or going. It is the hardness of self-reliance—of self-createdness—of presumptuous power; the elevation of the intellect to a lordly sphere; which, as it did not at first call into being, so it never afterwards can regulate or control as one of the superior intelligences, or "orders bright." It is this mournful failure—where every man, as a poet, must necessarily and eternally fail—that gives to his higher strains something of the subduing interest of a shipwreck. "How beauti-

Digitized by Google

ful is Sleep! Sleep, and his brother, Death!"* The same kind of feeling comes over us, we fancy we should have experienced, had we been called to stand on the shore of the Alpine Lake, as sad and silent spectators of that melancholy funeral pyre!

It is hardly necessary to say much of Byron. He emerged from the horizon like a brilliant meteor. From his birth and rank in society, he attracted universal attention. The peculiar circumstances under which he came forward as a candidate for public favor, won all hearts to his side. The praise of his personal beauty, was a gilded cup of flattery. No great name ever appeared in English poetry, with such auspicious omens to cheer it on. It is remarkable, that the depth and character of Byron's poetry, sprung from the single intensity of his hate. His mind had been early and fatally warped. Under the influence of the peculiar circumstances above referred to, operating on his sensitive and excited feelings, he imagined that the fairest hopes of his youth were blasted, and the bright visions of love and beauty for ever dimmed before his eyes. There can we think be no doubt, that if these latent feelings had not been thus early developed from the accident of his birth and the injudiciousness of his domestic education, England might have lost an illustrious poet, but would have gained a virtuous and valuable citizen. Many persons will perhaps be surprised to hear, that Byron owed much to Scott and Wordsworth. They judge from his letters, that he was not familiar with their writings. But such is not the fact. We can not stop to point them out now—the case rests entirely on internal evidence—but he should never have sneered at the Lakers unless he had previously destroyed the Giaour.

It is by his descriptive pieces, that he will be best known to posterity. Some of these seem to be almost above praise. We can by no means agree with those, who make it a point to refuse him all merit. He was a strong admirer of Pope; but more than any other person, he broke up the regular monotony of his cadences and periods, and threw into his heroic rhyme the relief of those varied pauses, which add so much to the pleasure and dignity of heroic verse. As far as we can now judge, he was not a godless nor an unbelieving man. We are almost certain that his heart was on the side of religion; but the errors of education, and the pride of nature seemed to rebel against its acknowledgment. With more genius than

* We think, almost with a start, of the Revolutionary inscription over the gates of the French Cemetery.

Digitized by Google

Thomson, his place will probably be assigned to him in the same rank.

We have yet another name to place on our discursive catalogue. When Keats died, England mourned. There has been no such promise since the days of Milton. Of all Englishmen, he wears the richest poetic dress. Its beauty and lustre remind us of the foliage, and fruits, and flowers of tropic climes. Every variety of color is arranged in the most natural and tasteful manner. Over all is thrown the softened light of a setting summer sun.

We have never been made acquainted with his religious tendencies. His mind was essentially classical. He loved to wander in the shades of Grecian Mythology. His imagination went out with those fabled gods and goddesses, to walk through the consecrated woods, to linger by the mystic fountain, to bathe in the dews of the midnight moonbeams that trembled to awaken the dreams of the beautiful sleeper. Nothing like this was ever akin to infidelity. Miss Barrett describes Lucretius, as

> ——"nobler than his mood,
> Who dropped his plummet down the broad,
> Deep universe, and said—No God!
>
> Finding no bottom, he denied
> Divinely the Divine, and died,
> Chief Poet on the Tiber side.
>
> By grace of God—"

and said—No God! Now is it possible for an Atheist, on any known principle in nature, to be a poet? Just think of it for a moment. His impressions must all be taken from nature, and yet he set himself up entirely above nature. There is neither reason nor feeling to support him. One leaves him halfway, and the other never comes near him. His pride and presumption are equally ridiculous. His forms of beauty are square, ideal images, wanting that shadowy outline and fading perspective, which alone are able to reveal the true grace and expression of Art. In those professions, where sun, and sky, and earth are the primary fountains of imagination, the Atheist is to the believer what a Chinese picture is to the landscape of Claude, or a Hindoo idol to the statues of Canova. Lucretius, though the writer of the most splendid Latin extant, was nevertheless a philosophical hypocrite; and was vain enough to imagine that the world would

Digitized by Google

be the gainer, by substituting logical axioms, and implied personifications of nonentities—for we can not better describe them—in place of those higher though to us still imperfect representations of piety, which have consecrated the genius of Homer and Virgil to the last recorded time. Whatever may have been the convictions of Keats on this subject, we feel quite sure they were not those of Godwin and Shelley. But this we never can know. He is silent now—to misapply his own line—"Silent upon a peak of Darien."

From this digression, we must now return to Wordsworth. We spoke of his claims as being out of the common track. He put forth an idea which startled the poetical world; but it was in fact, no more than what has been acted on, ever since the first line of poetry was written or sung. It was simply an expression, in so many words, that the highest efforts of the imagination need not necessarily imply a connection with those higher objects which have always appeared to be associated with it. To those who were then living in a highly-cultivated age, and for whom the refinements of education had culled out the choicest specimens of wit and learning, such an idea seemed hardly worth refuting. They had always taken it for granted, that heroic verse must have in its conception, something peculiarly striking and original—original, we mean, in that sense which means something entirely new—and had hence been led to consider, that the province of a great poet lies outside of the beaten paths of humanity, and that the man himself must be above the common pursuits of life. But Wordsworth made no rash or vain-glorious assertion. His life had been consecrated to the study of one great Art. He had made it his profession, his hope, his love. He knew that he must maintain an obstinate struggle against the misapprehension of its nature, and the misapplication of its principles. He knew this perhaps all the better from the fact, that his first conflict had been with his own impressions.

We think that Wordsworth was right. We generally believe that the earliest poets are the best; and that those who come after them can only succeed in giving pleasure, by new combinations of the same images, and different expressions of the same ideas. In carrying out this isolated notion—with which there is nothing analogous in the moral or natural world—it is even deemed proper to go still further, and claim for its object a peculiar exemption from the trammels of artificial or acquired knowledge, and a sure reliance on some kind of inspiration or rapture, which is to come from above, we know not when or how,

Digitized by Google

and to lead we know not whither. It is true indeed, that the name Vates—Prophet or Seer—was first used by those who ministered at the sacred oracles. In this way we can easily account for its popular veneration. But it by no means follows, that the assumption of the name for somewhat different purposes, was accompanied by the same titles and privileges. Every one knows, that in early days the traditions of the people were preserved and handed down by voice and song. Every one also knows, that the effects of some of these, at certain times and under certain circumstances, have been represented as extraordinarily powerful and mysterious. This is to be attributed as much to the character of the people, as to the magic influences of music and verse. Besides, half-civilized nations make use of the images of objects and things, as the representatives of sound; and by this means, the early languages were at once the most simple and the most comprehensive.

Now this fact has given rise to an idea, more or less prevalent among all critics, that the early languages were far better adapted for poetic uses, than those of modern times; and that as the world progressed in the refinements of social and mental culture, and particularly as the imitative arts opened and expanded over the dwellings of mankind, the employment of words became so common as to designate the varieties of each particular species—thus lessening by degrees their figurative meaning, and finally losing sight entirely of their symbolic character. We do not believe one word of it. Do those who are thus credulous, really wish to go back to the pristine ages of the world; to give up all that has been acquired by centuries of experience, and intelligence, and progress; to become again the rude barbarian, the wild man of the woods, clothed with skins, and living in dens and caves of the forests; to be again subject to the lawlessness of rude strength, to have no rights of property, and at the best, to be only partially secure in their own dwellings, and by their own firesides? And all for what? In order to get rid of a few words which have grown up to suit the wants and usages of the world; and which in fact are not out of place, because they prevent a circuitous explanation through signs and figures, which of themselves required a long, and often ended in a vague and unsatisfactory explanation. On this principle, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the picture-writings of Central America, are the grandest poems extant.

Nor do the above assertions derogate, in any manner, from the distinguished functions of the poetical priesthood. The

Digitized by Google

Poet—the Vates, Prophet, or Seer—is still the same. He is still, as ever, a sacred minister. Because the world has grown older, and wiser, and richer, he has therefore lost none of the freshness of his early piety, nor any of the mystic halo of

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

Through all the increase and development of social thought—over all the excursions of science, and all the grand discoveries that have rolled along on the wheels of human progress—by new lights and old ones—by true lights and false ones—in the modern tongue of the West, as well as in ancient Eastern symbolism—have there still gone forth utterances from *that* Spirit of high communion, "and visitation of the living God;" transcending the imperfect offices of prayer and praise, and making all things a sound of blessedness and love.

But we must now take leave of the subject; and hasten on to a more particular examination of the manner in which the Poet has exemplified the thought and theory of his own vocation. Were the world a thousand times better or worse than it is, and the men of the present generation above or below the standard of their predecessors, it would not affect either the truth or justice of those ideas, whose influence extends alike over the grandeur of human strength, and the weakness of human prejudices. Detractors of every kind have been found in every age. There will always be some who hate to hear Aristides called the just. Wordsworth outlived the most of his calumniators, and lived to see the whole crowd of them out-voted, and put to confusion.

The nature of his subjects, is the first point to which we would call attention. He never strains after lofty themes. By this we do not mean to say, that he is happy in all his selections. Any man who follows one ruling idea, or in common language, rides a hobby, is sure to fall into some kind of absurdities. The experience of a few years is necessary to correct the errors of moulding, and top off the useless and unsightly excrescences. So it was with Wordsworth. His early tendency was to extremes. This, however, is a fault on the right side. No bad consequences will follow, unless the judgment be depraved or the heart perverted. What we would wish to say more particularly in this place, can best be understood by glancing over the index of his writings. There are found side by side, whatever may please the humblest, and whatever may satisfy

Digitized by Google

the purest and most cultivated taste. There is pastoral Michael, and classic Laodamia—simple We are Seven, and the sublime Ode—the Maiden by the Dove, and the Shepherd Lord—the Cumberland Beggar, and lines on the River Wye—the Miscellaneous Sonnets, and Goody Blake and Harry Gill. No writer in the English language, has thrown these lights and shadows in such beautiful distinctness, over the pathway of English poetry. They are like well-springs of water poured out to enrich a dry and uncultivated soil. We rejoice that one man was raised up, to develop by all the powers of a humble and happy life, these healthful, moral, and natural influences. And we rejoice the more, because he was that bane of all practical men—a Poet—every whit as much a man in this busy, working-day world of ours, as if he had proclaimed it by advocating some one of its many noisy and contentious systems of charity; one for whom has been breathed the beautiful invocation:

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise—
> The Poets—who, on earth, have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

It is no part of our present purpose to enter into any analysis of Wordsworth's theory. That we deem entirely unnecessary, and, what to some may appear strange, irrelevant. To say that he proved it, amounts to nothing. The fact is, that theory was part and parcel of the dominion of poetry. The resistance he met with in the start, arose mainly from ignorance. He stood in the light of an adventurer just setting out on a voyage of discovery. He journeyed far over unknown waters and into unexplored countries; he did not seek for gold, or jewels, or treasures, though these were all there; he found a people of simple and primeval habits, unaccustomed to the fictitious wants of civilized life, whose wishes were confined to a narrow circle, whose world was bounded by their single district, who lived where their fathers lived, and died where their fathers died; and he brought back, as evidences of having dwelt among them, those trophies of success now everywhere recognized as gathered from the ample domain of nature. The only wonder now is, why the route he took was never travelled before. There is therefore not much to be gained by laying any particular stress on this portion of our subject, as our business is with the man, and not with the theory.

The distinguishing feature of Wordsworth's poetry, is its

Digitized by Google

meditative, or enthusiastic character. Perhaps some persons may smile at this classification. We can console ourselves, however, by believing, that enthusiasm is something different from folly or extravagance. We have yet to be convinced that any genuine poet ever went wild from fits or trances. Our faith in religion and the philosophy of the human mind, has in it something higher and surer than such a creed. Did we believe in *that*, we would pride ourselves on doing something better than writing this article. And since we have gone thus far, we may as well say in addition, that when we speak of enthusiasm, we take it in the good old English acceptation of the word. It can perhaps be best defined by negatives. It is not a rapt or visionary imagination; it is not an irregular overflow of feeling; it is not a blind disregard of consequences; it is not intellectual pride; it is not extravagant performance; it is not religious ebullition; it is not sanctimonious hypocrisy. It is never distinguished by the absence of common-sense. A man may be a zealot; but he must give a reason for the faith that is in him. Enthusiasm without reason, is madness or fanaticism.

We can not particularly specify the prominent qualities of genuine enthusiasm. Many different characteristics unite to make up the man. He is not necessarily a poet. All the varied professions of life are wide fields for its legitimate exercise. It is alike real in activity and in repose. It was with Bacon and Cromwell—with Newton and Hampden—with Pascal and Turenne. We may, however, cite two singular exceptions. Of directly opposite characters, and on directly opposite principles, Washington and Bonaparte were not enthusiasts.

This character of Wordsworth is sustained by his portraits. They all indicate a reflective mind. Sereneness, is written in large letters on his broad and contemplative brow. Each of his poems bears this distinct, individual impress. Where he fails, it seems as if some accident had occurred, producing a temporary derangement of his natural faculties, and throwing a cloud or gloom over the sunshine of his mental disposition. But this rarely happens. He reposes on the consciousness of an inward strength, which as it sustained and bore him onward against opposition, and discouragement, and ridicule, so ever after, when the wreck of the world's harsh judgments were strewn over the sands on which they were reared, it continued to shield him from those taints of popularity and abuses of success, which too often end in the most deplorable conse-

Digitized by Google

quences; attributed by the true believers in "frenzy" to the eccentricities of genius, but which in fact, are the *bona-fide* results of ill-regulated passions, misguided affections, and vicious propensities. From all these, the Chief of the Lakers was entirely free.

The characters which he undertakes to describe are always drawn in a plain and straight-forward manner. Each one seems to stand distinctly by itself. Most persons are of opinion, that he has been peculiarly happy in the common walks of life. This originated entirely in the perverted notion of his poetical theory we alluded to above. It was not a *mistake*, so to regard it, as long as it stood on debatable ground. But when once that was settled, and settled for ever, the man and his theory became immediately merged in the general principles of the art. Thus it is that his pastoral, his classic, and his philosophical characters, all stand on their own merits. They are each to be judged according to the degrees of pleasure and instruction they severally confer. If he has been more happy in some than in others, he is only in the same situation with many who have gone before him.

We have no intention of palliating or excusing his faults—for the best reason in the world—that we do not intend to mention them. That he had them like all other men, no one undertakes to deny. There is no necessity for using the cynic's privilege in exposing those sores and weaknesses, which are the common lot of all, alike in the highest and in the humblest stations of life. We know that it is unfortunately the practice with many, to seek for faults when even their discovery would prove unavailing and impotent to injure a noble and elevated character. Even where no tangible defects can be raked up, it is customary to draw on the imagination for some supplementary idea. If a man had not been what he was, he might have been something different. We remember one ambitious critic parading the discovery, that Wordsworth's great fault was a want of sympathy with men and life. It struck us at the time, that he possibly might have been familiar with his writings — though we very much doubted it. The discovery, however, is quite easily accounted for. The critic was one of that distinguished class, whose new-fangled fantasies are daubed so thick over all the works of genius and art. He belonged no doubt to a company of amateur artists, whose chief employment seems to be in seeking out every thing new and wonderful; who invent and jumble together a set of striking phrases, either for the discovery

Digitized by Google

of hidden meanings, or for the destruction of shams; who would spoil the natural beauty of a landscape, for the sake of bringing to light some blasted tree or dismal cavern; and who proclaim their devotion to the worship of Truth, by showing her naked before a whole rabble of satyrs and bacchanals. We confess to no sympathy for any thing of this kind. We would shield the objects of our veneration and regard from such signal notoriety; and particularly those exalted characters, who having passed through the fiery ordeal, are now stamped as sterling by the general approbation of mankind.

The nature of all poetry is essentially the same. It is impossible to define it in special terms. It is equally impossible to lay down any particular rules for its execution as an art, or to measure either its progress or decline by laws similar to those which regulate the different branches of physical and moral science. Seeing is said to be believing. But in poetry, something more is required. A certain degree of faith must be given to the created deceptions of the mind, before the imagination can embody those creations in such a form as to be at once recognized as the breath and spirit or inspiration of all natural acquirements. Then it is, that a man becomes a poet. Then it is, that he loses all knowledge of poetry as an art, by losing himself in the art itself. If he can not keep up this deception, he degenerates into a connoisseur or a critic.

We apply these remarks to Wordsworth in qualified terms; in fact, their application must always be qualified, as they are but general approximations towards the expression of a *felt* and pervading influence. The idea of being a poet by *profession*, is ordinarily hooted at and ridiculed as something absurd and incongruous. The generality of mankind believe in natural inspiration, precisely as they believe in cardinal virtues. They think that in all the other pursuits of life, including those which come under the description of the fine arts, education, and industry, and perseverance are all necessary to secure a lasting name; in the province of poetry alone—whose universality extends over all knowledge, whose impassioned feelings are uttered in every language, and whose silent impressions have been felt in bringing back things gone out of mind, and in restoring or renewing things destroyed—do they think that some species of involuntary enthusiasm, that sees shapes in the clouds, and hears voices in the winds, is to take the place of that information and experience, without which no imitator of nature can convey to others a just and corresponding idea of his own impressions?

Digitized by Google

Like painting and sculpture, poetry is a copy from nature. The execution of the former indeed, is confined more strictly within certain mechanical limits. All of them imply skill and design. The boy who carves his boat, and fits it completely with sails and rigging, and the man who sketches a house, with every door and window perfect in it, are neither of them necessarily sculptors or painters. They imitate exactly what they undertake; and when they have done this, they have done all. And yet this is a part—and a very large part, too—of the profession of those arts. The painter must learn the use of the pencil, and the sculptor must understand the use of the chisel. Without them, they would both remain mute and inglorious. If we now turn to a sister art, we shall probably find all that seems to be wanting here. Any man who by nature understands the power of music, or even he who has heard of the extraordinary effects produced by this mysterious agency, will be at no lóss to comprehend what is that spirit, or breathing, which is the life and beauty of every thing in nature, and whose *expression* must be represented, in some degree at least, by every design of genius, and every labor of art. In these, natural taste is the foundation of all proficiency. The first attempts are, and most generally will be, feeble and unsatisfactory. The greatest masters have risen by slow degrees. The true artist will persevere from one degree of progress to another; from the bending shrub to the lofty tree; from sea to land; from earth to heaven; from the inanimate body to the human form divine,—everywhere and all the time growing in grace and expression, and for ever approaching, but never reaching, the full fruition of all his hopes, and the overflowing fountain of all his labors. If he be inspired, it will be the inspiration of love, and not the rapture of fanaticism.

We shall continue in our next the more particular examination of the poetry of Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

ACT.

(TO-MORROW.)

No. 2.

To-Morrow! Wherefore not to-day?
Thing unbegun
Is never done;
Ready Act alone is "Yea."

To-Morrow! Wherefore not to-day?
Good-will in need
Is prompt of deed;
Help to come is ever "Nay."

To-Morrow! Wherefore not to-day?
The yet to wait
Comes still too late;
Done at once alone is "Yea."

FATE.

(CIRCUMSTANCE AND CHANCE.)

No. 3.

Circumstance and chance will die,
Change or pass,
Like the wind, the cloud in sky,
Leaf or grass.

Digitized by Google

Chance and circumstance must take
Shape from thee—
What thou willest, they must make,
Do or be.

Circumstance and chance will end
Soon or late—
Break them to thy will, or bend—
Self is Fate.

ROSENBERG.

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

MISS WADDLE'S "BEAU IDEAL."

SHORTLY after our tea-party in honor of Mr. Jones Cartwright, we were invited to a little party at Miss Waddle's.

Before relating the events of that evening, and their consequences, we must introduce the reader to Miss Waddle, and the most distinguished "personages" of that "ilk," who adorned "good society" in Persepolis.

Miss Waddle was the only daughter of a widowed mother. An early inclination for literary pursuits had led her to the circulating library of the village in which they lived, and the circulating library had led her quite away from the village, into a pleasant little land of her own, situated in a very remote and impossible country, where she had built herself a castle of the fashion called "Spanish." The lord of this country was an interesting young gentleman, of acute sensibilities and large moustache; between whom and herself, at some indefi-

Digitized by Google

nite period of time, a matrimonial alliance, she felt assured, was destined to take place. Her native village, and all which it inherited, fell, therefore, into great contempt with her, and she turned up her nose continually at the "nice young gentlemen" who measured tape in its stores, or the sturdy young farmers who, upon festival occasions, were the ornaments of its ball-room. In short, her distaste for what delighted her more unsophisticated friends became so notorious, that no one felt any surprise at seeing her sitting alone at all such merry-makings, taking no part in the festivities, but looking rather as if she were mentally rehearsing the favorite ballad of "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here," and waiting with great patience and resignation for the advent of the distinguished stranger, who was winning a large degree of glory in foreign countries, solely for the purpose of coming back with a "star shining upon his breast"—to say, "Adorable Anna Maria, behold me at your feet. I oft have heard that you were fair, but report has done you injustice. You are loveliest of the lovely. I have culled in other lands, these many sultry suns, a bouquet of unfading glory—take it, my Anna Maria——." She always closed her eyes, heaved a fluttered sigh, pressed her hand upon her throbbing breast when the ideal stranger "said he loved," and, rising, left the place, with swimming, Juno gait. So that in a little while the village belles, heartless wretches that they were, said as she left—"Anny Maria has gone to look for her *beau ideal.*" Wait awhile, ladies. Every dog has his day, and every pussy-cat two afternoons—and Anna Maria Waddle's sun is not yet set. She is still upon the sunny side of thirty. Indeed she was so short and plump, and had such rosy cheeks and curly hair, and such a love of a little "*nez retroussé,*" that time shook hands with her without leaving the prints of his fingers anywhere upon her firm and glistening flesh; and if she were single until thirty it would be greatly to her credit and the credit of her constancy for waiting till that age for the return of her *beau ideal* from other lands, and entirely scorning the temptations held out by the periodical offers of the village schoolmaster, and the "rising young lawyer" of the next town. It is, perhaps, useless to mention that Miss Waddle was possessed, in her own right, of a snug little farm in the vicinity, and ten thousand dollars in United States sixes. Neither of these things ever entered the minds either of the schoolmaster or the lawyer, as a matter of course.

The village of Persepolis, like all the other godchildren of

Digitized by Google

buried greatness which are scattered through the land broadcast, and hold forth to the world a perpetual sign and advertisement of pure American taste and ingenuity in nomenclature, consisted almost of a single street, running at right angles with the river, and ornamented on either side with a tavern, a hay-scales, a great many posts to tie horses to, two or three stores, a butcher's, baker's, blacksmith's, cobbler's shops, and other public buildings of inferior importance. This street was called Main street, probably because it was the only one in the town. If there were any other reason for the name, we have never been informed of it. Continual travel kept it always dusty in dry weather, or knee-deep with mud in wet, presenting the pedestrian with an agreeable diversification of torment. On the right and left, pleasant roads and green shady lanes led away over an undulating and thickly wooded country, disappearing in the valleys or wrapping themselves like girdles around the loftier swells, and so losing themselves in the depths of the tall old woods, which rounded in the landscape like a frame.

On the left-hand side of Main street, near where the village began, was Blank House; and a little further along, on the right side, Blank Hotel. The latter was an ancient and comfortable-looking inn, surrounded by trees, and pleasantly shaded about the door leading into the garden with clambering, sweet-scented vines, and rose-of-sharon trees in full bloom. In the front, a heavy, low-browed porch, only covering the windows of the first story, was almost covered itself with the sweet brier, clematis, and champany rose. Here, of a summer's morning, a summer's afternoon, and a summer's evening, in short the whole summer's day long, sat the innkeeper, Herr Meyer, a worthy Dutchman, with a large pipe in his mouth, and a small dog by his side. His sign exhibited a full-cheeked Dutch sun, struggling with a number of fat clouds, and bearing the modest motto of "Good entertainment for man and horse."

But Persepolis was about to be convulsed with curiosity, and Miss Anna Maria Waddle's heart to be torn with contending passions. Much about the hour of noon, on a certain day of October, a fashionable drag, containing a gentleman and servant, drove into the village. A couple of dogs trotted beneath the wagon, and a couple more lay in the bottom. The gentleman was evidently a thorough sportsman, and was exercising his dogs, even whilst travelling, with a due regard to their health and training.

Digitized by Google

The gentleman had a moustache, and his moustache was jetty black.

The gentleman brought his horses to a walk, and examined the "House" and the "Hotel," as if in doubt which of the two to choose. Herr Meyer sat upon his porch and smoked, only exhibiting his vitality by an occasional puff of extraordinary vigor, or an elevation of his ponderous brows, as if in scorn that any one should hesitate at choosing between himself and his upstart Yankee rival over the way.

The traveller decided upon Herr Meyer, and drove up to the door. A cloud of unusual density floated away above his head, and sailed off in triumph towards the new pine-board Grecian temple of his rival. He rose from his seat, and conducted the stranger into the house with a laconic—"Mynheer ish welcome."

In the cool of the afternoon the stranger might be seen sitting with his host upon the old stoop, smoking an indefinite number of cigars, as men sit and smoke who have dined to their liking and care little for the morrow.

"Who can he be?" exclaimed the village of Persepolis, with the unanimity of a Greek chorus. Old Mrs. Waddle was standing at the window when the stranger lighted his first cigar, and she exclaimed, "Bless my soul!"

Miss Anna Maria Waddle was at that moment in the very paroxysm of inspiration. She was painting. Rejecting the threadbare fashion of copying things as they are, she aspired to the more difficult task of imaginary creations. The triumph of art upon which she was engaged was a mediæval scene. In the centre appeared a castle, so oppressed with age that its walls slanted each in a different direction, and whose shadow, conscious of its approaching dissolution, had, with common ingratitude, run entirely away. A moat surrounded the castle, and appeared to be engaged in preventing it from following the example of its shadow. The order of architecture was the composite Gothic, or tea-box number one in the middle, and tea-boxes numbers two and three upon either side. Two men upon the bank were waiting patiently to catch a forlorn damsel who leaned over the battlements of the donjon-keep in a daring and careless manner, and appeared to be making experiments in balancing, and was probably of a philosophical turn of mind.

Anna Maria looked up from her painting, and said to her mother, "What is the matter?"

But her mother made her no answer, only she clasped her

Digitized by Google

hands, shook her head, and said piously, "Yea—Esau was a hairy man."

Anna Maria started from her seat and ran to the window. A glance sufficed. He was there. He had returned. The castle in Spain was realized. The lord of the country, with his moustache, was before her eyes. Constancy would have its reward, and the course of true love run unruffled to a summer sea of heavenly delights.

"My beau ideal!" exclaimed Anna Maria, and she sunk fainting in her mother's arms.

The old lady was rather alarmed at first, but it was not a bad faint. Miss Waddle could not afford to be long insensible, or lose for more than a minute the chance of contemplating the stranger who, as she immediately determined in her own mind, had left his own for sunny lands, many years since, and, after performing prodigies of valor in remote Oriental regions, had returned towards the setting sun in the prime of his manhood and zenith of his fame, to repose his laurelled brow upon the bosom of consoling and native affection. She gave a flutter, a little smile stole over her face, she shook her fingers as if she were playing upon an invisible guitar, and, coming suddenly to very active life again, darted to the window and gazed—but who shall paint that gaze? it hushed old Mrs. Waddle's heart with terror and amaze.

"What's that black thing on his under lip?" said Mrs. Waddle.

"Mother," said Miss Waddle, majestically, "Mother, it is an imperial."

"Imperial, hyson, souchong," said the old lady, innocently.

"Oh, mother," cried Miss Waddle, "torture not my ears with such debased allusions. Drag not to earth the spirit's soaring wing, just bathed in sunlight at the fount of love."

"Oh, dear suz alive!" said Mrs. Waddle, "oh my! what pretty verses."

"That tuft upon the chin proclaims him more than man."

"I don't see the use of that," said the old lady, shaking her head doubtfully.

"Pshaw, mother," said Miss Waddle, with a toss of her own, adding in a kind of stage whisper to herself, whilst she glanced over the blinds at the unconscious stranger: "Why, ah why, am I doomed always to be misconceived, surrounded with unideal hearts, and fancies cold as Nova Zembla's snows? Ah, why? Perhaps there is an echo in *his* breast which answers—

Digitized by Google

why? Mother, that tuft upon his chin," said she, turning shortly upon that aged and intimidated person, "in foreign lands, where emperors and princes of the blood are central suns which radiate the globe, and all is dross that's not nobility with sixteen quarterings on its azure shield, nothing but nobles of the highest rank are, by the law, allowed to wear."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Waddle, meekly, "if I was a man I would not cry at that, Anny Mariny."

"Oh, dull and careless soul," exclaimed Miss Waddle, "can I be her child? Answer me, spirits!"

The spirits, however, said nothing in reply; but at this juncture old Dinah, the cook, chambermaid, waiter, nurse, and housekeeper, in one—a combination of characters which appeared to have had the same effect upon her Falstaff imagined water would upon him, and swelled her beyond the ordinary limits of humanity—rolled into the room, and announced the strange gentleman's servant.

Anna Maria seated herself, stilled her beating heart by folding her arms tightly across her bosom, composed her features to an impressive placidity, and, nodding towards the door, said:

"Let the illustrious stranger's faithful servitor approach and tell his story to our ear."

"Young man, you kin come in," said Dinah, endeavoring to imitate her young mistress, who was *her* beau ideal, but failing to cross her arms entirely by reason of the great breadth and elevation it was necessary to overcome. "You kin come in—de missus am 'greeable to see you."

The young man entered, and presented his master's compliments to Miss Waddle. His master had sought the village of Persepolis to indulge in a few days' shooting, a sporting friend having informed him that quail and partridge abounded in its vicinity. Mynheer Meyer had informed him further, that by far the best shooting in the neighborhood was to be found upon the farm belonging to Miss Waddle, which stretched for some distance along the brook, in the rear of the village. He begged, therefore, to present his compliments to Miss Waddle, and respectfully inquire whether she had any objection to his amusing himself for a day or so on her grounds. All this was neatly conveyed in a delightfully-scented note with a lace border, and an ingenious motto in the upper left-hand corner, intimating that love was the most powerful of all the gods. Miss Waddle restrained herself. It cost her an effort altogether superhuman

Digitized by Google

to do so; but she restrained herself. She did not fall on the young man's neck, and weep aloud in her fulness of joy. She could have done so with the heartiest good-will; but she restrained herself, and requesting him, with a smile to which all the bees of Hymettus lent their accumulated sweetness, to take a chair; she turned to the little rosewood escritoire, the depository of her most cherished feelings, her odes to "silence," "Eros," and "the moon," and other fugitive pieces depicting, in touching lines, the solemn sadness of her lonely fate; and, with a trembling hand and beating heart, produced an answering missive. This was surmounted by two hearts, barbarously skewered together, and depending from an exaggerated dart which was carried upon the shoulders of a stout infant in a most disgraceful state of nudity.

"HAPPY STRANGER," said Miss Waddle, "whose heart permits you to enjoy the excitement of the chase, and the report of whose gun, waking the echoes of the woodland dell, conveys with favorite dog's excited bark enchanting music to your listening ear; in whom the vigor of youthful freshness and enjoyment leaps wild in every swelling vein; believe me, nothing could convey sincerer pleasure to a heart which sadness brooding o'er for many months (years would be better, but it won't do to say *years*, said Miss Waddle to herself) has covered with its Azrael-wing, and turned to midnight gloom, than the consoling thought of having been able to afford a pleasure which, alas! it can never, never hope to know itself. Shoot, happy stranger, shoot!—ANNA MARIA THERESA SOPHRONIA WADDLE."

Miss Waddle folded the letter; the young man took it and went out. Miss Waddle had not strength enough to rise and see whether the happy stranger was still sitting upon the stoop. She leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes, and, revelling in the graceful curling smoke, seen by her mind's eye issuing from the happy stranger's lips, she beheld a crowd of Cupids, in fact, all the loves, disporting themselves. She beheld the young man present her note; she fancied the happy stranger held it for a brief moment to his heart before he broke the seal—and then—and then—could it be true—he smiled, and, smiling, raised his eyes to heaven. "Ah!" exclaimed Miss Waddle, "I am born and dying in the sweet breath that makes me."

"Massy souls—that Dinah always leaves the door on a crack," said Mrs. Waddle; "and it's blowing right in your ear, Anny Mariny."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Eras quan vey verdeyar.

While thus I see the groves anew
Clothed in their leaves of verdant hue,
Fain would I wake a lay to prove
How much my soul is bowed to love.

CRESCIMBENI says, that the Chanson by Rambaud De Vaquieras, of which our motto forms the first stanza, is written in six different languages—the first stanza in Romance, the second in Tuscan, the third in French, the fourth in Gascon, the fifth in Spanish, and the sixth in a jumble of them all. Of all the Troubadours named in the *Trionfo d'Amore*, Messire Rambaud must have been in the worst strait to express the passion of his breast, to sing with five tongues at once. But that unfortunate gentleman had a much better time of it than Miss Anna Maria Theresa Sophronia Waddle, who was, alas! prevented by a cruel fortune from using her native English in the manner and for the purpose she most ardently desired, and compelled to keep the single tongue she was mistress of in wearisome inactivity for the space of two mortal days.

Shortly before dispatching his man, John, with the note mentioned in the last chapter, the stranger had said to Mynheer Meyer, "Whose house is that?"

And Mynheer Meyer answered and said, "Miss Waddle's."

"Oh! an old maid," said the stranger, with an air of disgust and shrug of the shoulders.

"Ter tuyful—no!" said Mynheer.

"Why do you say *Miss* Waddle's house, then?"

Mynheer lighted a fresh pipe, and explained. To shorten Mynheer's story—Miss Waddle was young and fair; for books and music a wonder among women; Miss Waddle was an orphan; Miss Waddle had a farm.

The stranger pricked his ears.

Miss Waddle had a house.

The stranger nodded pleasantly towards that domicile, as much as to say, "We have it in our eye."

Miss Waddle had ten thousand in the six per cents.

The stranger exclaimed, "The devil!" and, rising with some haste, called his man John; and, after being closeted with him for half an hour, dispatched him upon the errand to Miss Waddle, which occasioned such commotion in the susceptible bosom of that desolate and deserted fair.

Digitized by Google

Two days passed. The stranger was not seen again upon the stoop. He went away very early in the morning with his gun, dogs, and servant, and did not return until the shadows of evening had settled upon the town. Darker shadows than those of evening settled upon Miss Waddle's mind. Every day the stranger's man brought a present of game; but, somehow or other, she could never catch him. The man left the game in the kitchen, with a polite message for Miss Waddle, and vanished. Miss Waddle was very near her wits' end, and, being a lady of no small property in that way, she had travelled a great distance, and was proportionably fatigued. The Azrael-wing of sorrow shrouded her mind in more than usual gloom. She read the "Prisoner of Chillon," and "the darkness of her dim abode"—although it was very fine weather, and the sun shone most amazingly, and wouldn't go under even the smallest cloud —"fell on her as a heavy load," and she repeated in a stern, sad way, very terrible to hear,

> "It may be months, or years, or days,
> I keep no count, I take no note;
> I have no hope my eyes to raise,
> And clear them of their dreary mote;
> *Man* cometh not to set me free!"

"Despair," said Miss Waddle, brightening up as she came to the last part of the stanza; "I've learned to love despair. Yes, I've learned to love it. Now let fortune do its worst, ha! ha! The pang is past, the sternest trial as the last. Whether he come, or whether he return no more, my lips are sealed—for I can suffer and be still."

Digitized by Google

Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1777 *to* 1842, *with his correspondence with public men, and reminiscences and incidents of the Revolution.* Edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson. New-York: Dana & Co., Publishers.

It is a subject of constant regret with Americans, that the records of the great struggle for national independence are of so general a nature. The literature of other civilized countries is full of home-sketches; chronicles of particular places; lives of individuals; memoirs and journals of great and little actors in the drama of life. French literature particularly abounds in them. Prime ministers, princes of the blood, secretaries, pages, soldiers, and pretty women, all leave "*Memoirés pour servir a l' histoire.*" Whether prompted by individual or national vanity, or a proper and philosophical desire to add something to the general store of information, the labors of even the humblest of these contributors add something valuable to history. A people rather of action than reflection, among Americans writing is "caviare to the general." We have scarce time enough to spare from business to attend properly to eating and sleeping. Americans commonly travel from the cradle to the grave by an "express-train," making no stop at small places on the road. Pen, ink, and paper, therefore, are, for the most part, appropriated to ledgers and commercial correspondence; hence reliable knowledge of home life in America is unattainable by foreigners. They can get no deeper than the newspapers, and of them we are unhappily forced to say what Lord Bolingbroke said of History: "As for that, we know it to be a lie."

The history of the Revolutionary time in America is particularly bald; bald, we mean, in respect of records of private history. The lives of the chief actors in it have, indeed, been written and rewritten after a sort; but their memoirs are generally such as deal only with the great events. Every-day matters are left out. The judge is always on the bench; the soldier always sword in hand; the statesman wears always the colors of his trade. Our history, in short, is always in full dress to receive company, and too fine by half. We want a little more of the daily food, more plain roast-beef, and less

Digitized by Google

confectionery. It is a great mistake. Nothing would look better in print than a plain story of all the ins and outs, up-risings and down-sittings of American in-door life. It is the most wholesome and honorable that ever was lived by any people. Outwardly, new manners and fine fashions have blurred the native grace and plainness of our life; inwardly, at home, the virtuous simplicity of the early days of the Republic remains untarnished. Home is every thing to us. The Bible sheds its hallowed influence upon almost every family circle. It is the family book of America. The genuine force and hearted goodness of American nature expands beneath the genial influence of that dear place—Home. The world is our battle-field. There we rush, and brag, and strive, and dash ahead; always busy, always in a whirl; yet cool-headed, and not a bit too unselfish—in fact, rather hard and grasping than otherwise. At home we are different people. We isolate ourselves there, it is true, and have no idea of what the French call "society." We abhor strangers, in fact, almost as much as Horace did the "*profanum vulgus.*" The family—our own family, wife and little ones, dear old father and mother—are all we want there. Any other interrupts, brings discomfort, puts a pound of starch into papa's collar and mamma's lips, and makes every body exquisitely unnatural and disagreeable. Thus we are not known abroad. The world has a false idea of us: that, however, is not the world's fault. How could it know? If we wrote "home life" in auto-biographies and memoirs, and journals, it might learn something of the truth; otherwise, nothing at all.

The chief recommendation of Mr. Watson's Memoirs is, that they let us a little into the private life of the time he writes of. We have Lee's, and Graydon's, and Greene's Memoirs; Trumbull's and Thatcher's contributions to history; and Mrs. Mercy Warren's history, in some respects an invaluable book, in others scarcely to be relied on. The lady was, like most ladies, a little headstrong, and sufficiently partisan. Later we have had the lives of many great men of Revolutionary fame; but, as we have said, these deal very little with home life; the men they treat of are rather used as the necessary appendages to great historical events, than as human beings with a daily life of their own.

"My father," says Mr. Watson, "from the age of nineteen to near the close of his life, which was protracted to more than four-score years, was in the habit of recording his observations of men and incidents." Would that many other Americans of that time had cultivated the same valuable habit.

Digitized by Google

The work abounds in excellent material, and the style is simple and pleasing.

"I was born," says Mr. Watson, "on the 22d day of January, 1758, in Plymouth, Mass., within rifle-shot of that consecrated rock, where, in New-England, the first European foot was pressed. Among the pious and devoted pilgrims of the Mayflower, Edward Winslow, the third governor of the infant colony, was an energetic and conspicuous leader. From him I am descended in the sixth generation on my mother's side. Born and nurtured among the descendants of the Puritans, I was early imbued with their high sentiments of religious and political liberty. My father and all my relatives, with a few exceptions, were zealous and active Whigs, aiding with their hands and purses the glorious struggle for Independence. I remained at the ordinary common-school until the age of fourteen. This school was kept by Alexander Scammel and Peleg Wadsworth, both afterwards distinguished officers in the revolutionary army. In common with the other patriotic spirits of the age, they evidently saw the approach of the coming tempest. I remember them as early as 1771, intently studying military tactics, and have often seen them engaged in a garden adjoining my father's, drilling each other. They formed the boys into a military company, and our school soon had the air of a miniature arsenal, with our wooden guns and tin bayonets suspended around the walls. At twelve o'clock, the word was given, 'to arms,' and each boy seized his gun; then, led by either Scammel or Wadsworth, we were taught military evolutions, and marched over hills, through swamps, often in the rain, in the performance of these embryo military duties. A sad and impressive commentary upon the effect of these early influences, is afforded by the fact that half this company perished in the conflicts of the Revolution. Scammel was tall in person, exceeding six feet, slender and active. He was kind and benevolent in his feelings, and deeply beloved by his pupils. He was eminently distinguished during the Revolution for his conduct and bravery. In 1777, he was very conspicuous at the battle of Saratoga, leading his regiment of the New-Hampshire troops, in a desperate charge upon Burgoyne's lines. At the siege of Yorktown, he held the important station of Adjutant-General to Washington's army, and there fell in a reconnoisance upon the British works.

"In the month of September, 1773, at the age of fifteen, I left my native place, and proceeded to Providence, Rhode-Island, to engage in my apprenticeship with John Brown, the founder of Brown University, and then one of the most extensive and energetic merchants of America.

"In the December of that year, the tea was destroyed at Boston, and our disputes with the mother country began to assume a serious aspect. The public mind was gradually ripening to the fearful appeal to arms. During the summer of this year the youth of Providence formed themselves into military associations. We often met to drill, were well equipped, and in uniform dresses. I enrolled myself in the cadet company commanded by Col. Nightingale, consisting of seventy-five youths, the flower of Providence. The uniform of this regiment was scarlet coats, faced with yellow. These companies, five in number, were reviewed by the distinguished Gen. Lee, in the autumn of 1774, and received from him the highest encomiums. In a letter to the Duke of ——, October 29th, 1774, after speaking of the preparations in progress in the different colonies to resist oppression, he

Digitized by Google

adds: 'I was present at a review of some of their companies in Providence, R. I. I really never saw any thing more perfect.'

"The storm now thickened in our political horizon—some acts of hostility had already been committed near Salem. The whole country was agitated as if passing over a threatened volcano. Liberty companies in every community were organizing. The intelligence of the march upon Lexington reached Providence in the afternoon of the 19th of April, 1775. Our five companies flew to arms. The whole population was convulsed by the most vehement excitement. We were unprovided with cartridges, and were compelled to defer our march till morning. I spent the most of that night with many of our company, in running bullets and preparing ammunition. We mustered early the next morning, and marched for the scene of action. The royal governor, Wanton, issued a proclamation, which was little regarded, interdicting our passing the colony line, under the penalty of open rebellion. Capt. Green, afterwards the celebrated Gen. Green, with his company of Warwick Greens, and Capt. Varnam, afterwards a revolutionary general, with his Greenwich Volunteers, marched with us at the same time towards Lexington."

That was the way they made soldiers then. It may not be uninteresting to our friends across the water to remark that we do so *now* also. Other nations have gala days, holidays, and festivals. Americans have but one national holiday, the Fourth of July; and but one national play, namely, playing soldier. So universal is this spirit, and the knowledge it naturally carries with it, that you may take any twenty men or boys, at random, in the street, clap muskets in their hands, order them to "fall in" in two ranks, "form company," and they will fall into line like veterans. Scammel and Wardsworth are not solitary instances. We have a good many schoolmasters left, who would teach the young idea how to shoot "ra'al ball" better than they teach Adams or Lindley Murray.

Mr. Watson's military service was brief. After a turn or two on land and sea, he made a business tour through the southern provinces. He then visited France, and established there a commercial house. Writing in 1778, he says:

"The partial hand of nature has laid out America on a much larger scale than any other country. What are called mountains in Europe are hills in America; rivers, brooks, trees, bushes, and lakes are reduced to ponds. In short, the map of the world presents to view no country which combines so many natural advantages, so pleasantly diversified, and which offers to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, so many resources; all of which can not fail to conduct America to the first rank among nations. This I prophesy. It must be so. In contemplating future America, the mind is lost in the din of cities, in harbors, and rivers, crowded with sails, and in the immensity of its population.

"Taking three millions, the number at this time, as a basis, and admitting our population to double each twenty-three years, the result in a hundred years will be sixty-two millions of republican freemen, approaching

Digitized by Google

one hundred millions, in the year A. D. 1900, which will be nearly equal to that of all Europe at the present day.

"The sagacious statesmen of Europe realize these truths, and already dread the influence that the greatness and prosperity of America is destined to exercise upon the world. The European possessions in the West-India Islands will pass away like a cloud, and will be held as appendages to the American Republic, or will be emancipated, and independent governments themselves.

"Though European politicians may consider these events too remote to affect any portion of the present generation of men, still they will obstruct our progress by every means in their power. Their efforts will be as vain as presumptuous, and they will prove as powerless as an attempt to check the flowing of the tide. Their schemes will, in fact, be an effort to arrest the decrees of the Almighty, who has evidently raised up this nation to become a lamp to guide degraded and oppressed humanity, and to direct other nations, even the nation of our oppressors, to liberty and happiness."

"This I prophesy!" Truly the "second sight" was upon him. Had he written yesterday instead of 1778; had he written with the correspondence between Marcy, Buchanan, and Clarendon open before him, he could not have spoken more wisely or to the point. "European politicians will obstruct our progress by every means in their power!" Of course they will. "The whole crowd of timorous and flocking birds, with such as love the night" of prescriptive privilege and monarchical abuse, hate and fear the expansive nature of Republican Institutions. It is natural; it is necessary. Light has no communion with darkness, nor sin with holiness; but truth is omnipotent. They may "obstruct," but they can never prevent. English envy and diplomacy may cut down trees, and break up roads on our path of Empire, but when fate passes the word along the Yankee line, "Prepare to pass obstacle," over go horse, foot, and artillery, at a hand-gallop, and away go the obstructions for ever. It is all moonshine on the water to talk of impeding the march of American enterprise or empire. It can't be done. Let no one fret themselves on that subject. *It can't be done.* Whereof hear good old Watson, for he verily talks plain English and sound sense in this matter, and after a round fashion too:

"I formerly supposed we attached too much importance to our Revolution, in considering it the cause of man, and that it was preparing an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of all nations; but the more I reflect, and the more I regard the opinions of older heads, the stronger my conviction becomes of the truth of this solemn and animating thought.

"For two centuries, an ineffectual struggle has been maintained, to fasten upon some corner of Europe the principles of liberty, but the bayonets of a million of mercenaries have secured the thrones of European despots.

Digitized by Google

Freedom, established and maintained in America, in a more liberal age, may diffuse her influence over Europe.

"England has fairly rocked us out of our cradle, a sleeping infant; she may soon find us an armed giant. Should I live to the age prescribed to man, I have no doubt but I shall witness America standing in the first rank among the nations of the earth."

It was his happiness to live to see it all; and we can conceive how the old man's heart must have swelled within him as he witnessed the fulfillment of his youthful hopes, in the ripe manhood and growing power of his country. Here is a pleasant anecdote of the "stars and stripes;" the date is 1782.

"Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the back-ground, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not esteem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility.

"I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the *stars and stripes.* This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in old England.*" *

The following anecdote might seem exaggerated, but we happen to know that precisely a similar thing occurred, but a year or two since, to a friend of ours. Indeed, in two or three parts of Europe, particularly in England and Austria, they laughed at him when he said he was an *American*, and replied: "Oh! no, sir; that is impossible, for your skin is as fair as ours."

"I was highly entertained by a conversation between two ladies, genteelly dressed, and evidently of a respectable class in society, in a coach, near London, and record it as illustrative of the prevailing ignorance in England, of the people and condition of America. One remarked to the

---

"* I brought this splendid painting with me to America, and it is still in my possession. It is pronounced by artists, second to no painting in America, and has, at their earnest request, been deposited in academies and schools of painting, as a study for young artists. Copley assured me that it would not, in his own language —'ripen in forty years'—and now, after an interval of more than half a century, (1821,) its colors appear clearer and more brilliant than on the day they left the painter's pallet."

Digitized by Google

other: 'I have seen a wonderful sight—a little girl born in a place called Boston, in North-America; and what is very astonishing, but I pledge you my word it is true, she speaks English as well as any child in England; and, besides, she is perfectly white!' 'Is it possible!' exclaimed the other, in no counterfeit astonishment at the recital. Many of the people of England suppose us to be a nation of Indians, Negroes, or mixed blood."

This was in 1784. Really, our English cousins are a slow race; they have not apparently learned much more about us up to this year of grace, 1856.

The little anecdote Mr. Watson tells of the manner of holding English elections, ought to make John Bull chary of his wise reflections upon the dangers of American mobs, voting, etc.

"I attended, for three successive days, in Covent Garden Square, the violently-contested election for Parliament, between Fox, Lord Hood, and Wray. It was a spectacle of the deepest excitement and interest; but disgraceful in the outrages and violence constantly attending it. I occupied a position near the hustings, upon a temporary stage, which afforded me a view of every occurrence.

"The candidates, with their immediate friends, were stationed in front of a small church, the hustings being inclosed within a railway. From my elevated station, looking upon the sea of faces, I judged there were assembled within the square, at the windows commanding a view of it, and in the adjacent streets, twenty thousand spectators, to witness *freemen* giving in their suffrages.

"The contest had already continued several weeks. Instead of the silent dignity that usually characterizes an American election, here all was confusion and conflict; bloody noses and broken heads—intimidation and corruption. In the midst of the canvass, two self-created armies were seen entering the square, at different points; the one headed by a son of Lord Hood, (a captain in the navy,) consisting of sailors, and armed with bludgeons; the other led by a champion of Fox, composed principally of hardy Irish chairmen. They bore banners inscribed with the names of their respective candidates.

"The purpose of each party was to secure to its friends access to the polls. These zealous and *intelligent* champions of British liberty and *free* elections, met with a rude shock exactly in front of the hustings. A violent conflict ensued; each party made great efforts to prostrate the standard of its opponents. They fought with proverbial English ferocity. The excitement instantly spread in every direction, and clubs, fists, and canes were in brisk motion throughout the crowd. Such a scene I had never witnessed. Victory soon declared for the sailors; the chairmen were scouting through every avenue, with the sailors in brisk pursuit.

"The poll was in consequence open exclusively to the friends of Hood and Wray. Within two hours, the chairmen, strongly reinforced, returned, and a new conflict ensued. I saw Fox, in front of the hustings, clapping his hands and shouting with the utmost engagedness. The sailors, in turn, were compelled to fly, leaving many of both parties mangled and bloody, who were borne into the adjacent houses. A French gentleman at my

Digitized by Google

elbow, justly exclaimed: 'If this be liberty, Heaven deliver my country from it.'"

A pleasant glimpse of greatness under a cloud is afforded in the following sketch of the illustrious French refugees, who fled from the horrors of their own bloody Revolution to enjoy the peaceable fruits of ours. It appears their gratitude was of a piece with that of kings, and other fine people by the "*grace of God.*"

"The residence for a short period of Talleyrand in this country, during his exile, in a condition of indigence and destitution, is a historic fact. His circumstances and position are somewhat illustrated by trivial incidents, which have been noticed in the manuscripts of Mr. Watson:

"'In the years 1794 and '95, I resided in the northern suburbs of Albany, then known as the Colonie. Mons. Le Contaulx, formerly of Paris, a very amiable man, was my opposite neighbor. His residence was the resort of the French emigrants. During that period, Count Le Tour du Pin, a distinguished French noble, made a hair-breadth escape from Bordeaux, with his elegant and accomplished wife, the daughter of Count Dillon. They were concealed in that city for six terrible weeks, during the sanguinary atrocities of Tallien, and arrived at Boston with two trunks of fine towels, containing several hundred in each; the only property they had been able to save from the wreck of an immense estate. They came to Albany, and brought me a letter of introduction from Thomas Russell, an eminent merchant of Boston. Soon after, they purchased a little farm, upon an eminence nearly opposite Troy.

"'Here they were joined by Talleyrand, who had arrived about the same time in Albany; also, an exile, and in want. I became intimate with them, from these circumstances, from my familiarity with their country and knowledge of the French language. They avowed their poverty, and resided together on the little farm, suffering severe privations, bringing to Albany the surplus produce of their land, and habitually stopping with their butter and eggs at my door. They yielded with a good grace to their humiliating condition.

"'In the winter following, I was surrounded in my office by a group of distinguished Frenchmen: the Count, Talleyrand, Volney, the philosophical writer and traveller, Mons. Pharoux, a very learned man, and Des Jardin, a former Chamberlain of Louis XVI. They considered me a Frenchman at heart, and appeared to forget that I was an American, jealous of the rights, liberties, and honor of my country. Their remarks were often revolting to my sentiments and national pride. Sympathy and compassion for their fallen estate constrained me to endure this language, although they did not hesitate to avow their detestation of American institutions, and their disgust at our manners and habits.

"'On the occasion referred to, after having indulged in this train of remark, and speculating upon the posture of European affairs, Des Jardin at length turning to me, exclaimed: 'Yes, my friend, before this war' (the war waged by despotism against republican principles) 'shall end, your frontier will be lined with French bayonets.' To this sentiment they all seemed to respond in acquiescence. My American blood was excited beyond forbearance, and I replied: 'God grant, if so, that the invaders may be repelled at

Digitized by Google

the threshold, or exterminated to a man.' Here we were at issue, and our social intercourse terminated.

"'Soon after this, Talleyrand was swaying a potent influence in the councils of France. Whether these hostile sentiments were infused into the Directory, I have no knowledge; but it is certain, when our three Envoys were literally supplicating for peace, at the foot-stool of this power, they were received with an arrogance and intolerance that insulted the dignity, and trampled contemptuously upon the independence of a free nation. This, however, was the extreme point of our degradation. Adams was found a lion in the path of these aggressions. An open war ensued, in which our infant Navy, the child of his own creation, gloriously sustained the honor of our flag, and our national rights. Truxton, in the Constellation, captured a French frigate of equal size, and repelled the attack of a second. *Truxton against France*, was the language of the day; for he performed alone in his gallant ship, all the fighting. The French government retracted, and an honorable peace was consummated.'"

Probably if *Truxton* had lived in 1856, he would have been put upon the *retired list*, fighting, at present, affording apparently very serious ground of complaint against naval gentlemen. We would advise them, under the rule adopted in the celebrated case of Rolando *vs.* the Chinese piratical junks, whenever they find themselves in such quarrelsome company, to clap their swords on the cabin-table, and, with Ancient Pistol, pray, that "Heaven may send them no need" of such unchristian and bloody-minded instruments.

Apropos to naval affairs, we must be indulged in one more extract from this pleasing volume; it is about the battles on the Lakes.

"'After taking our leave of the Niagara, we proceeded to the shore to visit the arsenal, and were much gratified by the inspection of the shattered spars and cannon of both fleets. I can recall no event of my life more fraught with the luxury of national pride, in which purest and loftiest patriotism could so widely expatiate, as when I contemplated in the scene the rising glory of the Republic, and indulged the grateful and proud conviction, that the ships, or decaying hulks under my eyes, had done more to humble the arrogance of Britain than all the navies of France and Spain, through the long annals of naval warfare. We had often beaten her before, ship to ship, but the battle of Erie was our first trial in naval tactics, fleet against fleet.

"'I boldly challenge the history of England to unfold a nobler display of skill, decision, and bravery, than was evinced by Perry, a comparative boy of Rhode-Island, and his officers and tars, in every stage of this well-fought battle. The father of Perry I knew well in the Revolutionary war. He commanded a packet between Newport and Providence, and was called, I think, Kit Perry.

"'What incident in history is more noble and chivalric than that momentous and decisive crisis when Perry left his almost conquered and disabled ship, the Lawrence, in an open boat, exposed to the fire of the

Digitized by Google

British fleet, and passed to the Niagara, a ship fresh and uninjured, thus deciding the fortunes of the day, and capturing every vessel of a superior enemy?

"'We were rowed back to town across the harbor, and inspected the public store-house, the spot where Perry built his ships, and the identical boat in which he passed to the Niagara, which was lying on the beach in good preservation.

"'The officer who conducted us in the yawl, a true son of Neptune, not only declared, but swore to the fact, that the Lawrence had been sunk three times alongside the Queen Charlotte, that she could not be kept there, having each time fell off in the raking position in which we saw her, in spite of them. He appeared perfectly serious in the belief, that this was a preternatural affair.

"'In the year 1814 and during the late war, I had frequent, familiar, and unreserved conversations with a British officer high in rank and character, upon the subject of our successful naval encounters with British ships. He freely conceded the fact, and in elucidation, remarked, that he met his friend Gen. Hyslop in London after the capture of the frigate Java, who, with many officers and soldiers, was a passenger in her, *en route* to the East-Indies; that he inquired of Gen. Hyslop, how it happened, that the Java was captured by the Constitution, when it was admitted, that she was of about equal force, of superior equipment, and almost doubly manned. That Gen. Hyslop replied to him, 'They expected, on falling in with the Constitution, to make a short job of her capture.' He remained, he said, on the quarter-deck of the Java, through the engagement, and was astonished to see the superior gunnery of the Constitution, she discharging during the battle three broadsides to two of her antagonist, which added in effect one third to her weight of fire; and to this circumstance he imputed the victory of Bainbridge. My friend added, that Gen. Hyslop said to him, from his subsequent observation and inquiry he was convinced the American sailors were far more active and elastic in their habits and motions than the British. The same result which signalized the combat between the Constitution and Java, characterized the numerous battles in the Revolution, between American and British privateers, and still more marked and decisively those of the late war."

We take leave of this volume with regret. It is a valuable contribution to American literature and history, and will, we hope, serve to bring to light many important facts connected with the past, which now lie hidden in MSS., letters, and memorandums, in private hands. Let us have in print all that remains of that glorious period. The influence exerted by every scrap and pen-mark of the patriot men of Revolutionary times, is happy and healthful. We need to learn the lesson which privation, war, oppression, and loss of this world's goods taught them. It was a noble lesson of self-reliance, of exalted patriotism, of dauntless courage—a whole school of virtue. We have more money nowadays, and more vanity than they had; scarcely, alas! as much principle. Let us have the intimate record of their daily life, which, also, had a daily beauty in it,

Digitized by Google

that we may learn to live as they did; that we may *feel* and *act* as they did the great fact that,

> "Whether upon the scaffold high,
> Or in the battle's van,
> The noblest place for *man* to die
> Is where he dies for *man*."

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

WHO will he be?

The question admits of but one answer. A Democrat. The answer however, like the text of a sermon, may be divided into several heads.

Who will he be?

In the first place, he will be the nominee selected by the National Democratic Convention to be held at Cincinnati, in the month of June, 1856. *That man* will be the next President of the United States of America, and for that man, be he who he may, this Review will go heart and hand. Loyalty to the regular nominations of the Democratic Party is one of the prime articles in its political creed. We could never understand how a sane man could claim to be a Democrat; could pretend to see in the continued ascendency of that party the chief security, under God, of our continued union and prosperity as a nation; and yet aid to distract that party, and imperil that union and prosperity, by suffering selfish motives or sectional considerations to array him against its regular organization. Organization is strength. The best principles, the finest enthusiasm, exhale in fruitless wishes, in unsuccessful struggles against wrongs most patent, if supported by merely isolated effort. Arm an hundred thousand men with the most approved weapons of war, and put them in the field without drill or discipline, and what are they? A mere mob, a crowd of frightened fools, through which a regiment or two of veterans cut their way wherever they please. A political party is the same. Party organization is as necessary to the success of principles, as truth is to their usefulness and vitality. Therefore we say,

Digitized by Google

there will never be a good time again in the Democratic Party till the good old Jackson collar is worn upon their necks, and every man is proud to wear it, not as the badge of servitude, but as an insignia prouder than the jewelled collar of an order of aristocratic knighthood, as the badge of unshrinking loyalty to the Democratic Party, and the principles it maintains.

It was our father's boast, and a more thorough-going Democrat or conscientious man never lived, that for fifty years he had voted the regular Democratic ticket; and that however he might personally dislike a nominee, he *must* vote for him, his conscience compelled him, because the principle included the man, and it was better to vote for a questionable man, and an unquestionable principle, than for the best of men if his election would afford a questionable principle opportunity of development. Up to this hour we can make the same boast, and a great change must take place in our mode of thought and feeling if we do not continue so to the end. Arguing, therefore, as well from the sentiments of our own hearts, as from the deductions of reason and logic, we do not feel that we are doing any thing but a natural and most necessary thing in pledging ourselves to the nominees of the National Democratic Convention of 1856. We trust that every honest Democrat in the United States will recognize the wisdom and propriety of making the same resolution.

Who will he be?

With as free a soul as we make the pledge to vote for him, be he who he may, we say, that is a matter of the most perfect indifference to us. We ask only that he shall be a first rate man, and a sound National Democrat.

A very prominent aspirant for the Presidency, and a very large bone of contention in the State of New-York—the more's the pity—ordered us a month or two since to stop his Review. We felt very much ashamed of him; because when a man sets himself up as the kind of material to make a President out of, he ought to be a large-minded, large-souled man. We are a hero-people, and want hero-men to lead us. Pettiness of thought is as much out of place in an aspirant to the Presidency, as sectionalism of principle.

Perhaps, however, that distinguished gentleman allowed himself to be misled by the reports so industriously propagated by many persons of narrow intellect and envious souls, that this Review was busying itself with forwarding the designs and advocating the claims of some particular man upon the Convention, and that *that* man was not himself. As to the latter,

Digitized by Google

he and they were undoubtedly right. As to the former, they were never more mistaken in their lives, except when they fancied that any man could be *forced* upon the Democratic Party. The personal friends of Mr. Van Buren tried the forcing process once upon a time, and we should think the result of that trial ought to admonish gentlemen of the success likely to attend any future "bolt" from the decision of the National Convention.

It has been widely charged that we are the partisans of Franklin Pierce; and that our purpose is to procure if possible his renomination. The charge is a weak invention of the enemy. We believe that the last thing our President—a Democratic President—would do himself, or desire others to do, would be to endeavor to compass such a design by any indirection. If the Cincinnati Convention nominate him, his flag shall be nailed to our mast-head, and our best efforts used in his behalf. If they do not, we have no fault to find with them. The delegates to that Convention are supposed to represent the wisdom of the Democratic Party, and if they decide that they know a better man, he whom they choose is the *best* man for us.

We never stood face to face with President Pierce but once in our lives, nor heard the sound of his voice but once. That time he spoke like a statesman and an orator. With the exception of that time, we have never laid eyes upon him. Nor have we ever had the scratch of a pen from him. In fact, if the General should run against us under a forty-light gas chandelier, with all the burners blazing at once, he would not probably know us from our first male parent, commonly called "Adam." We never received and never asked either aid or comfort from the Administration in the conduct of this Review. We mean the Democratic Party to support us, because we support them—that obligation is mutual—and that is the only obligation we desire to lie under. And we can tell our friends, and our enemies, that the Democratic Party always *does* support whatever is true to it, and worth supporting. We have sustained, and we mean to sustain the Administration in every act done by it in accordance with National Democratic principles. We make no war for men. We never saw the man, outside the circle of our private friendships, for whom we would peril so much as the nail upon our little finger. For *man* and his rights; for the Union and its destinies; for the faith of Democracy, which next to our belief in God we cherish; for truth, in any strait,

Digitized by Google

we will put life or fortune to the hazard: for a mere individual, or his selfish aims, we will not turn upon our heel.

A Democratic Administration may *place* this man, or displace that. We have nothing to do with it. Let it hold fast to the principles of the party, and carry them out in its policy, and we look no farther. We have no right, nor has any other man a right, to ask more. The government of these States was not instituted for *placemen*, nor parties organized to fight their battles. The growth and vast expansion of the nation has put too many of them on us. They are a growing evil in our system. Let us not aggravate it by fostering their conceit, or offering ourselves as the tools of their passions and follies. The puffed and vaporing placeman of to-day, is often the seedy sponge and "loafer" of to-morrow. How humiliating must it be to those who have fawned upon their hour of brief authority, to see their wooden idol with the gold-leaf rubbed off his back, and be compelled to recognize their own baseness in his degradation. In the name of honor; in the name of manhood; in the name of Democracy, let us leave this contemptible squabble over collectorships and surveyorships, over foreign missions, and consulships; let us abandon this attempt to couple principles which are holy with a selfishness which is accursed, or to drag things high and noble through the common mire and rot of avaricious office-seeking. You cannot deceive the people with it. They see plainly through it. It is your own eyes which are blinded, O ye who worship Mammon. There is no use in your stealing the name of virtue and giving it to your god. His ugly little pop eyes, big belly, and wide slavering mouth betray him. The dirty creature is a harpy, and his natural tendencies will break through the best disguise you can put upon him.

We say therefore, this Administration has thus far maintained the principles of the Democratic Party with honesty and good faith, and therefore we support it, just as we shall support for the same reasons the next Democratic Administration, whoever heads it, if our lives and capacity be continued to us.

You say, good croakers, that it has not the fiery energy and determination of Andrew Jackson's. Do you ever expect to see another Andrew Jackson? And apropos of Andrew Jackson, do you remember James Madison? Is he not a saint, and deservedly a saint, in our Democratic calendar? We think he is. Now, whilst James Madison, with ten or twelve thousand men eager to fight if they had had anybody to command them, got every thing about him into inextricable confu-

Digitized by Google

sion, and ran away at last from Washington, leaving four thousand British soldiers to burn and plunder it at their leisure; Andrew Jackson, at New-Orleans, with three thousand men, defeated ten thousand of the finest troops that England ever boasted. But what does that prove? That Madison was not a statesman? The Constitution of the United States, mainly drafted by his hand, and passed in a convention of the greatest men the world ever saw collected for such a purpose, principally by his skill and profoundly argumentative eloquence, proves *his* statesmanship. What does it prove then? Why, that Andrew Jackson was a great soldier first, and a great statesman afterwards; and that Madison was merely the latter. But does the country owe Madison the *Statesman* the less, because he was not also Madison the Soldier? But to go back to the bone of contention—you shrug your shoulders, and sigh because Franklin Pierce has not the iron determination of Old Hickory. It's a blessed thing for you that it is so, or by St. Jago! a large number of you would have ornamented the boughs of trees, and hung like strange fruit in the autumnal woods. There was a divinity which hedged that old man which treason durst not step within.

Yet, gentlemen, you are going a little too fast. You are getting before your story. We are not prepared to admit the charge quite yet. The Old Hickory quality may not be quite so much run out yet as you please yourselves with imagining. For after all your blustering, and sighing over the past, you hope it is. You are living and acting in that hope. Remember, however, that Jackson did not stir without great argument. Remember, like a thorough soldier, he always had every thing prepared before he struck.

The President you elected by such an overwhelming majority, has been wisely endeavoring to conciliate every interest in the great Democratic family, and by the union of them all to insure future victory. If you refuse the olive branch, you may find the sword of Harmodius beneath it.

You pointed to Kansas, and asked, Where are your proclamations; where your Federal troops to insure order and good government? When the time came for them, they were both forthcoming. Will you act like wise men and good citizens, and wait also in other things for the proper time? Or will you add to the disturbance the distracting clamor of your empty cries?

For our part, we would say to the parties in that Territory, It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, gentlemen, but it is a family quarrel amongst yourselves, and you will oblige us by

Digitized by Google

fighting it out; and we beg at the same time to assure you of our liveliest sympathy, and hope, if you neither of you have sufficient sense to behave yourselves, that, like the Kilkenny cats, you will finish the whole matter by swallowing each other.

That is the *let-alone* policy.

When, however, foolish Governors, like Mr. Chase, or other violent madmen, attempt to interfere, we should have ordered a regiment or two of United States troops to the scene of amusement, as special constables to keep the peace, and directed them to clear the Territory of the whole gallimaufry of Massachusetts and Ohio sympathizers, or Missouri squatters, just as the policemen clear the street of a crowd of bad boys, and worse men, who commonly gather around to abet whatever devilment and mischief the bad boys may have first set on foot.

That would have been our way. Possibly, however, we are hot-headed. At any rate, we are not vain enough to find fault with "older and better soldiers than ourselves," for acting more slowly and with greater caution.

But who will the next Democratic President be? Harry A. Wise? The eloquent Virginian is hotter-headed than we are. We have no objection to him, however. A radical lawyer very often makes a conservative judge, and the peace of nations is never securer than when a great soldier bears his hand upon the helm of State.

George M. Dallas?

He was chairman of the first Democratic mass meeting upon the stand of which we made our appearance, and commenced our apprenticeship for the stump. He is a good man and true; and many delightful personal recollections mingle with our appreciation of his character and talents as a public man, and stalwart Democrat.

James Buchanan?

His good name is in all men's mouths. Many busy heads and hands are at work for him from Maine to San Francisco. If his cause has fallen into as bad hands in other States, however, as it has in New-York, it is nearly hopeless. He has been particularly adopted in that city and State by the class known as "*Strikers.*" One or two of the most notorious have been actively engaged for some time in getting up mysterious organizations of foxy old fellows, men who go in for the "chances" of any thing from a collectorship to a "night watch" in the Custom House. They also ply our distinguished ex-Minister to England with daily letters, full of very large "I's," anent which the Vulgate may be profitably quoted, "Oculos habent,

Digitized by Google

sed non videbitur," which being translated into the vernacular, may be rendered, "I John Nokes am the man who is going to do every thing for you in the State of New-York. 'And when you are King, and I claim of you the Earldom of Hereford, with all the appurtenances whereof the last incumbent died possessed,' oblige me by recollecting that all the other New-York politicians are humbugs, arrant knaves; believe none of them!"

James Buchanan is very popular, and deservedly so; but he has good-natured friends enough in the city of New-York alone to kill forty candidates before the ides of June. We do not desire to be invidious, but the class who are just now loudest in his commendation, are of those whose good word in that State is a kind of deadly poison, and courses through all the lanes and alleys of a political reputation with the rapidity of prussic acid.

We have nowhere seen a more temperate and well written presentation of Mr. Buchanan than in the *Daily Advocate*, Baton Rouge, La. We copy its conclusion:

"Honored by Jackson more than thirty years ago, again distinguished by that hero when he went forth to St. Petersburg as his Minister, the companion in the Senate, in the days of the Augustan era, of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Sevier, Linn, and Wm. R. King, and all those conspicuous figures of the Administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, he passed from the ordeal, adding to its reputation with every hour, and retiring into private life only to be recalled to the Cabinet of Mr. Polk, as its chief, from which position he again retired to his own home, and has again been translated from that home to the position which he now occupies, and where he has enlisted so much of the interest and the confidence of the people. It would be strange if such a man were not strong. It would be marvellous if that Southern phalanx which, in 1852, rallied to him in the Baltimore Convention, for nearly a whole week, and which at last gave him up reluctantly for the distinguished gentleman now in the Presidential Chair, should not at present respond to the sentiment which, arising in his own State and spreading over other sections of the Union, seems to point to him as the candidate of the Democracy in 1856.

"Without friends in power, without systematic organization, without newspapers, we hear of his strength away off in Maine, in Connecticut, in New-York, where the divided factions look to him as the man whose presence is to bring peace to their troubled waters; in New-Jersey, where there is scarcely a voice raised against him, even by his opponents; in Ohio, where he counts his friends by thousands and tens of thousands, and so throughout the mighty North-West. Politicians may intrigue, he can not do it, and will not do it. All that his friends ask is that the amicable, fair and honest example which thus far they have set, shall not be answered by injustice, shall not be followed up by crimination. In vain will calumny seek to fasten upon the friends of Mr. Buchanan a single effort to do injustice to any other candidate in the field. If they can not advocate their choice without impugning others, then let their choice go down. The

Digitized by Google

Presidency is not worth obtaining if it is to be obtained by such means, or in such a struggle."

Then we have the gallant Jefferson Davis, whose single charge at Buena Vista, when, hurling his regiment at the "reserves" of Santa Anna, he crushed the whole of his column like an egg-shell, and retrieved the fortune of the day, is sufficient to immortalize his name. We have Wm. L. Marcy, the wisest, wiliest, safest man of all—a great, a very great man indeed, who carries his head in his heart, and his heart in his head, always. Passion has no slave in him. Popular clamor can not hurry him, nor popularity seduce. We never asked a favor of him but once, and then—we didn't get it. But he was right. We had no consideration to offer, and the article desired had a market value in the political world. That fact put us upon studying his character, and we came, long ago, to the conclusion that it was less understood than that of any other man of mark in the country. Amongst all American statesmen he is *facile princeps.* Men ask, why then, with such a wonderful *head,* have others got ahead of him in the race for the Presidential chair? Other cynical men reply, because he has *no heart.* A gallant soldier, an able lawyer, a judge whose decisions are marked by rare common sense and accuracy, a brilliant Cabinet minister—why not President? Umph! Because nobody believes that his heart would run away with his head; because nobody thinks he would be an easy man *to use.* For, you see, we have come to that now-a-days. Military heroes are always available, because hero-worship is a law of man's nature. Next to them your available man is the man into whose eyes most other men expect to poke their fingers.

Then we have James Guthrie, of Kentucky—"Ole Kaintuck." There's metal in him. We can say a rare thing of him—he has had the national purse-strings in his hands for nearly four years, and has been drawing them tighter and tighter every day, and locking up the people's money like a savings bank. But it is not our "hint" to praise any man above another. We have twenty great men in the Democratic party: there is never any poverty of them. We are not at all fastidious. If we wanted a foreign mission, or any other nice little tit-bit, we should probably tie on as a bob to some particular kite; as it is, we are content to see others fly them. Therefore we shall say nothing of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, though he is well and stands in a rich place, with such surroundings and high commendation as few other men can

Digitized by Google

boast of. Nor of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, though he stands upon the Nebraska bill, and we stand there too, and rejoice that by its provisions reparation has been made to the country for the lengthened violence done to the Constitution by the Missouri Compromise farce. The Little Giant has broad shoulders, and would well befit the seat of state. Nor yet of Bright of Indiana, nor Rusk of Texas, who both hold good cards, and are no novices at the game of politics. They are both safe men. Nor of the smaller crowd of aspirants whose modesty in aiming at the Presidency is a convenient cloak to future applications for small federal places—"nice, fat federal places," as Patrick Henry called them. Go to the Convention, gentlemen, all of you, and settle it there. One piece of advice in your ear, in all your ears—don't make the mistake to believe that you can get along without New-York. As goes New-York, so goes the Union. 'Tis an old saw. Be careful: do not outrage her. Deal calmly and justly with her delegates when they present themselves at the bar of the Convention. You will find in that delegation names not less illustrious, nor linked with meaner destinies, than any State will send you. Be wise and patient; and remember that "Regular Nominations" is one of the oldest and safest rules known to the party.

And in conclusion, and for ourselves, we support the nominee of the Convention. There is no one man now before the people whose claims are of so commanding and paramount a nature, as to make the selection of another unjust or unwise. We wait, therefore, the hour of the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention with placidity. When nominated, we mean to try to strike for him a good blow with tongue and pen—till then, "*sauve qui peut.*"

S. W. C.

Digitized by Google

TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.*

SEVENTY years ago Samuel Rogers made his first appearance in literature with an "Ode to Superstition." This was in 1786. In 1792, his twenty-ninth year, he published his famous "Pleasures of Memory," the work of nine years. Six years after he came out with an "Epistle to a Friend." In 1814, "Jacqueline" saw the light, in a volume with Byron's "Lara." "Human Life" succeeded in 1819, and the first part of "Italy" in 1822. Rogers died in December, 1855, at the ripe age of ninety-two. During all these years he wrote verses, bought pictures and works of art, helped men of genius when they were in straits, gave breakfasts to all sorts of celebrities; in short, played the part of a poet-banker. His verses are good as far as they go: that is to say, they are thoughtfully conceived and carefully written, which after all is no mean merit in this age of hasty scribbling. Judged by the highest standard of genius, such as we apply to born poets, they are deficient; but as amateur compositions, correct copies of the classic English models of versification, they are equal to the very best of their kind. They are finished to the last degree; every word is weighed in the balance of severe taste, and "set" in the most telling place in the line or stanza. This insures a commendable correctness, but the result is apt to be a want of force and vitality. Rogers will live as a poet; but he will not stand high.

His fame with posterity will probably rest upon his bankership and his breakfasts. Every body has heard of his breakfasts: it was considered an honor to sit with Rogers, and listen to his reminiscences of the great men and women that he had known. His reputation and his tact made him acquainted with hundreds of remarkable characters; many of them he knew intimately, more intimately indeed than would have suited the pocket of a poorer man. He paid largely in some instances for his familiarity with genius. Sheridan was not backward

* Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856.

Digitized by Google

in coming forward for sundry supplies of pounds, shillings and pence. In fact, Rogers was looked upon as a small Bank of England, from which any literary man might draw. There was a floating rumor that he had a million-pound bank note framed over his mantel-piece! What a God-send for Grub street!

But greater than this fabulous bank note (which we believe was only for a hundred thousand pounds) was the original agreement between Milton and the publishers of "Paradise Lost." This was the gem of the Rogers gallery of curiosities. For the rest of his possessions, paintings, statues, objects of *vertu*, etc., they have been written about too often to need mentioning here. By his will, one or two of his finest pictures belong to the nation. They are left to the National Gallery.

Rogers was celebrated for his wit; but few persons would covet the reputation it gave him. His heart was cold, cynical, morose. He said some of the bitterest things that ever dropped from mortal mouth. The adder was a fool to him. When he took a dislike to man, woman, or child—and he liked but few—he was merciless in his dissection of their weaknesses. He probed them to the quick, poured vitriol in their wounds, blazed out Greek fire at them; and all in his calm, hard, severe, gentlemanly way. It was awful how he seemed to hate humanity. Nothing of this (which by the by is *said* rather than *written* of Rogers) appears in the volume of his "Table-Talk." It is as mild as mother's milk; some portions of it are quite as insipid. But no man's table-talk is at all times good; too much pudding or too little wine makes many a wit stupid.

Here are a few paragraphs relating to "my Lord Byron":

"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival, they returned; and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup? 'No; he never took soup.'—Would he take some fish? 'No; he never took fish.'—Presently I asked him if he would eat some mutton? 'No; he never ate mutton.'—I then asked him if he would take a glass of wine? 'No; he never tasted wine.'—It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar.—My guests stayed till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie.—Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, 'How long

Digitized by Google

will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.'—I did not then know, what I now know to be a fact—that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a Club in Saint James's Street, and eaten a hearty meat-supper.

"Byron sent me *Childe Harold* in the printed sheets before it was published; and I read it to my sister. 'This,' I said, 'in spite of all its beauty, will never please the public: they will dislike the querulous repining tone that pervades it, and the dissolute character of the hero.' But I quickly found that I was mistaken. The genius which the poem exhibited, the youth, the rank of the author, his romantic wanderings in Greece—these combined to make the world stark mad about *Childe Harold* and Byron. I knew two old maids in Buckinghamshire who used to cry over the passage about Harold's 'laughing dames' that 'long had fed his youthful appetite,'* etc.

"After Byron had become the *rage*, I was frequently amused at the manœuvres of certain noble ladies to get acquainted with him by means of me: for instance, I would receive a note from Lady —— requesting the pleasure of my company on a particular evening, with a postcript, 'Pray, could you not contrive to bring Lord Byron with you?'—Once, at a great party given by Lady Jersey, Mrs. Sheridan ran up to me and said, 'Do, as a favor, try if you can place Lord Byron beside me at supper.'

"Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers; and he used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet): after going home, he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning.'

"He one evening took me to the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre, where I was much entertained. When the play began, I went round to the front of the house, and desired the box-keeper to show me into Lord Byron's box. I had been there about a minute, thinking myself quite alone, when suddenly Byron and Miss Boyce (the actress) emerged from a dark corner.

"In those days at least, Byron had no readiness of reply in conversation. If you happened to let fall any observation which offended him, he would say nothing at the time; but the offense would lie rankling in his mind; and perhaps a fortnight after, he would suddenly come out with some very cutting remarks upon you, giving them as his deliberate opinions, the results of his experience of your character.

"Several women were in love with Byron, but none so violently as Lady Caroline Lamb. She absolutely besieged him. He showed me the first letter he received from her; in which she assured him that, if he was in any want of money, 'all her jewels were at his service.' They frequently had quarrels; and more than once, on coming home, I have found Lady C. walking in the garden, and waiting for me, to beg that I would reconcile them.—When she met Byron at a party, she would always, if possible, return home from it in *his* carriage, and accompanied by *him*: I recollect particularly their returning to town together from Holland House.—But such was the insanity of her passion for Byron, that sometimes, when not invited to a party where he was to be, she would wait for him in the street till it was over! One night, after a great party at Devonshire House, to which Lady Caroline had not been invited, I saw—yes, saw her—talking to Byron, with

* Canto i. st. 11.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

half of her body thrust into the carriage which he had just entered. In spite of all this absurdity, my firm belief is that there was nothing criminal between them.

"Byron at last was sick of her. When their intimacy was at an end, and while she was living in the country, she burned, very solemnly, on a sort of funeral pile, *transcripts* of all the letters which she had received from Byron, and *a copy* of a miniature (his portrait) which he had presented to her; several girls from the neighborhood, whom she had dressed in white garments, dancing round the pile, and singing a song which she had written for the occasion, 'Burn, fire, burn,' etc.—She was mad; and her family allowed her to do whatever she chose.

"Latterly, I believe, Byron never dined with Lady B.; for it was one of his fancies (or affectations) that 'he could not endure to see women eat.' I recollect that he once refused to meet Madame de Staël at my house *at dinner*, but came in the evening: and when I have asked him to dinner without mentioning what company I was to have, he would write me a note to inquire 'if I had invited any women.'

"Wilkes's daughter may have had a right to burn her father's *Memoirs;** but Moore, I conceive, was not justified in giving his consent to the burning of Byron's: when Byron told him that he might 'do whatever he pleased with them,' Byron certainly never contemplated their being burned. If Moore had made me his confidant in the business, I should have protested warmly against the destruction of the *Memoirs:* but he chose Luttrell, probably because he thought him the more fashionable man; and Luttrell, who cared nothing about the matter, readily voted that they should be put into the fire.—There were, I understand, some gross things in that manuscript; but I read only a portion of it, and did not light upon them. I remember that it contained this anecdote: On his marriage-night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep; a taper, which burned in the room, was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed, and he could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he awakened Lady B., 'Good God, I am surely in hell!'

"One day, during dinner, at Pisa, when Shelley and Trelawney were with us, Byron chose to run down Shakspeare (for whom he, like Sheridan, either had, or pretended to have, little admiration). I said nothing. But Shelley immediately took up the defense of the great poet, and conducted it in his usual meek yet resolute manner, unmoved by the rude things with which Byron interrupted him—'Oh, that's very well *for an atheist*,' etc. (Before meeting Shelley in Italy, I had seen him only once. It was at my own house in St. James's Place, where he called upon me—introducing himself—to request the loan of some money which he wished to present to Leigh Hunt; and he offered me a bond for it. Having numerous claims upon me at that time, I was obliged to refuse the loan. Both in appearance and in manners Shelley was the perfect gentleman.) That same day, after dinner, I walked in the garden with Byron. At the window of a neighboring house was a young woman holding a child in her arms. Byron nodded to her with a smile, and then, turning to me, said: 'That child is mine.' In the evening, we (that is, Byron, Shelley, Trelawney, and I) rode out from Pisa to a farm (a *podere*); and there a pistol was put into my hand for shooting at a mark (a favorite amusement of Byron); but I de-

* "Wilkes said to me, 'I have written my *Memoirs*, and they are to be published by Peter Elmsley, after my *ascension*.' They were burnt by his daughter."

Digitized by Google

clined trying my skill with it. The farm-keeper's daughter was very pretty, and had her arms covered with bracelets, the gift of Byron, who did not fail to let me know that she was one of his many loves.

"I went with him to see the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was shown to us by a man who had two handsome daughters. Byron told me that he had in vain paid his addresses to the elder daughter, but that he was on the most intimate terms with the other. Probably there was not one syllable of truth in all this; for he always had the weakness of wishing to be thought much worse than he really was.

"Byron, like Sir Walter Scott,* was without any feeling for the fine arts. He accompanied me to the Pitti Palace at Florence; but soon growing tired of looking at the pictures, he sat down in a corner; and when I called out to him, 'What a noble Andrea del Sarto!' the only answer I received was his muttering a passage from *The Vicar of Wakefield*—'Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly,' etc. (When he and Hobhouse were standing before the Parthenon, the latter said: 'Well, this is surely very grand.' Byron replied: 'Very like the Mansion-House.')"

The recollections of Garrick—who Dr. Johnson said was not a vain man, because he did not hire a dozen tall fellows with long poles to walk before him whenever he went into the street, and knock down every body they met—are pleasant and pleasantly told:

"I saw Garrick act only once—the part of Ranger in *The Suspicious Husband*. I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick in Lear; but a fit of the mumps kept me at home.

"Before his going abroad Garrick's attractions had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said, that the pit was often almost empty. But on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit, before the doors were open to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'

"Jack Bannister told me, that one night he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing Lear; and that the tones in which Garrick uttered the words, 'O fool, I shall go mad!'† absolutely thrilled him.

---

* "During Scott's first visit to Paris, I walked with him (and Richard Sharp) through the Louvre, and pointed out for his particular notice the St. Jerome of Domenichino, and some other chefs-d'œuvre. Scott merely glanced at them, and passed on, saying: 'I really have not time to examine them.'"

† "You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep.—*O fool, I shall go mad!*"
King Lear, act ii. sc. 4.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

"Garrick used to pay an annual visit to Lord Spencer at Althorp; where, after tea, he generally entertained the company by reading scenes from Shakspeare. Thomas Grenville,* who met him there, told me that Garrick would steal anxious glances at the faces of his audience, to perceive what effect his reading produced; that, one night, Garrick observed a lady listening to him very attentively, and yet never moving a muscle of her countenance; and that, speaking of her next day, he said: 'She seems a very worthy person; but I hope that—that—that she won't be present at my reading to-night.' Another evening at Althorp, when Garrick was about to exhibit some particular stage-effect of which they had been talking, a young gentleman got up and placed the candles upon the floor, that the light might be thrown on his face as from the lamps in the theatre. Garrick, displeased at his officiousness, immediately sat down again."

Does not a little bit of Rogers' cynicism peep out in the following? Of course he "don't believe it"—oh dear, no—but he can't deny himself the satisfaction of telling a bitter thing for that:

"I can hardly believe what was told me long ago by a gentleman living in the Temple, who, however, assured me that it was fact. He happened to be passing by Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square, when he saw a poor girl seated on the steps and crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter; and she replied that she was crying 'because *the one shilling* which she had received from Sir Joshua for sitting to him as a model, had proved to be a bad one, and he would not give her another.'"

We are not sure that the following anecdote of the great actor is bran new, but as we never heard it before, we clip it:

"Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which *is* the pudding?'"

There is a deal of wit in this of Parr's:

"Dr. Parr had a great deal of sensibility. When I read to him, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the account of O'Coigly's death, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"One day, Mackintosh having vexed him by calling O'Coigly 'a rascal,' Parr immediately rejoined: 'Yes, Jamie, he was a bad man, but he might have been worse: he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate.'"

Lord Erskine lived before the days of "model policemen."

* "The Right Honorable T. G.—Ed."

Digitized by Google

The anecdote told by him seems to add "second sight" to his other great endowments:

"'A friend of mine,' said Erskine, 'was suffering from a continual wakefulness; and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes.'"

And here is a choice little bit for the lawyers. In the present state of the Bench in the city of New-York, how delightfully the first part of it would apply:

"Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was 'stating the law' to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying: 'If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books.' 'My Lord,' replied Dunning, 'you had better go home and *read* them.'

"Dunning was remarkably ugly. One night, while he was playing whist, at Nando's, with Horne Tooke and two others, Lord Thurlow called at the door, and desired the waiter to give a note to Dunning (with whom, though their politics were so different, he was very intimate). The waiter did not know Dunning by sight. 'Take the note up stairs,' said Thurlow, 'and deliver it to the ugliest man at the card-table—to him who most resembles the knave of spades.' The note immediately reached its destination. Horne Tooke used often to tell this anecdote."

There is a pleasant group in the following extract, and a strange picture of the life led by great men—one wonders when they found time to do any thing useful except raise turnips:

"Fox (in his earlier days, I mean), Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, etc., led *such* a life! Lord Tankerville assured me that he has played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till near six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them 'whose deal it was,' they being too sleepy to know.

"After losing large sums at hazard, Fox would go home—not to destroy himself, as his friends sometimes feared, but—to sit down quietly, and read Greek.

"He once won about eight thousand pounds; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. 'Impossible, sir,' replied Fox; 'I must first discharge my debts of honor.' The bond-creditor remonstrated. 'Well, sir, give me your bond.' It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces and threw them into the fire. 'Now, sir,' said Fox, 'my debt to you is a debt of honor;' and immediately paid him.

"When I became acquainted with Fox, he had given up that kind of life entirely, and resided in the most perfect sobriety and regularity at Saint Anne's Hill. There he was very happy, delighting in study, in rural occupations and rural prospects. He would break from a criticism on Porson's *Euripides* to look for the little pigs. I remember his calling out to the

Digitized by Google

Chertsey hills, when a thick mist which had for some time concealed them rolled away: 'Good morning to you! I am glad to see you again.' There was a walk in his grounds which led to a lane through which the farmers used to pass; and he would stop them, and talk to them, with great interest, about the price of turnips, etc. I was one day with him in the Louvre, when he suddenly turned from the pictures, and, looking out at the window, exclaimed: 'This hot sun will burn up my turnips at St. Anne's Hill.'"

"Never in my life did I hear any thing equal to Fox's *speeches in reply*—they were wonderful. Burke did not do himself justice as a speaker: his manner was hurried, and he always seemed to be in a passion. Pitt's voice sounded as if he had worsted in his mouth.

"Porson said that 'Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them; but that Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again.'

"Malone was one day walking down Dover-street with Burke, when the latter all at once drew himself up and carried his head aloft with an air of great hauteur. Malone perceived that this was occasioned by the approach of Fox, who presently passed them on the other side of the street. After Fox had gone by, Burke asked Malone very eagerly: 'Did he look at me?'

"Fox once said to me that 'Burke was a most impracticable person, a most unmanageable colleague—that he never would support any measure, however convinced he might be in his heart of its utility, if it had been first proposed by another;' and he once used these very words: 'After all, Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow, through his whole life jealous and obstinate.'

"Mrs. Crewe told me that, on some occasion when it was remarked that Fox still retained his early love for France and every thing French, Burke said: 'Yes; he is like a cat—he is fond of the house, though the family be gone.'"

We must be allowed to crib one other anecdote of Fox:

"I saw Lunardi make the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery Ground. Fox was there with his brother General F. The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. 'My friend,' said he to the owner of the strange hand, 'you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last.' 'O, Mr. Fox,' was the reply, 'forgive me, and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home.' Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was. 'Good God,' cried he, 'my watch is gone!' 'Yes,' answered General F., 'I know it is; I saw your friend take it.' 'Saw him take it! and you made no attempt to stop him?' 'Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other, that I did not choose to interfere.'"

With the following good things of Foote's we must close our extracts:

"Foote was once talking away at a party, when a gentleman said to him:

Digitized by Google

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half-out of your pocket.' 'Thank you, sir,' answered Foote; 'you know the company better than I do.'

"Fox told me that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's-street; and that they were rather angry at Lord William for having done so, expecting that Foote would prove only a bore, and a check on their conversation. 'But,' said Fox, 'we soon found that we were mistaken; whatever we talked about—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject—Foote instantly took the lead, and delighted us all.'

"There was no end to Foote's jokes about Garrick's parsimony. 'Garrick,' said Foote, 'lately invited Hurd to dine with him in the Adelphi; and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and repassed the dining-room windows, Garrick was in a perfect agony; for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which were burning on the table; and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not run away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow.'

"At the Chapter Coffee-house, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow (a decayed player, I believe), who was nick-named the Captain of the Four Winds, because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him. 'If Garrick hears of this,' said Foote, 'he will certainly send us *his* hat.'

"The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* Duke, as he was called) came one night into Foote's green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. 'Well, Foote,' said he, 'here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things.' 'Upon my soul,' replied Foote, 'your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again.'"

Whatever we may think of Rogers himself, this book of his "Table-Talk" is a mine of amusing reading, and cannot fail of having a great run. There is so much in it to extract that we cannot well tell where to begin or where leave off. The whole book, indeed, would have to be *cribbed* in a body to give the right idea of it. All the celebrities of the bar, the senate, the theatre, of art in every shape, walk before us and talk to us in their raciest manner, in its pages. It is a perpetual feast of good things, and gala day of great wits.

Digitized by Google

THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

To say that the great mass of readers have never done justice, or any thing approaching justice, to the genius of the late Edgar Allan Poe, is to cast no reflection upon the honesty of their critical neglect. We do not blame the purblind man for his inability to appreciate the beauty of some minutely elaborate design. We do not say that he is wilfully unjust to Turner or Church, because he witlessly prefers the glaring daub of some provincial sign-post painter, to those exquisite combinations of light and shade which form the charm—to those who understand them—of those masters' landscapes. Why should he hanker after the chased goblets or cameos of Cellini, if the pinchbeck jewelry and plated pewter-ware of "the original Jacobs" be just as pleasing to the eye? Let us remember that it cost the world at least two hundred years of patient cultivation and refinement, before it was enabled to raise itself into any thing like a proper light for the examination of Shakespeare's works; and—while we are willing to admit that the interval is immense which lies between the powers of the great dramatist and Mr. Poe—still, a consideration of this circumstance may aid us in accounting for the otherwise incomprehensible stupidity which has hitherto confined the appreciation of the genius evinced in the works of the latter to a select and cultivated few.

We have now before us—thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Redfield—a complete collection of all the works that Poe could possibly have wished preserved, had he himself been alive and superintending their publication. Indeed we rather think that his reputation would have profited by the omission of very many of the sketches and critiques which his literary executor—the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold—has seen fit to embrace in his collection. But of the *manner* in which the book is edited, we shall take occasion to speak hereafter; at present let us briefly note the characteristics of the author's genius.

That Poe was entirely original, both in his conceptions and

* The Works of the late Edgar Allan Poe. With a Memoir by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Notices of his Life and Genius, by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell. In 4 volumes (4th just issued). Redfield, New-York.

Digitized by Google

style, his most relentless enemies (and they are those least justified in being so) are ashamed or incapable of denying. We see, it is true, from his earlier productions—from the pages of "Arthur Gordon Pym" more especially—that he had read the writings of Defoe with care, and properly appreciated the verisimilitude which minute details of fact confer upon the most extravagant romance. He had also studied Godwin with attention; and to a frequent perusal of his "Caleb Williams" may, not improbably, have been indebted for that total independence of external adjuncts, which is observable in all his finest tales. But to neither did he sacrifice the promptings of his individual genius. Of neither did he borrow more than some hints that were afterwards made serviceable in the execution of his ideas. The plan of every fabric is essentially his own, although the workmanship presents some trifling traces of Defoe's and Godwin's tutelage.

What we mean by "independence of external adjuncts," is briefly this: the heroes of his tales are only mentally introduced to us; we have no descriptions of their appearance, dress or carriage; there are no verbal landscapes of the localities in which his plots are laid—if we except those purely allegorical productions in which a one-line notice of the scenery is required for a fitting background to the strange and preternatural characters. He adds no moral to his tale: indeed it is, perhaps, the most remarkable and striking feature of his works, that not the faintest shadow of the moral element can possibly be found in them. Whether by design or accident, he has utterly ignored all discriminations of right and wrong: there is not the remotest allusion to religion: there are no sympathies expressed either for vice or virtue—nor could there be! for to neither is the least allusion made. His whole attention seems devoted to the introspective analysis of the intellect and passions; to the most subtle operations of the mind, and the obscurest workings of the heart. His world is in himself: a glowing world, but full of fascinating terror. We shudder as we read, but we are spell-bound by his pages. Like the "Ancient Marineere"—who perhaps should be included with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Caleb Williams," as having some influence in the formation of his style—"he holds us with his glittering eye" until his wild, weird tale of horrible suspense is ended.

The attractiveness of terror is the staple principle of the interest which, both in his prose and poetry, he has endeavored so successfully to rivet. His tales—and many of them surpass

Digitized by Google

in thrilling horror and breathless anxiety the wildest supernatural creations of German mysticism—are all founded upon, at least, a possibility of fact. He scorns the clumsy machinery of ghosts and demoniacal interference, well assured that the intimate workings of the human heart can furnish images as fearful and more appalling in proportion to their greater semblance of actuality. He does not deal with crime; he is free from the felon sympathies of modern French romance; the agonies that he invokes are not the fruit of guilt, but, on the contrary, the result of a too sensitive and finely-strung imagination; and the whole of his most startling effects are brought about by an artistic combination of events in themselves most trivial, but invested with a mysterious and wholly irresistible awe by the varied and cumulative repetitions with which they are presented to the mind.

In his poem of "The Raven" we have a very palpable instance of this art. The words which form the burden of the song, fall at first with comparatively little power upon the ear; but as they are repeated, stanza after stanza, and every time with a more vague and dismal meaning, they accumulate into a gradual horror on the mind, until the final cry of "Nevermore" rings through the soul like the sound of a snapped heartstring. And in all his more careful works, we find upon analysis, that their power depends upon the iterated and reiterated production of the one leading or central idea, in as many different forms as he may have occasion to use it. This is particulary noticeable in the "Fall of the House of Usher," the "Gold Bug," and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue." How carefully, how stealthily in the last mentioned tale, does he hint to us in a thousand shapeless ways the *utterly inhuman* characteristics of the facts; their variance with all known or logical possibilities; their more than even human *madness* could accomplish, before he finally proceeds by analytic reasoning alone to find a safe and probable conclusion!

But our space forbids any extended notice of Poe's separate works; and their own intense concentration and unity defy the scissors of the critic to make any extract that would convey even a faint conception of their splendid and elaborate interest.

With a recommendation to the reader to add to his library, if he have them not, the works of the greatest of America's writers of fiction—Nathaniel Hawthorne alone excepted—we must now turn to the causes of the very limited popularity which Poe enjoys, and to the manner in which the Rev. R. W. Griswold has executed the sacred trust, which the confidence of a dying man reposed in his sagacity and honor.

Digitized by Google

We are no apologists for the irregularities which, at fitful intervals, Mr. Poe permitted to deface the natural splendor of his acquirements; if his works had been popular, and were of a tendency to seduce others into the vice or vices he himself was guilty of, we admit that it might properly have become the painful duty of the critic to expose the foulness of the fountain from which the bright but contaminating poison flowed. But such was not the case—exactly the reverse of it! for, though directly he made no allusion either to morality or its opposite, his works are stainless as the new-fallen snow; and by the lesson of self-examination which they so powerfully and attractively teach, cannot fail to purify and elevate the mind of every one who reads them. Was it kind then, was it honest, was it Christian of Mr. Griswold to tear aside the sheltering veil of death from the poor, pauper grave of him who, whatever his unhappy appetites, had paid for them the extremest penalty of a miserable death and burial in the Potter's field of Baltimore; was it a fit execution of the trust which a dying man had reposed in him, to rip open the silence of the tomb and drag the frailties and errors of the dead to light, without the introduction of one redeeming feature?

It was not. It was a base, a barbarous and cowardly attack upon the memory of one whose shoe latchets (with all his failings) R. W. Griswold was not worthy to unloose. It was a *wanton* as well as wicked act—for the charity of silence might have covered all; and, if he found that he had nothing good to say of his dead friend, he, at least, of all created beings, should have been the last to proclaim Poe's errors—or rather his one error of intemperance, (since it must be said,) from which all others flowed—with loud and somewhat exulting trumpet note. To whom will Griswold trust his own biography—if his vanity should ever lead him to suppose that such a work would be desirable after his death? Or will he leave it to the records of the Courts to say how ———?

De mortuis nil, nisi bonum, is the only favor that the erring dead can properly expect; but of Poe's many noble and attractive qualities not one single word is said in mitigation of his admitted faults. Well might that fierce and indiscriminate Gilfillan—who was, nevertheless, critic enough to pay the profoundest homage to the genius of the man whose frailties he reviled with profusest Billingsgate—well might Gilfillan, we say, proclaim to English ears that Poe was a combination of the angel and the fiend—the fiend predominant however; and

Digitized by Google

base his sweeping charge upon the fact that his self-chosen executor—a clergyman, no less! a reverend!—was called on by a sense of duty to state the demoniacal nature of the man before permitting the pages of his writings to be read.

We have no wish to strike the fallen; and so we shall conclude this brief, but earnest article, by wishing Mr. Griswold a more charitable and gentle biographer than he has proved himself to be.

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

If the English and French press say sooth, the peace conferences in Paris are the most peaceable, harmonious and delightful reunions of great men that ever took place. By their showing, a spirit of benignant philanthropy animates every bosom, and the most tender and generous sentiments fill the hearts of the noble negotiators. They are quite bubbling up and boiling over with goodness in fact, and up to any amount of self-denial and pious sacrifice for the good of the whole human race. It is great pity that the witnesses to this state of virtuous harmony happen to be, all of them, parties in interest, and entitled to so little credit. Let us look at the state of affairs a moment. If we accept the account and view offered by the press of France and England, in what position does it place Russia? Truly a very humiliating one. With an empire unexhausted, a territory intact, and no other reverse than the loss of half a town, after a defence unexampled for skill and heroic obstinacy; having inflicted upon the allies a much greater loss and damage than she has herself suffered, Russia is represented as not only willing, but, in fact, quite eager to relinquish all the advantages gained by centuries of diplomacy and war, and culminating in the treaties of Unkiar Skellessi and Adrianople—and for what? for any benefit present or prospective to herself? No! But altogether to mollify and glorify two powers which have attacked her on the slightest and most futile pretexts—and whose real objects, from the beginning, she knows, and all the world knows, were to straiten, cripple, impoverish, and belittle her for their own aggrandizement. Can any one really credit it—that Russia will patiently submit to such humiliation; that she will consent to her own shame; that she will even beg to be disgraced, and making a national "Maw-worm" of

Digitized by Google

herself, rejoice and glory in a tame submission to whatever injuries her enemies may choose to heap upon her? All things, we are told, may be possible; and therefore so may this. But does it wear an appearance of probability; has it a face, an air of reason?

We can not think so; and we are mistaken if the "fifth point" do not prove the "pons asinorum" of diplomacy.

Misled by their own representations, and revelling in the wish which is father to their thoughts, the English press continue to indulge in a dangerous and injurious tone towards this country. They have mounted their high trotting horse and cut daily the strangest antics; but like monkeys in a circus, the size of the animal they bestride only tends the more glaringly to show off their own littleness. The "Post," Palmerston's organ, assumes the guardianship of the United States, and proposes to correct our bad manners, and pound us into decency and propriety the moment peace is concluded. Had they not better wait until it be? Our London friend is really amusing to the last degree—hear him:

"The question of *fillibustering remains as a matter for grave consideration with the States of Europe;* and we think that Great Britain, in her position amongst those States, and with reference *especially to her relations with the continent and islands of America*, ought to take the initiative in mooting the question, with a view to a common understanding being come to upon the principles and policy to be observed in connection with this practice. Expeditions, armed and organized, and maintained by funds subscribed upon the joint stock principle, are notoriously fitted out within the territory of the United States, for the attack of States and territories in temporary troubles from revolution, or some internal convulsion, or whose weakness, from other causes, invites aggression. These expeditions are not only disavowed, but are prohibited by the national government of America, and are against her laws. And yet we see them encouraged by the national press, their successes hailed as national triumphs, and succor afforded openly by the employés and commissioned forces of the national government. Is, or is not, America compromised as a State by such acts of her subjects and employés? Is it, or is it not, necessary to declare all concerned in such expeditions to be pirates, and liable to be dealt with as such, whenever met with on the high seas, or when seized and taken with arms in their hands on land? Are we to be content to leave the weak States so attacked to apply these principles and adopt this course? or ought there to be a common action of all States that desire peace to prevent such disturbances of it, and to hold the State that encourages and permits such conduct in her subjects in some measure responsible for the consequences? Let the political effects of conniving at or shutting our eyes to this growing system of aggression be noted in the particular case of Walker's recent fillibustering expedition against Nicaragua. He has landed there with his 'rowdies' and desperadoes, and is now maintaining himself as a *de facto* political interest in that Territory. He has had the audacity to send his diplomatic agent to represent him in the United States; and, although the President has up to this day hesitated—it would be too much to say refused—to recognize this agent, the state of things in Nicaragua, and the confusion consequent upon this very expedition, has been used as a pretext for refusing to receive the envoy of Rivas, the elected President of Nicaragua, or to recognize any other established authority of the country. Nicaragua is warranted by this refusal, under the supposition of its being a State, in declaring war against the United States, and steps have been taken by the authorities there which may end in this extreme measure. But this, instead of being feared, is the consummation most desired by Americans, because it would warrant the decided support of Walker, and the employment of the United States

Digitized by Google

forces in direct hostilities for purposes of conquest and annexation. Nicaragua is thus clearly in the position of a weak State, subjected to the aggression, direct and indirect, of a powerful one. *Where, then, is the difference between her claim and that of Turkey, for the support of Europe against palpable violence and injustice?*"

There is this little trouble in the way of our kind guardians over the water, namely, when they go to Turkey, they may do as the Turkies do; but when they come to Yankee-land they *can't* do as the Yankees do. Cause why? Yankees and Sharp's rifles are uncommonly ugly things to handle any way except good-naturedly. Dear John Bull, don't be stupid! You are not a quick-witted fellow, it is true; but you ought to know which side your bread is buttered. Chaff and call hard names as much as you like. We rather like it too. It shows how much you think of us. A man never throws away much good solid cursing on an object he cares nothing for. Curse on; your Billingsgate to us is music. It is a tribute to our greatness, extorted from your fear and envy. But don't be afraid. We will not hurt you, if you behave yourself, and keep your hands off. Words cooled by the breath of man move us as little as a bad smell moves a New-York alderman. But, confine yourself distinctly to bow-wowing. Show your teeth, if you please, but don't snap, or we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of taking you by the neck, and shaking you into your senses again. Let Central America alone. You have hold of the wrong end of the stick there. Uncle Sam can take care of this continent without you; and, upon our word, John, he means to do it. There you see is the whole question settled for you without further trouble. And pray be not deceived by our little domestic "tiffs" and love quarrels among ourselves. It is a family quarrel; a man and wife "pout." We will be as ill-natured as we please to each other, and fall out and rate each other roundly; but when anybody else interferes in our matrimonial squabbles, we are "one flesh" again, and ready to "serve out" the intruder to his heart's content. Accept your destiny like a man, John. You are getting old and feeble—all your fine navy to the contrary notwithstanding. We are young and lusty. We have never applied any hot aristocratic and monarchical stimulants to our blood, nor lived too fast; and if you push us into "field" work, you will be really surprised at the "swath" we shall cut through that grass of which we are told all flesh is compounded. *Verb. sap.*

DOMESTIC.

The approach of the Cincinnati Convention centres all interest upon the Presidential nomination. Who will he be? Ah, there's the rub. In Washington, the friends of fifty candidates are as busy as bees. It is beautiful, morally instructive and affecting, to walk the halls of legislation, to glide through the rooms of the White House; the bureaus of the secretaries; the salons of senators. So much friendship; such entire generosity and self-denial. Your great man, as he sharpens his carving-knife to cut a turkey,

Digitized by Google

feels the edge with a sentiment akin to that of the benevolent Shylock, and as he slices a "piece of the breast" fancies it the "pound of flesh" nearest his rival's heart. They murder whilst they smile. They dream of cutting each other's throats—figuratively, of course. It is also pleasing and instructive to remark, that the question there with regard to the candidate is neither who is the greatest and best, nor who the most available; but, who can be managed easiest afterwards? And with all their wit and wire-pulling, it is still more pleasing to remark how completely in a fog they all are. Now, *we* know who will be the next Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, and yet we hold our tongue. Honorable senators discussed the matter in the lobby a few days since, and used the name of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW very freely. The correspondent of the New-York *Herald*, writing March 20th, says:

"A good deal of excitement has been produced here to-day, among the friends of the various Presidential candidates, by an article which recently appeared in Douglas' home organ—the Chicago *Times*—in which all the Presidential aspirants are overslaughed, with the exception of the 'Little Giant,' who is pronounced the only available man for the crisis. A leading Buchanan senator stated to-day, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, that a repetition of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW game would only recoil upon its author. The excitement is intense, and it is waxing hotter."

Now, the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW plays no game. It means no mischief. Mr. George Saunders may have played games with it four years ago, and undoubtedly he did it no good. Its present editor accepts the decision of the Cincinnati Convention "pure and simple." He may have his preferences, as what man has not, but we challenge any man to show where we have said or written a word which the most perverse ingenuity could torture into an attempt to anticipate or forestall the action of that body. We have no great love for political conventions of any kind; and that love is growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Our article upon "Conventions," of a few months since, embodies our faith on that head. The New-York *Herald*, of Sunday, March 23d, has adopted our idea, and added strength to it; and, whilst we can not conscientiously go the whole length of that article, there are some things in it worth pondering; for instance, in enumerating what the convention system has done, it says:

"It has raised up a power between the Constitution and the people utterly subversive of the spirit of the one and of the rights of the other. It has substituted the decisions of intriguing politicians in the place of the unbiased judgment of the nation. It has paralyzed and discouraged all high disinterested public sentiment, making petty management its chief qualification for political preferment, and closing the door against patriotism, statesmanship, and personal independence. It has offered the highest rewards of the nation to him who would most successfully conceal his real opinions before the election, and most shamelessly disregard them after."

Of *this* Cincinnati Convention, however, we expect better things. We expect it truly to reflect the temper of the time. We expect it truly to re-

Digitized by Google

present the sentiments of National Democracy. We expect it to substitute honesty for intrigue, and patriotism for place-hunting. We expect it, in short, to give us *the right man.* And, much as the machinery of conventions has been perverted, we believe the situation and national crisis to be grave enough to control and compel it back to its proper and legitimate action. In that faith we rest. We want no Protean changes; and that, in conclusion, reminds us, that we have been making upon this Chronicle our first experiment at writing with one of "Prince's Protean Fountain-Pens." The manufacturer sent us one, with a request to try it, and tell him if it were what it professed to be. To which we replied, that if it were we would say so, and if it *were not* he might *be sure* we would say it was a humbug. Now we have tried it, and we can say, with a clear conscience, that it is one of the greatest comforts we have ever stumbled on. It is exceedingly simple. The handle is hollow and light, and holds ink enough to write a long time. We have been writing an hour with it, and it is up to its work still. The relief is really great. It saves the annoyance of dipping every minute into an inkstand. It is, as everybody probably knows, self-supplying; and when you have done writing you have only to turn a little regulator, put on the cap, and clap pen and inkstand into your pocket. We agree with the claim of the inventor, that it is one of the most useful inventions of the age.

MONTHLY LITERARY RECORD.

The Mormons at Home; with some Incidents of Travel from Missouri to California, 1852–3. In a series of Letters. By Mrs. B. G. Ferris, (wife of the late United States Secretary for Utah.) New-York: Dix & Edwards.

The epistolary form of book-making has gone out of fashion; and the last effort of Miss Bremer makes us rather hope that *she*, at least, will not again attempt to revive it. But the pleasant and perspicuous style of the volume we have now before us, does much to obliterate the landmarks of our old dislike; and we confess that Mrs. Ferris (whose husband's official position gave her the best means of observing the polygamous villainy of Utah) has produced, from a rehash and revision of the private letters written by her during the period of her residence amongst the Mormons, a most piquant and agreeable volume. The keen eye and kindred sympathy of a woman and a wife at once revealed to her the depths of misery and shame

Digitized by Google

which underlie the forced composure of a Salt-Lake harem. She mentions many touching incidents which prove how bitterly the Mormon women regret the yoke from which there now appears for them no possibility of disenthralment. Just fancy her feelings when, shortly after her arrival, Mr. Parley Pratt, one of the most potent saints, called gravely at her house, and introduced to her, with all the formula of solemn courtesy, Mrs. P. Pratt, prima, Mrs. P. Pratt, secunda, Mrs. P. Pratt, tertia, Mrs. P. Pratt, quarta—at the same time assuring her, that the other Mrs. P. Pratts were all equally anxious to share her acquaintance, but that they were detained at home by domestic calls, and the duties of his nursery! We find, too, that the fact of a previous marriage does not prevent a woman's being "sealed" to a second husband during the temporary absence of her first. Thus, an accomplished lady, whose husband had been sent by the "Saints" on a mission to California, was eagerly and openly solicited by many of the "chief priests and elders" to accept of their respective "seals" during the absence of her bosom's lord—who, fortunately for himself and her, sat too firmly on his throne to be removed by such entreaties. The work is one of the liveliest interest and versatility; the fair letter-writer, we suspect, was occasionally inclined to grow jealous, and there is nothing like a spice of jealousy or suspicion for adding bitterness and edge to a woman's perception of the ludicrous. The journey from Missouri to Utah is well described; and the scenery of Kansas, the valley of the Wakarusa, the Big Vermilion and Big Blue rivers, with a general picture of life upon the frontier, are excellently and vividly portrayed. We congratulate Mrs. Ferris and her husband upon their escape from the paradise of saints; and thank the lady warmly for her pleasant narration of a "strange experience."

Charlemont; or the Pride of the Village. A Tale of Kentucky. By W. Gilmore Simms. Redfield: New-York.

We may well suppose, and save ourselves a deal of trouble by the supposition, that the author of the "Partisan," "The Scout," "Beauchampe," "Mellichampe," and the "Foragers," needs no endorsement at our hands to secure this new effort of his pen a wide and favorable notice. Indeed, the experience of a friendly librarian has assured us by infallible statistics, that the works of Mr. Simms are in more general demand among the romance-reading public than the works of any other author whatever. They possess the great elements of popularity—a graphic style, and great fertility of incidents. The present work is no fictitious creation, however highly the chief characters may be colored, however the grouping of events may be altered to suit the concentration which is requisite to the modern novel. The tale of "Charlemont" is a true tale, still fresh in the recollection of those who lived upon or near "the dark and bloody ground" where it transpired; and Mr. Simms has adhered with remarkable fidelity (as well

Digitized by Google

as we can recollect the facts) to the evidence which was produced in court on the trial of what is still remembered as "The Kentucky Tragedy."

The Theology of Inventions; or Manifestations of the Deity in Works of Art. By the Rev. JOHN BLAKELY, Kirkentilloch, Scotland. New-York: R. Carter & Brothers.

THIS book is but another, though a most striking proof of the need which is increasingly felt by all the earnest professors of Christianity, for an alliance between doctrinal belief and the practical affairs of life. It is an effort, and a very powerful one, to convince us that we are indebted to the creed of Calvary, not only for the amelioration of our prospects in the life to come, but, likewise, that we owe to its suggestive inspiration much, if not all, the advances towards a physical millennium, which our growing mastery of mechanics seems to promise. The writer is both an earnest and an able man; he has evidently applied himself to his task with heart as well as head; and his efforts to obtain a general acknowledgment of divinity, in works of art, are logical and eloquent. It is a fact, that the spirit of mechanics is too selfish and material; too boastful of its own ability, and too apt to forget, in the pride of its own constructiveness, the power of Him "whose word spake the universe into being." We, therefore, hail this volume as a corrective to the self-conceit which pervades the whole tribe of inventors; and hope that it may be as generally read, as we know that it is generally needed.

Cyclopædia of American Literature; embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the earliest period to the present day; with Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. In 2 vols. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1856.

IN all countries we must look for the real makers of history among the men that are most gifted with intelligence and learning—most progressive in their mental aspirations, and most constructive in their intellectual character. But unfortunately, in England, France and the other great countries of Europe, where the feudal element of Aristocracy has overshadowed the true nobility of worth, we look in vain, for the most part, to find any proof of the direct influence which the literary genius of the country exercised upon transpiring events.

Happily for ourselves and for the world, our history presents a marked exception to this rule. America was not born, so to speak, until after the Press had made itself felt as one of the controlling elements of government. Far removed from the blighting influence of feudal luxury and pride, the pen which, in Europe, was perverted to the ministry of mere amusement, or the support of a despotic formula, became, in the hands of the earnest and outspoken settlers of this country, an instrument for the diffusion of general

Digitized by Google

intelligence and religion, a potent voice in the direction and control of all concerns of public interest.

The press has necessarily exercised more influence in the formation of American history and character, than did the tongues of all our orators—the swords of all our soldiers. And indeed it is a noticeable feature that, whatever else might be the vocation of the men who aspired to take a leading part in our affairs, they one and all, with some few rare exceptions, besought the assistance of the press, and through the medium of its columns endeavored to impress their views upon the public.

It has thus come to pass that a biographical knowledge of American authors, their styles, pursuits and aspirations, is the first essential requisite to a thorough understanding of the institutions and form of government which their genius and devotion have created. We must look for the history of American events to the literature from which they took their rise, or in which their approach was combated. A record of the mental progress of the country is, in fact, but a chronicle of the successive steps by which we have attained our present unparalleled advancement: for the class of professional authors are comparatively a modern innovation in our literature; while the writers who contributed to form our earlier character and achieve our independence, were likewise the great actors in a national drama, and we find the seeds and principles of their achievements in the writings by which they either sought to defend or popularize their sentiments.

In no country in the world, therefore, could a Cyclopædia of Literature, accompanied by biographical sketches, possess such great importance, or so many elements of interest, amusement and instruction, as in our own; and to the Messrs. Duyckinck, who have compiled, with infinite research and guided by the purest taste and judgment, the volumes under review, we feel ourselves indebted for a most valuable addition to the national library.

The arrangement of the work is admirably lucid and natural; the general subject of American Literature being divided into three periods or epochas—the Colonial, the Revolutionary, and Present period; the authors arranged in chronological order, each in his respective period; and the specimens that are given, whenever practicable, are complete in themselves—the best examples of style being selected, and then, for the most part, given in full.

The biographical notices, which are copiously illustrated by portraits from original paintings and daguerreotypes as well as by autographs, are brief, succinct and luminous; presenting only such facts of history or personal peculiarity as are important to a full understanding of the specimens produced; digression and critical comment are avoided, as they ought to be in a work of this description. The facts are placed fairly before us; and then every man is permitted for himself to draw such deductions as his tastes or political affinities may direct.

It is evident that the Messrs. Duyckinck feel little sympathy for the Dark Lantern fraternity; for they acknowledge with most noble candor and zeal-

Digitized by Google

ous gratitude the obligations of our early universities to the divines of Germany and England, and to all the scientific professors who contributed to the creation, invigoration and recruitment of our national intellect. Of these it may be sufficient to mention Berkeley, Priestley, Nesbit, Lieber, Paine and Agassiz.

In the first period—which we may call the Puritan—we have copious extracts from the works of Roger Williams, Cotton, Hooker, the Mathers, the Bartrams, Jonathan Edwards, and, last of all, as the connecting link between this epoch and the succeeding one, the life and many of the choicest essays of Benjamin Franklin.

In the second, or Revolutionary period, we find such men as Otis, Dickinson, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, the leading spirits; while the quaint wit of Francis Hopkinson is not wanting, and the ballads and other light productions of a host of minor names contribute each their quota to bring before us again, with all vivacity and interest, the various struggles and reverses of the times that tried men's souls.

In the third, or present period, we find the culmination of the two former epochas. Writers like Channing, and orators like Calhoun and Clay; Kent, Marshall, and Judge Story are teaching law from the bench; while the field of light literature is occupied by Paulding, Irving, Cooper, Simms, Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, and a host of others whose names must occur to every reader. Bryant, Halleck, and Longfellow we look to as the representative poets of our country; but all are noticed who deserve it, or who can even establish a questionable title to that honor.

The work is got up with a carefulness and elegance which reflect the highest credit on the publisher: the volumes form in themselves a complete library of all that is most valuable and worth preserving in our country's literature; and although there are some names which we miss among the catalogue, the insertion of which would be advisable in the future editions through which a work of such utility and interest can not fail to pass, still we must confess that the compilation is, perhaps, as compendious as its nature would permit; and that its editors seem to have been actuated by an impartial and discriminating spirit, both in their selections and the biographies attached.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. In three volumes. Vol. II. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Company.

While Thomas Babington Macaulay spends twice as many years in giving us two additional volumes of his History of England, which said volumes embrace but a fraction of the joint reign of King William and Queen Mary, our own more genial and industrious Irving has lost no time in putting before us the second volume of that great biography to the preparation for which we may suppose the best years of his life have been sedulously, though secretly devoted.

Digitized by Google

The present volume takes up the thread of its predecessor (noticed in our issue of July for the year last past), and again introduces us to Washington, who has just taken formal command of the American army at Cambridge. We have details of the protracted siege of Boston; and the sketches of the English and American generals, with which the volume may be said to open, are among the most attractive portraits that the pen of Mr. Irving has yet furnished. The correspondence which took place between George Washington and General Howe, relative to the treatment of Ethan Allen by the latter, will be read with emotion, as will also the instructions sent by the American commander to his farm-agent at Mount Vernon at a time when Lord Dunmore was exercising martial law in Virginia, and it was daily expected that an attack would be made on the home of the "arch rebel." Perplexed as he was by anxieties for the satety of his wife, and occupied by the vast cares of an army which looked up to him for every thing, he still found time to give directions for the conduct of his domestic affairs, and was anxious, let what might happen, that Mount Vernon's "hospitality to the poor" should be nowise curtailed—that "no one should go hungry away from it," and that the customary alms should be duly distributed among the needy, as if the master of the mansion were himself at home.

The volume is illustrated by a portrait of Washington in his fortieth year, taken from an original in the possession of G. W. P. Custis; a map of New-York and its vicinity; another of the battle of Long Island, and another of a part of New-Jersey. When the third volume appears, we shall probably make an extended review of the whole; but for the present must content ourselves with having thus called the attention of our readers to the fact of publication.

Life of Schamyl, and Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence against Russia. By J. Milton Mackie, author of "Cosas de España." Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington. New-York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.

We had hoped to find a more thorough book than the one before us when we read the title. The heroic character of the Prophet Chief of the Caucasus long since endeared him to us. Few, indeed, in England or America, but think of him much after the same manner as they are accustomed to think of Richard the Lion Heart, or that courteous paynim, Saladin, the *Christian* graces of whose character threw into deeper shadow the vices of his barbarian adversaries, the crusaders. It was not a sketchy portrait, therefore, that we desired, but a close and finely-finished miniature of the man. The late events in the Crimea have added to and deepened the interest with which the history of Schamyl is invested. From the desperate struggle of remote barbarians, "the early tenants of those hills," to the height

Digitized by Google

of which the deluge of Roman conquest never rose, beating back again to the plains the fierce swarms of the northern hive, and withstanding the repeated assaults of Russia's best generals, the war between that power and the Western Allies has raised the contest in Circassia to be a constituent part of the great drama of nations. We must confess therefore that we were disappointed in not finding the present a book of larger scope, as well as greater minuteness and detail. This, however, is not Mr. Mackie's fault. It is the fault of our own expectations and desires. He very frankly says in his preface: "The principal authors who have recently written on Circassia are Bodenstedt, Moritz, Wagner, Marlinski, Dubois de Montpéreux, Hommaire de Hell, Taillander, Marigny, Golovin, Bell, Longworth, Spencer, Knight, Cameron, Ditsón; and from their pages chiefly has been filled the easel with the colors of which I have endeavored to paint the following picture of a career of heroism nowise inferior to the most famous champions of classical antiquity." The result is an agreeable book, light and sketchy; full of pleasant descriptions of scenery, manners, customs, etc., among the mountains of the Caucasus. It will repay perusal. There is little, however, told about Schamyl that we did not know before. Some things, indeed, Mr. Mackie tells us which are quite new, always with the very careful and proper proviso, however, that although they may be "vara new," they are not "vara true." As, for instance, that Schamyl would have done such and such things in his youth if he had happened to think of them; and performed such and such actions if they had happened to come handy. Thus the "life" of Schamyl commences where the newspapers found him, and leaves off where they left him. That smells a little of the shop. It looks a little bit more like book-making than history. But that is no crime, and we can say one thing in favor of the life, which is indeed not a small thing for us to say—we read it a whole hour by Shrewsbury clock without growing wearied; and that, too, not for the purpose of writing a "notice," but with the honest design of finding out what was in it. It is very neatly printed, and of course reflects credit upon the enterprising publishers. But "that's not much" neither, as Hamlet says; for all publishers are enterprising now-a-days, and all copper-face type reflects credit. Yet it is worth reading.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Engraved by Capewell & Kurtzner, N.Y.

Herman J. Redfield

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK

Engraved for the Union Magazine

UNIV. OF

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

MAY, 1856.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

NUMBER TWO.

As if the questions raised, between the two governments, upon the Clayton-Bulwer convention, were not full enough of danger to a continued good understanding between them, the government of Great Britain, at the very moment when that discussion was the least amicable, saw fit to introduce into our intercourse a new and more threatening element. It undertook, in violation of the municipal law of the United States—in violation of the faith of treaties, of international comity and law, of every principle of friendship and fair dealing, and in derogation of our rights and honor as a sovereign State—to raise and recruit men for the British army within our territory, and make the government of the United States an involuntary accessory to the western powers in their aggressions against one of our best friends and firmest allies. In our leading article of last month we applied the test of common sense to the claims raised by Her Majesty's government upon their interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; and we have shown from their own record, that those claims were not only entirely unfounded, but clearly impertinent; that they were in fact

Digitized by Google

such as only a powerful government could undertake to assert against a weak and defenseless one; being indeed nothing more than the simple assertion of the despotic dogma that "might makes right." It remains to be seen whether Great Britain is indeed so powerful, and the United States so feeble, as to make it a safe and profitable course for the former to add weight to a bad argument by throwing her sword into the scale.

Not content, however, with the attempt to play Brennus in Central America; nor yet heroic enough, when her sword proves too short to reach the heart of Russia in Europe, to add to it the Spartan's step; she has sought to lengthen it with American metal. The attempt to dishonor us as a nation has been firmly met and repelled by our own government. It has not yet been either properly apologized or atoned for by that of Great Britain. To this point then we are come. We demand reparation. We demand more—we insist that diplomatic quibbling shall be laid aside, and an ample guarantee afforded against any future attempt to invade our rights as an independent nation. The apology must be ample—the atonement complete and final. Our position amongst the nations will not permit us to rest content with less. Our honor as well as our interests require, that the principle contended for by our government should be so established, and recognized, that no future controversy can ever take place with regard to it. The strangely disingenuous course of the British Cabinet, and its tools in this country, acting under its instructions, from the commencement of the attempt to "recruit" men for the British army here, to the present time, is one of the most startling and disgraceful exhibitions of governmental dishonesty ever brought to light. It presents the character of English statesmen in a light which leaves us at a loss which most to wonder at—their bad faith in the undertaking, or their blindness and conceit in fancying that it would remain undiscovered.

Let us briefly review the history of this strange and insolent attempt to compromise our neutrality, invade our rights, and dishonor us as a nation.

From the dawn of the first day of our national existence, our government contended for the rule that "free ships make free goods." We claimed it as a neutral right. No effort has ever been spared, upon our part, to enforce upon all the great powers of the world, especially the maritime powers, the justice and wisdom of the rule. Its incorporation "pure and simple" into general international law has been the most favorite aim of our government, and the constant object of our

Digitized by Google

diplomacy. The growing certainty of the rules of international law, and the more perfect precision with which, during this century, it has come to define the rights and duties of nations towards each other, have greatly tended to abate the evils of war, and indeed to check the tendency to war itself, by substituting well defined principles to govern the settlement of national disputes. Every powerful nation which adds its sanction to any one rule of that law, places itself, as it were, upon the bench of a grand court of conciliation, and gives a new bond for the preservation of the peace of the world. Now it has ever been contended by this government that the recognition of the rule that "free ships make free goods," and its absolute and unqualified incorporation into the recognized law of nations, would do more to insure the continuance and stability of that peace, than all the writings of Montesquieu, Vattel, Grotius, Puffendorf, Binckershook, Azuni, and all the rest of the text writers on national law. This is matter of universal notoriety. And it is equally notorious that the chief opposition to its reception has come from the government of Great Britain. Down to the period when Lewis Cass, by superior conduct and astuteness, blocked the game by which she hoped either to drive the United States into the "Quadruple Alliance" for the suppression of the slave trade, or, if we refused, to isolate us among nations—down to that very moment Great Britain haughtily refused her assent to the adoption of the principle. Driven to its practical observance, with regard to American bottoms, by the result of the war of 1812–14, she theoretically reserved to herself the right to violate it whenever her power or her interests dictated its violation as a safe or beneficial act. Mr. Cass drove her one step nearer to a concession of the principle. The war with Russia, however, suddenly opened her eyes to a new view of the question. Up to that time she had considered it only as conferring benefits upon the commerce of America. Then she suddenly awoke to its value in her own particular. Her fleets engaged in blockading the Baltic and Black Seas, her statesmen's alarmed fancy peopled the ocean with American clippers, sailing with Russian letters of marque and reprisal, and apprehension extorted what justice had pleaded for in vain. Her Majesty graciously resolved to issue no letters of marque, and in moving terms besought the government at Washington to imitate her humane and Christian policy. It is true there was no Russian commerce on the seas to make English privateering worth while. It is also true that there was a mighty English interest toss-

Digitized by Google

ing upon every troubled wave; and should the government of the United States wink at the system of privateering, and permit American-built vessels to go to sea with Russian papers, and under the Russian flag, the result to British commerce must be incalculably disastrous. Her Majesty's government learned therefore in the school of interest at once, what half a century of the teachings of justice had failed to inculcate. Such an importance too did the prevention of the use of American vessels in the interest of Russia assume in their eyes, that her gracious Majesty published a declaration, by which she gave a qualified sanction, and, for the purposes of the pending war, bound herself to a practical observance of the American doctrine, that "free ships make free goods." That this bribe to neutrality was wrung from her apprehension, and not conceded by her convictions of its justice, her subsequent course of action with regard to this government has unfortunately proved; for hardly was the treacherous ink, with which Mr. Crampton signed his note of April 21st, 1854, announcing her gracious Majesty's gracious purpose in that matter, dry upon the paper, before that gentleman dipped his pen afresh to write instructions to her gracious Majesty's consuls in different parts of the United States, how, when, and where to levy and recruit men, within them, for her most gracious Majesty's military service.

Thus the sincere gratification experienced by the President at the concession of the rule that free ships make free goods, even "pro hâc," since that concession could scarcely fail to conduce largely to its ultimate absolute incorporation into the law of nations, was very shortly turned into sincere mortification. The virtuous horror at privateering had scarce left "its flushing in the galled eyes" of her Majesty's ministers, before the President had good reason to believe that the concession in national law was merely a pretense, under cover of which to perpetrate a national outrage. Having magnanimously agreed to the temporary adoption, at least, of a rule of law which would "preserve the commerce of neutrals from all unnecessary obstruction;" or in honest plainness a rule which in the particular situation would preserve the commerce of *France* and *England;* the latter power proceeds systematically to invade the neutrality of the United States, and by secret dealings with our citizens, by a wide and daring conspiracy, endeavors to compromise us in the eyes of the imperial government of Russia, and make us, indirectly and against our will, accessory to the designs of France and England. As if, too, to enhance

Digitized by Google

the insult, and leave no character of contempt out of the handwriting against our dignity as a nation, Mr. Crampton himself is selected as a sort of English Viceroy, resident at Washington, for the purpose of administering English affairs in America independently of the government of the United States. Lord Clarendon takes particular care that there should be no possibility of mistake or misapprehension in the matter; he therefore transmits her Majesty's full endorsement and commission to Mr. Crampton, as her Majesty's Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in her revolted colonies of North America, in his dispatch April 12th, 1855, and the following words, namely: "I entirely approve of your proceedings, as reported in your dispatch No. 57, of the 12th ult., *with respect to the proposed enlistment in the Queen's service of foreigners and British subjects in the United States.*" Lord Clarendon pleasantly remarks in the conclusion of the same note, that "the law of the United States with respect to enlistment, *however conducted*, is not only very just but very stringent." The inevitable conclusion therefore must be, that his Lordship, admitting its justice, and aware of its stringency, intends to convey to her Majesty's Viceroy, Crampton, an intimation that her Majesty's government expected him to violate the one and avoid the other. The rule laid down for Mr. Crampton is clearly therefore similar to that recommended by the virtuous Scotchman to his son: "Get soldiers, Crampton—honestly if you can—but! get soldiers, Crampton." And like a loyal Briton Mr. Crampton got soldiers. How he got them; and how he violated the municipal law of the United States, insulted their national dignity, and came near compromising their character for national honesty, and reducing it to a British level, in getting them; how this was proved; and when proved, how apology or reparation has been refused by her Majesty's government—it is our present purpose to show.

Our new Viceroy, Crampton, like a wise and trusty servant of the crown, began at once to view the land, to go up and down through the length and breadth thereof; to examine, survey, and consider the country over which he was set by his gracious mistress. But, as retreating armies leave all their camp fires burning, to deceive the enemy and conceal their flight, Mr. Crampton first carefully misleads Mr. Marcy with a pretended confidence. His intercourse with Mr. Marcy had been intimate and friendly. Mr. Marcy himself says "that it may be regarded as having been in some degree confidential." Before setting out on a "recruiting" progress through the country therefore, Mr. Crampton calls, in a *friendly and confidential*

Digitized by Google

way, upon the Secretary of State, and communicates to him the contents of a letter from the British Consul at New-York, dated March 22d, the entire bearing of which is such as to authorize Mr. Marcy in saying, "I regarded this act of Mr. Crampton's as a disavowal by the British government, as well as by himself, of all participation in the recruiting proceedings, then just commenced within the United States."

The vigilance of the Secretary of State evaded, and his suspicions, if any had been excited in his breast, thus laid to sleep by a well acted falsehood, Mr. Crampton, like gallant Hudibras,

> ——"abandons dwelling,
> And forth he rides a colonelling."

Chuckling over the adroit manœuvre, by which he had secured as he supposed an unobserved retreat, he "left Washington, went to the British provinces," and did not return to the former place until the early part of June. And what did that upright and conscientious diplomatist do in the interim; how did he employ his time? Was it a journey for recreation, a tour of pleasure? No doubt it was very pleasant; but it was also very profitable, and every moment of the time between the 1st of April, on which, probably in honor of the day, he celebrated his "confidence joke" for Mr. Marcy's benefit, and the early part of June, was busily employed by Mr. Crampton in drilling the subordinate agents of the recruiting scheme. He posts away therefore to the British provinces. What for? "Original documents, now in possession of this government," says Mr. Marcy, "show that there can be no mistake as to the object of his visit to Halifax, and that it had special regard to recruitments in the United States for the British service." There he hob-a-nobs with her Majesty's Governor, Sir Gaspard le Marchant, and concocts with him a cunning scheme. Thence he dispatches recruiting officers to Buffalo, Detroit, and Cleveland, instructing them to "make known to *persons* in the United States the terms and conditions upon which recruits will be received into the British service." There is not even the subterfuge of designating "foreigners" or "British subjects" in the United States, resorted to here; but "persons"—all "persons" willing to take her gracious Majesty's ready "shilling," and wear her livery, are to be instructed by these agents. An adroit plan is also communicated under the form of instructions to these agents. They are directed how to evade the municipal law of the United States. They are carefully

Digitized by Google

enjoined to *appear* to observe its letter, whilst they are instructed how best to violate its spirit. The matter is specially directed to be so carried forward that the attention of the American authorities may not be called to their proceedings; since, were their attention attracted, although her Majesty's agents might "elude the penalty" of an infraction of the law, and escape the punishment due to such a crime and outrage, the consequences could not fail to "be fatal to the success of the enlistment itself." Therefore, they are enjoined to do all silently, and leave no botches in the work. Probably her Majesty's ministers, or Mr. Crampton, had Macbeth's instructions to the murderers he employs to dispatch Banquo in their mind:

> "I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
> Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
> The moment on't; for it must be done—
> And something *from* the palace; always thought,
> *That I require a clearness!*"

The recruiting is to be done; and done for her Majesty, and her Majesty's ministers, and by her Majesty's agents; but "*something from the palace*," because her Majesty's government "*requires a clearness*," a chance to deny their own act and deed; a loophole to escape. "The attempt and not the deed confounds them." Lord Clarendon must be furnished with the most approved pattern of a dark lantern; a lantern so convenient that he has only to push the slide and throw the whole glare and light of the bullseye, John Bull's own eye, upon all the recruiting agents of her Majesty in America, and see the whole thing at a glance; and when asked for an explanation of those proceedings, has merely to shove the slide back again, cover up the light, and reply substantially that he, Lord Clarendon, "was in utter ignorance that a single agent had ever been sent into the United States, or employed therein, for the purpose of recruiting for the British army." Blessings on the man who invented dark lanterns! Whether to be used for the purposes of American Know-Nothing treason, or British diplomatic fraud and insolence, are they not incomparable inventions?

But Mr. Crampton having arranged his business, by the light of this convenient lantern, the slide of which was open during his agreeable tour to Halifax; Mr. Crampton having passed through Philadelphia, New-York and Boston, and in conjunction with Messrs. Matthew and Barclay, settled all the details of the plan; Mr. Crampton having given extreme diligence to instruct

Digitized by Google

Strobel and Hertz how they should do the United States the greatest amount of injury, and her Majesty's government the greatest amount of good; having, in short, organized his corps of recruiting officers, and settled the whole matter to his own satisfaction, and the satisfaction of his employers, her Majesty's ministers, returns to Washington in the early part of June. His intercourse with these recruiting agents had commenced in January. From that time up to the final discovery and *éclaircissement* of the whole iniquitous undertaking, and its distinct bringing home to the door of the English ministry, the United States government "manifested the most decided, unequivocal, and public demonstration of averseness and resistance to it. Their attorney at New-York was instucted to suppress enlistment in that city, and prosecute those engaged in it." The government was determined, and acted upon the determination, to enforce and execute the neutrality laws of the United States to their fullest extent. Arrests were made in March; indictments found by grand juries in different cities; trials had; the whole scheme brought to light, its iniquity completely exposed, and the complicity of the British minister and his government clearly developed.

In the face of this damning array of evidence, Mr. Crampton returns to Washington. His heart is free; his conscience unseared; his step elastic. He walks abroad with the port and carriage of an honest man; of one who has done his duty, and rejoices in it. He is a little changed however in one thing. He no longer visits Mr. Marcy in a friendly way. He has no disclosures to make to him *after* his return in regard to the object of his visit to the provinces. Mr. Marcy and the American people are not indebted, for their knowledge of what he did in the recruiting line, to any communication from Mr. Crampton. The slide of the dark lantern is now shut. We have been informed by a disinterested person, and one very competent to pronounce upon his acts, that Mr. Secretary Marcy has never been turned aside from, or foiled in a deliberate plan, upon which he had once entered, unless lied out of it —that is, completely deceived by a systematic compilation of falsehoods beyond the power even of extraordinary perspicacity to detect; and we can well believe such to be the fact. In Mr. Crampton's case, it is clear that he was thus treated. A cunning web of falsehood was woven; an adroit system of deception practised by men whose previous character and present position was such as to make doubt almost a crime—men heretofore resenting suspicion of their motives or words as an

Digitized by Google

insult, and whose character for truth and veracity had been previously unimpeached. This accounts satisfactorily for the apparent slowness of our government to resent the insult offered to it, by the prompt dismissal of the offender. His falsehoods had been so unblushing as to look like truth; and the government of the United States were slow to believe that any man of honorable standing and character could lend his aid to such indirect courses and base conspiracies. Driven at last by the cumulative evidence to recognize that he had deliberately, and from the first, pursued this course of fraud and falsehood, Mr. Marcy says: "It is with reluctance that I perform the duty of bringing into view Mr. Crampton's connection with some of the agents who were employed in carrying out the recruiting system, and who have in doing so violated the law and sovereign rights of this country."

Mr. Marcy, therefore, proceeds to put the evidence in the case before her Majesty's government. He shows the intercourse between Crampton and Hertz; between Crampton and Max F. O. Strobel, who acted a more conspicuous part than Hertz in the affair under consideration; between Crampton and Sir Gaspard le Marchant, together with all the subordinate actors in the recruitment scheme, as actual agents in the United States, or means of communication between them, her Majesty's government and Mr. Crampton — such as Bruce McDonald, secretary in the executive department of Nova-Scotia; Colonel Clark, and the officers of the 76th Regiment, R.A.; Colonels Fraser and Stotherd; Messrs. Howe, Matthew, Barclay; Lieutenant Preston, etc., etc. He shows her Majesty's government that there can be no doubt of the violation of the law and rights of the United States, in every case, by these her Majesty's agents, and he demands apology and reparation.

Is it offered? Her Majesty's government are clearly in the wrong. They are convicted of conspiring in an underhand and disingenuous manner against the peace and dignity, the rights and neutrality of the United States. The proof is irrefragable. The facts are stubborn and unyielding. There is no apparent avenue of escape. The conclusion appears inevitable. Nothing is left the British government, if any touch of honesty or manly sentiment of truth remain to it, but to own the wrong, apologize for the attempt, and make reparation for the outrage, by recalling the chief actor in it, Mr. Crampton, and disavowing the acts of his subordinates. Do they so? Alas! no. The British Cabinet has sunk apparently below

Digitized by Google

the feeling of shame, the reach of contempt. It has neither the honesty to repent, nor the courage to atone. It dares to outrage a free people whom it at the same time dreads; but it dares not make a clean breast by fair confession. It is incapable of gallant acknowledgment, repentance for the past, and nobler determinations for the future. Mr. Marcy's plain and statesman-like note is, therefore, met by Lord Clarendon with a resort to special pleading and quibbling, poorer than any second-rate county court lawyer in the United States would be willing to hazard his small stock of reputation upon. Evidently, too, dissatisfied with his own efforts in that line of sharp practice, and distrusting the flimsiness of his argument, he becomes angry and injurious, and flying away from argument to recrimination, stigmatizes the preliminary steps to the open, legal trial of persons engaged in unlawful and dangerous practices within the United States, as "extraordinary measures which have been adopted in various parts of the Union, to obtain evidence against her Majesty's servants, or their agents, by practices sometimes resorted to under despotic institutions, but which are disdained by all free and enlightened governments." His Lordship, no doubt, means to include the government of Great Britain in the latter category. It is consoling to know that such a conviction obtains among the class to which his Lordship belongs. The same idea, however, is not prevalent in the United States. Here we are perverse enough to doubt either the general freedom or particular enlightenment of Great Britain. We are perverse enough to divide that people into two parts, and to consider them under that title of their own law which treats of master and servant. By the American definition, therefore, the inhabitants of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland consist of the aristocratic or free class, and the people or slave class. Out of the first an oligarchical government appears to be instituted for the better suppression and oppression of the other. We will let that pass, however, and assume, to please his Lordship, that the people of England are free and enlightened. But what the fact of a people's being free and enlightened, or unenlightened and living under a despotic government, has to do with the invasion of their national rights as a sovereign state, by another independent government, is by no means clear to us. We are also at a loss to understand, if the acts of indignity and invasion, charged against her Majesty's government by the United States, be true—and, by his Lordship's own admission, they are true—by what right his Lordship travels

Digitized by Google

behind the record and inquires of the manner in which the evidence in the case was got up by the learned counsel on the other side of the question. We will offer his Lordship an analogous case. We put John Scroggs on trial for stealing, and we bring Mr. Levy, a licensed pawnbroker, or as it might be his Lordship, on the stand. Mr. Levy being duly sworn, deposes and says, that John Scroggs, on a certain day, pledged the stolen property to him for the small sum of two and sixpence, and took the customary *ticket*, the number of which Mr. Levy can state very accurately from his books. Mr. Levy identifies the prisoner at the bar, and the prosecution identifies the stolen goods. But immediately the counsel for the defense jumps up, very angry indeed and quite scandalized at the whole proceeding; for, says he, "You, the prosecution, have taken us by surprise. You never asked my client whether he stole the goods, nor who he pawned them to; but, 'by practices sometimes resorted to under despotic institutions, but which are disdained by all free and enlightened governments,' you set a base 'shadow,' a hireling M.P., No. 272, a parasite of power, dressed in police uniform, to watch our client, to dog his footsteps, to see where he took the 'swag,' and then, because you had traced him to honest Moses Levy's, at the sign of the 'three balls,' and seen Levy take the goods, and pay our client moneys for them, and put them on his shelf, you drag Levy on the stand, to swear away the liberty and rights of *an honest man*."

Badinage aside, what opinion would Lord Clarendon have of an Old Bailey lawyer who should adopt such a line of defense? Would he not counsel his friends to remove him, with all decent haste, from the Old Bailey to Bedlam?

Respect for his Lordship's great place prevents us from making a personal application of the case just cited. But we can not believe that his Lordship's friends will long permit him to indulge in so erratic and flighty a manner of dealing with great political questions, without, in mercy to himself, applying for a writ "de lunatico."

Be that, however, as it may, the case stands clearly thus: The British ministry, throughout the whole correspondence on the subject, has wilfully and insultingly persevered in overlooking the international aspect of the case. They have insisted upon a mere inquiry, as to whether their officers and agents have exposed themselves to the penalties of our municipal law. This is adroit. It is in accordance with all the traditions of English diplomacy. But we can not permit them

Digitized by Google

to take advantage of the manœuvre. We will not allow them to choose their own position. Throughout the whole proceeding, and endeavor to recruit men for the British army upon American soil, they have systematically and intentionally violated international law, and offered a bold affront to the sovereignty of the United States. It is true, that persons claiming to be private individuals were skilfully interposed between Mr. Minister Crampton and Messrs. her Majesty's consuls, and the persons enlisted for service in the British army. But the various trials in different cities of the Union have completely exposed the trick, and shown the acknowledged and commissioned agents of the British government as the real instigators and controlling power of the whole. Thus the British government has deliberately, and by its proper ambassador to this government, undertaken and attempted, contrary to the laws of the United States, and to the universally-admitted law of nations, to levy within the territory of an independent government forces to be used in war, against a power with which that government was upon terms of profound peace and perfect friendship. Her agents have been tried, and found guilty. But we have appealed in vain for redress. Instead of apology, the answer has been *an increase of the British fleet in the West Indies.* Instead of reparation, an intimation that new regiments of royal troops were ordered to Canada. Instead of the disavowal of the *acts* of her agents in America, an assertion that their acts were legal. Instead of the punishment of the offenders, a quibbling, shuffling correspondence as to whether the offense were one against municipal or international law. Instead of the recall of Mr. Crampton, *a royal invitation of Mr. Buchanan to dinner!*

It may be that these things will be altered, and greater wisdom and justice dawn upon the Cabinet of St. James, before this number goes to press. When every day brings a fresh steamer to our shores, it is scarcely possible to anticipate what a day or an hour may bring forth. But, as matters stand up to this moment, the position occupied by her Majesty's government is rather one of insult and menace, than of honesty and good feeling. That the conduct of our own has been marked by great temperance, wisdom, and forbearance, no one can deny. Perhaps it is wiser so. For ourselves, however, we can not fully sympathize with this excess of caution. If it had dismissed Mr. Crampton "in the early part of the month of June, 1855," it would have pleased us and the country better. Why it did not do so is to us a diplomatic and state mystery, past

Digitized by Google

our finding out. It certainly was not for fear of consequences, since, on the one side, our own people would have yielded it a unanimous support; and, on the other, Great Britain was in no condition to add the United States to the list of her open enemies. Perhaps its wisdom was greater than ours. We are at least willing to think so, and refrain from criticising that of which perhaps some of the parts, most important to a correct understanding of the motives of the Administration, are not within our knowledge. Without hesitation we charge, however, that in the attempt to recruit soldiers for the British army within the United States, the British government has been guilty of the highest crime and misdemeanor against our rights and dignity as a sovereign state. It has infringed our laws, and violated our territorial rights. It has grossly affronted us as a sovereign and independent power. It has endeavored to compromise us, and drive us from our position of strict neutrality, "at the hazard of plunging us into the struggle which convulsed Europe." It has added insult to injury, by sending a fleet into the neighboring seas, to awe and menace us. It refused to withdraw that fleet, although directly requested to do so by our minister, on the 8th of November, 1855. It has stimulated the official press of Great Britain to insult and threaten us. Its whole course of action has been in fine contemptuous, injurious, and aggressive. For territory invaded, for rights trampled under foot, for dignity outraged, for broken laws and violated sovereignty, we have, therefore, the right to demand, and we do demand an unqualified apology, an ample reparation. And the American administration, which rests satisfied with any thing short of a complete atonement for the past and guarantee for the future, will fail to secure either the confidence or approbation of the American people.

Digitized by Google

BE UP AND DOING!

In this world of labor, say not,
  Man or woman, rich or poor,
That with every day you may not
  Labor better, labor more.

Are you rich? Forget your money,
  And for something nobler strive;
Storing up a sweeter honey
  In the busy human hive.

Hearken! For the camel passes
  Easier through the needle's eye,
Than the man who wealth amasses
  To God's kingdom in the sky.

Are you poor? 'Mid all your striving,
  Leave awhile with God your care;
Let your soul at least be thriving,
  Though but rags your body wear.

Manly words of comfort speaking
  In a fainting brother's ear,
Bind the heart with sorrow breaking
  Through its loneliness and fear.

Of your crust a morsel sparing
  For a hungrier brother's need—
Heart with heart together sharing
  On immortal bread shall feed.

Ye must do it who have suffered
  Want and hunger, cold and care;
Ye must do it who have offered
  For relief the useless prayer.

For ye only know how shrinking
  Wounded spirits—broken hearts,
May be brought to happier thinking
  By compassion's gentle arts.

Digitized by Google

Ye—ye only know the sorrow
  And the shame of want and woe—
Know how hard it is to borrow
  Courage for relief to go.

Ye *must* do it! Rich men never
  Could or would your suffering cure:
Since the world was made—for ever—
  'Tis the poor who help the poor!

Craftsman's son and homeless stranger
  Love Incarnate had to be,
From his cradle in the manger
  To his death upon the tree!

S. W. C.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PART SECOND.

In the first part of this article we hazarded the statement of some general rules, which we are accustomed to believe may find an almost universal application, and by which every effort of the poet may be fairly tried. These ideas, as far as we have been able to express them intelligibly, apply exactly to Wordsworth. He believed most fully in what, for the want of a better term, we will call the universal progress of the human mind towards a connection with those evidences of truth and beauty which are everywhere scattered in such lavish profusion around us. He thought, as almost every rational man now thinks, that the extension of milder laws, and the diffusion of milder manners, which have followed in the march of civilization and the advance of refinement, are not so much the effects, as the causes, of a better appreciation of those higher principles of art, which are the source and foundation of all excellence. We can not subscribe to the doctrine, that the great poems of early times are evidences of a rude and barbarous state of society. We do not believe that Homer sang to an audience of boors, or that

Digitized by Google

Herodotus recited his histories before a crowd of blockheads and fools. On the contrary, we think that there must have been *something real* in the intelligence that could thus appreciate the power of story and of verse. So it was with the middle ages. Dante, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo, did not shine because they lived in the dark period of the world's history. Neither were they unfitted for it. But they lived in the world, and belonged to the world, just as the men of the present day live in it, and belong to it. There was love, and beauty, and truth, and refinement then, just as there is now. There were harsh feelings, and bitter prejudices, and deep disappointments, which to us are unknown, or mellowed away by time and change, just as ours will be, when we shall be lost in memory and song. The lapse of years turns history into poetry. The great actions of the past loom up magnificently, as through a haze. Imagination invests them with gigantic proportions, and robes them in serene and cloudless beauty. We visit ideal countries—we dwell with unreal men—we walk through Elysian groves and gardens, where the trees are laden with celestial fruit, and where the flowers are bursting in perpetual bloom—and wander on amid the fascinating creations of the syren architect, till they are made part and portion of our very being—

> ——— "till the place itself
> Becomes Religion, and the heart runs o'er
> With admiration of the great of old;
> The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

The types of nature are the elements of poetry. They are shadows projected at unequal distances; some stretching away in long lines of varied and ever-increasing beauty, and others lost in the blackness of mountain gorges and chasms. The eternal silence of the forest—the boundless blue of the ocean—the trackless waste of the wilderness—are all in the highest degree poetical; but what if "men were none"? if "these should want spectators"? The same everlasting grandeur and beauty would still remain; the same solitude, the same lordly repose. But there *could* be no poet then, as there *would* be no poet now, if Labor and Art were the equals, and not the handmaids of Nature.

But we are losing ourselves in the luxuriance of thought that is continually expanding, the further we go out among waters, and woods, and light, and flowers. The spell of these illusions is conjured up by an enchantment so beautiful, that

Digitized by Google

we seem unwilling to reverse the wand, and return again to the ordinary things of life. We know that the wizard who thus exercises this wondrous power over our heart and feelings, is only one of the Genii of the Arabian Tales; but we must look out that we do not forget the talismanic watchword, or lose the charmed ring—otherwise, he will become our master, instead of our slave.

There has been a great deal of ingenuity exercised, and a great deal of labor expended, in drawing certain imaginary distinctions between different classes of poetry, and even between portions of the same class. We do not know that this has resulted in any essential benefit. The fact is, the art of criticism has advanced so fast and so far, as to seem almost beyond the bounds of usefulness, and about to be merged in an art, or rather a system, of fault-finding. Each coming adventurer thinks that the height of popularity can only be reached by striking out some bold and novel route. They place before their eyes what they call an *elevated standard*—thin enough generally in its original form—but refined away by some subtle and mysterious process, until it spreads out into a mist or vapor of intangible transcendentalism. Such ideas, considered as speculations, if legitimately indulged and carried out, may of themselves do no harm. But the difficulty lies beyond them. There are scarcely any of these architects who do not expect to draw every thing into their own system. The laws of truth and beauty, they tell us, are immutable; they have devoted their energies and their lives to the attainment of this knowledge; and he who would violate these laws, or disturb their unity, is guilty of sacrilege, and deserves the severest condemnation. Now, having heard all this, we are just exactly as wise as we were before. Such special generalities can never become oracular. No priest from Delphos, or from him "whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove," reveals the inspired mysteries there. No Sybilline leaves lie hidden in that mass of rubbish. No Egerian waters can ever rise to the level of that naked and barren promontory.—The conclusion of the whole matter is, that the poet understands the nature of his art better than the critic. *That criticism* is a part of his profession, as the characters of colors and the varieties of marble are parts of painting and statuary. He does not think about it, however, like a critic. He is as unconscious of it in his descriptions, as the painter in combining his colors, or the sculptor in rough-hewing his marble.

The poems of Wordsworth differ from one another, as differ-

Digitized by Google

ent flowers in the same garden. The creepers and climbers—the humble violet and the lordly parasite—are wide apart. So, too, with their distinctive adaptations. The sensitive plant shrinks before the setting of the summer sun; while the November winds sweep on over the verbena's frosty bloom. But they are all recognized as parts of one family. We are tempted to make a few extracts from these poems, as they will speak best for themselves. We will begin with one of the highest of them—Laodamia. And as our fair friends—in deference to us "lords of creation"—are presumed to be at least *partially* ignorant of classical lore, we will state for their benefit, that Laodamia was the wife of Protesilaus, king of Thessaly, who sailed with the Grecian expedition against Troy, and devoted himself to death, in fulfilment of the Delphic oracle, by being the first to leap on the Trojan shore. Her intercessions with Jupiter obtained for her a three hours' interview with her departed lord—who appears to her in the beginning of the poem, "and a god leads him, winged Mercury."

"But if thou goest I follow—Peace, he said—
She looked upon him, and was soothed and cheered:
The ghastly color from his lips was fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

"He spake of love—such love as spirits feel,
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived—with finer harmony pursued:

"Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams—
An ampler ether—a diviner air—
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

There—that poetry belongs to the top of Parnassus. It was found one day, about high noon, in a beautiful little evergreen on its very summit. Now, the next piece that we are going to place right alongside of it, is a poem of an entirely different character. It is not one which has become so very popular as to be mangled and mutilated out of its original shape. It stands just as it is, without having any "bits of sunshine" or "patches of shade" stripped away from the picture, and held up before

Digitized by Google

the public in very verdant wonderment. Here is the Thorn—at least, the part of it that suits our purpose:

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale;
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left espy;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy Pond
Of water never dry—
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.

"And close beside the aged Thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a Hill of Moss,
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colors there you see,
All colors that were ever seen;
And mossy net-work too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been:
And cups—the darlings of the eye—
So deep is their vermilion dye.

"Ah me! what lovely tints are there,
Of olive-green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white!
This heap of earth, o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be;
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

"Now would you see this aged Thorn,
This Pond, and beauteous Hill of Moss,
You must take care and choose your time,
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits between the Heap,
So like an infant's grave in size,
And that same Pond of which I spoke,
A woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"

It is the same old story of every-day life—so often repeated, and so often lamented!

"But what's the Thorn? and what the Pond?
And what the Hill of Moss to her?

Digitized by Google

And what the creeping breeze that comes
The little Pond to stir?
I can not tell; but some will say,
She hanged her baby on the tree;
Some say, she drowned it in the Pond,
Which is a little step beyond;
But each and all agree,
The little Babe is buried there,
Beneath that Hill of Moss so fair.

"I've heard the moss is spotted red
With drops of that poor infant's blood;
But kill a new-born infant thus,
I do not think she could.
Some say, if to the Pond you go,
And fix on it a steady view,
The shadow of a babe you trace,
A baby and a baby's face,
And that it looks at you!
Whene'er you look on it, it's plain
The Baby looks at you again.

"And some had sworn an oath, that she
Should be to public justice brought;
And for the little infant's bones
With spades they would have sought.
But then the beauteous Hill of Moss
Before their eyes began to stir!
And for full fifty yards around,
The grass—it shook upon the ground!
Yet all do still aver,
The little Babe is buried there,
Beneath that Hill of Moss so fair."

Where are you now, O wonderful wiseacres! you who just before have been prating so much about sympathy with men and life? Perhaps you have seen some scarlet cloaks in your own time. Perhaps you think imagination could have done that just as well, without seeing the image of the "jutting crag." If you can go out

"By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shine clear and bright,"

and hear that doleful cry, perhaps you will remember Uncle Toby and the Fly.

But what have we here? We have fallen over a stumbling-block in human form. Why, just see—it is Peter Bell—and here is our genial critic, holding both his sides. Nevertheless, we have got on our feet again, and do not find ourselves sensibly hurt. Here is something that will do to look at:

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;

Digitized by Google

The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears and mirth—
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire,
To stir, to soothe, to elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find, or there create?

"A potent wand does sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty fear?
Repentance is a tender sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

And how is the veritable Peter under these circumstances? We do not say how, precisely. Oh, no! But we rather think, if any of our aforetime mentioned friends have themselves done some travelling out into the wide, wide world, they will find no difficulty in recognizing this portrait of him:

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread;
When Peter, on some April morn,
Beneath the broom, or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"Though nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds—yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

"There was a hardness on his cheek,
There was a hardness on his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face
In many a solitary place,
Against the winds and open sky."

And now, O respected friends, a silent adieu! Hereafter, should you go out on some bridal morning in June, and catch

Digitized by Google

a portion of the happy influences that are breathed above and around you, perhaps some of it may fall inwardly on your heart, and open your eyes to see, and your ears to understand, what is that "soul of happy sound," which lies spread in such an hour over water, and earth, and air.

Let us premise a few words on a very interesting subject—that of Love. We have no idea that we can possibly say any thing new about it. Nevertheless, it has always been one of the provinces, *per se*, of poetry. Every body, therefore, who has any pretensions to the claim of poet, must have written, or said, or sung, or intimated, or practised something concerning love. Indeed, the man's a right down, regular *ninny*, who does not know, or will not see, that there has always been a singular, subtle, and vapory breathing enveloping that spiritual body, ever since the time Aphrodite came forth from the salt-sea wave. All softest influences in nature are symbolized to represent it in its manifold and universal powers. The bees of Hybla and Hymettus are nowhere for sweetness. "Airs, vernal airs," sweep down over beds of perfumed roses, where sleeps Adonis, "waxing well of his deep wound;" while, for the warbling of a hymn, there came to the Teian bard one of the gentlest of all flying creatures,

> "White as the pair that slid along the plains
> Of heaven, when Venus held the reins."

Of course, every body knows what Wordsworth has said about woman, as she is supposed to be. We certainly do not intend to bring up that "phantom of delight." But we have here, just at our fingers' ends, something, to whose music we often find ourselves unconsciously thumbing away, in measured time, on wood, or earth, or stone, and, not unfrequently, to the oscillations of our own body:

> "I heard a stock-dove sing or say
> His homely tale this very day.
> His voice was buried among trees,
> Yet to be come at by the breeze;
> He did not cease, but cooed, and cooed,
> And somewhat pensively he wooed.
> He sang of love, with quiet blending—
> Slow to begin, but never ending;
> Of serious faith and inward glee—
> That was the song, the song for me."

> "She shall be sportive as the fawn,
> That wild with glee, across the lawn,
> Or up the mountain springs;

Digitized by Google

And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence, and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her—for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall bend her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

Oh, why not much more of the same sort? They are blessings, for which even the strongest of us may be thankful. We feel quite sure, that not even the most decided of all sham-destroyers would ever venture to fling any of *that* into the face of "universal flunkeydom."

We might go on with extracts from these poems, and show how several others of the same class, which were formerly received with expressions of "This will never do," have now passed into memorials, and will live and grow greener through coming years. But we fear we have encroached too much on our limits already. Many of the smaller pieces were evidently not dressed out for the public eye. Yet there is scarcely one of them that does not contain some apt illustration—that does not throw some emblematic shadow across our path. The sonnets—particularly the ecclesiastical ones, and those dedicated to liberty—remind us of etchings we have seen of the English coast, where the whole line is brought out in bold and prominent points, and, at the same time, so joined together by this singular and unique art, as to enable us to recognize at once the whole character of sea and shore—their different indentations—the rising of the headlands—the opening of the valleys, and the stretching away of the earth beyond, till lost in the distant blue of the mountains. No English poet has invested this province of his art with so many beautiful attractions, or carried it to so lofty a height of perfection and splendor. The character of the sonnet has generally been dry and uninteresting, as little congenial to the minds of ordinary readers, as a volume of philosophy, or the dull divisions of natural science. The few, and almost solitary cases where it has hitherto been successful, are those of personal experience, and of individual

Digitized by Google

feeling—a sort of subdued lyrical strain—an invocation of prayer, a breathing of memory, or an absorbing feeling, that for the moment centres all things inwardly on the mind. The prevalent notion about it has been, that fourteen lines must contain an entire thought. This definition may be critically correct, but it has always brought before our mind a long avenue of Lombardy poplars, where the path is as straight as the trees, and where all together look like rows of grenadiers marched out for inspection on parade-day. With Wordsworth, on the contrary, we go out into the open country, and visit each curious and striking object. They are part of the landscape, distinct in it, but not separate from it. We are shown the grandeur of Helvellyn from the same road that leads down to Grasmere's happy vale.

When sombre feelings come over our mind, and shadows from the outside world lie darkly upon it, we often take down our volume of Wordsworth from its quiet resting-place, and run over some favorite musing, and rather melancholy verses, until we find ourselves in

> "That dreamy mood, when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

There is a healthfulness even in his complainings, if any thing of his can properly be called by that name. We feel that we have received a newer lesson from his humble teachings. The face of nature seems to wear a brighter aspect, and our hearts beat more alive to the common sympathies and charities of life. A light appears to shine inwardly on our mental eye—"the light of setting suns"—a glorious apparition, that expands outwardly over mountains, and waters, and woods, and flowers; and over the souls of men. To have assimilated such a feeling to one human heart—to have given it strength for the active duties of life, and reverence for the secret thoughts of solitude—is not to have lived in vain. There is nothing superficial in all his writings. The change which has taken place in the public mind with regard to their value, since the first appearance of the Lyrical Ballads, is extraordinary and gratifying. Never in all the history of the muses has there been so complete and thorough a revolution. When the Descriptive Sketches were published, Coleridge predicted the rising of a great poetical luminary. He was only laughed at for his visionary fancy. When Joseph Cottle retired from business, he settled with his London agent, and received, *free gratis for nothing*, the copyright of the Lyrical Ballads. It was literally

Digitized by Google

thrown into the settlement. Cottle returned it to Wordsworth; and they both lived many years after it had become valuable in the market, and still more valuable in the hearts and memories of men. This spontaneous reversion of judgment is well deserved. It shows that the public mind of England, however it may be dazzled and led astray for a time, will eventually come round, and settle right at last. We are strongly inclined to believe, that Wordsworth appeared at the very period of time most fortunate for himself and for his fame. The French Revolution was then stalking before mankind in all its bloody grandeur. The carnival of infidelity ruled high in the streets of Paris. Philosophers and priests seemed to vie with each other in impious endeavors to hurl the Almighty from his throne. An obscene and murderous revelry had laid waste the fairest provinces of France. The innocence of youth and the helplessness of age were alike insecure. Neither age, nor sex, nor rank, nor station—neither public services nor private virtues—neither genius, nor wit, nor learning—neither the sacred name of God and Father, nor the Christian's happy belief in heaven—could stay the arms or soften the hearts of those bold blasphemers, who howled forth their savage imprecations, that death was an eternal sleep. A common prostitute was dragged in a triumphal car, as the Goddess of the Age of Reason. A hoary infidel, with one foot in the grave, was crowned with a chaplet of flowers, and hailed as the idol of a wild and licentious populace. Were the history of the French Revolution the record of a thousand years, we would smile with incredulity at the recital of most of its horrors and atrocities. The human heart would recoil in utter disbelief, that in an era of time when the world was on the point of beholding discoveries whose results would crowd hundreds of years almost into moments; and when a new hemisphere was about to open a wider field for the advancement of liberty, and about to give a fresher impetus to the arts of civilization and industry, and an almost boundless addition to the physical wealth and progress of mankind; there should have been such chronicles as those of Danton, and Marat, and Robespierre; that almost in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and within fifty miles of the coast of the English monarchy—where were then living Pitt, and Burke, and Fox—there should have been such an epoch in history as the Reign of Terror. The men of the present day and generation would turn, in absolute mockery, from such a narrative.

It is well known, that in the beginning, these principles ex-

Digitized by Google

erted a wide influence over the minds of neighboring nations. The French monarchy was rotten to the core. Long years of accumulated profligacy and corruption had made the Court of St. Cloud the scandal of Europe. When the day of retribution came, it found the nobility of France steeped to the dregs in every species of vice and crime. The reaction was tremendous. The highest subject of the realm bowed himself, in abject degradation, to the worship of the popular idol; and drove the triumphal car of modern Juggernaut over the shattered relics of the shrine of St. Louis. But he died nevertheless, as meanly as the meanest. It was not to be expected that England would escape the contagion. In fact, infidel philosophy had to some extent already prepared the ground-work. The agitation of Ireland, and the emancipation of the American Colonies, were fruitful themes for the magnificent discussions of liberators and philanthropists. Every constitutional trouble was exaggerated into some gigantic and overshadowing calamity. Every providential dispensation was the curse of God upon the blindness of the land. Even the affliction of the sovereign was interpreted as the shadow of coming events.

It was in such times as these that Wordsworth began to live. His early friends were visionaries and enthusiasts. Southey and Coleridge were both Pantisophists; and the transition from thence was not hard to French Agrarianism. He was himself at first somewhat inclined to that theory. The bold speculations of the philosophers had startled his contemplative mind. They appeared to embody bright forms of permanent good for the future of the human family. The inequalities which had so long existed to the disadvantage of the many, were to be removed. The burdens which had pressed so unjustly on one portion of the community, were to be taken away. The errors of priestcraft were to be modified, if not abolished. In short, a golden era was to begin anew in one favored spot of earth; and was thence to spread and grow wider, until it should have embraced in its ample folds of fraternity all classes of society, all creeds of religion, and all colors of mankind.

With many the delusion was complete. The horrors of the Revolution were justified on the presumptuous sciolism, that *liberty* must be the price of *liberty*. Old laws, old customs, old manners—hereditary traditions, hereditary distinctions, hereditary hopes, that had clung to names, and families, and provinces, as the ivy clings to the aged oak—the memories of a thousand years, which had consecrated all that was heroic in history, all that was venerable in religion, and all that was

Digitized by Google

fascinating in chivalry and romance—were to be swept away, and carried clean out of remembrance, by the waving of a new emblem, and by the motto of a strange device. Not such were the popular feelings connected with the palmy days of the English Commonwealth. That great event had cleared the atmosphere of many impurities, and so moulded and transfused the elements of the English character, that we lose our regret for its involuntary excesses, in admiration of those solid and ennobling principles which have since withstood the shocks of foreign and domestic convulsions, have now descended, and will hereafter descend, as a perpetual heir-loom, from generation to generation of the British people.

There were some in England who early foresaw the catastrophe, and were duly prepared to ward off its evil consequences. The sagacious statesmanship of Pitt, and the profounder philosophy of Burke, united to stem the revolutionary torrent; nor could the brilliant rhetoric or the impassioned eloquence of the popular leader in the House of Commons, effect more than a passing influence upon the tone and temper of the nation. It is singular to remark how the distinguished men of that day, whose names have since become identified with the honor and glory of their country, turned, almost to a man, from the lures and fascinations of the Continental harlot. Of these also was Wordsworth. He had travelled through France and Germany during the height of the national excitement. He left his country with the vision of great blessings for mankind before his eyes. But he did not find the fields, and vineyards, and olive trees of Provence running over with corn, and wine, and oil. He came back a sadder, but a wiser man. And thus it was, that he took more closely to his heart those feelings of reverence, and pride, and love, which flourish so greenly around the homes and firesides of England. For the influence of passing events is not superficial, even on a poet's mind. He recognizes the voice of nature in the manifestations of national enthusiasm; and the glow of patriotism adds a serener beauty to the light of song.

Hence it is, that as an English poet, he takes the highest rank. His are the glens and the mountains, the woods and the waters, the birds and the flowers, the sun and the sky of England. We hear his lyric invocations to her Church and throne rise through the spreading branches of her forest parks, and over the spires of her consecrated minsters and cathedrals. The household tale, the provincial tradition, the lord of the castle, and the mountain beggar, are representatives of different parts

Digitized by Google

of the same confederacy. The heart of the poet is the same, whether wandering on the banks of the Nye or among the hills of Garry, whether abroad at Westminster or at home in Westmoreland, whether "shouting to the happy shepherd boy," or in loftier strains, "still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim." His is that fitting emblem of the English sky-lark:

> "Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

But why did you introduce such a subject at this time? Because it was pleasant to do so. Because it is refreshing to turn from the every-day topics of life—from its business, its turmoils, and its anxieties, from its never-ending employments and its ever-wearying pursuits, to the contemplation of a character so pure, so equable, so natural—to *our* study of a man who in *his* study of nature, ever charming, ever new, passed a vigorous youth, a glorious manhood, a venerable and venerated age—whose only art was simplicity, whose only power was unconscious strength, who began life with a profession that seemed to cloud his senses and darken his way, and who closed it with a reputation as unenvied as it is extensive. Appreciate him as a poet we can not, for we are not qualified. But we can understand something of that feeling of admiration which belongs to such a character. And we can understand, too, something of the reason *why* it is, that while others who then figured on the stage of life have sunk into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious and unremembered, Wordsworth, like the Roman Agricola, delineated with truth and fairly consigned to posterity, has survived himself, and will for ever triumph over the injuries of time.

15th Feb., 1856.

Digitized by Google

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

COURAGE.

(NEAR OR FAR.)

No. 5.

Or the pebble on the beach,
Or distant star,
Lie alike within thy reach,
Or near or far,
Each or either—earth or sky—
As thy Courage, wide or nigh.

Light it matters this to prize
Or there aspire,
In thyself the measure lies
Of thy desire;
Dwarf or Titan—far or near—
Reaching there or stumbling here.

DOUBT.

(THE PEARL.)

No. 6.

Never ask what others think:
Wouldst thou buffet with the wave?
Only trust in self can save;
Doubt to swim is lead to sink.

Wouldst thou lift thee to the sky?
Never look how others rise;
Borrowed craft is never wise;
Bold of wing is strength to fly.

Never watch where others leap:
Wouldst thou to the pearl arrive?
Plunge at once or dread to dive;
Question finds breast-high too deep.

ROSENBERG.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER NINTH.

MISS WADDLE'S BEAU IDEAL.

> Oh, whither am I wrapt beyond myself?
> More violent conflicts fight in every thought
> Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
>
> DEKKER'S OLD FORTUNATUS.

MISS WADDLE was never more mistaken in her life. Her trials had just begun. At that moment there came a knock at the door: a most respectable knock, not without firmness, and yet not altogether free from a certain pleasing uncertainty and gentleness. Very thoughtlessly, indeed, Miss Waddle jumped up from her dungeon seat, which was in the fashion of an exceedingly easy sewing chair, and opened the door herself. I really believe she came nearer fainting in earnest that time than at any former period of her life. Was it the happy stranger? No: it was only his man. Miss Waddle thought at first it was the master, which turned her quite topsy-turvy in a flash. It was only the man, though, after all. He had with him a present of game, as usual, but this time he came to the front door, and, as he handed it to her, presented his master's compliments, and informed her that the stranger would take the liberty of thanking her that evening in person for the kind permission she had given to shoot over her estates!

Estates!—Ah, what was any estate to Miss Waddle, short of the holy estate of matrimony? The man was gone, but Miss Waddle remained motionless. Her mind was a chaos; her bosom was a seething cauldron. He was coming—coming—coming. Long looked-for, come at last. He was coming—probably in blue, as a cerulean testimonial of the truth which impelled him to the act of homage at her beauty's shrine. It is

Digitized by Google

believed that she was only aroused from this waking trance by overhearing herself singing at the top of her voice,

> "Oh, Miss Waddle, don't you cry,
> Your sweetheart will come by'n by!"

Miss Waddle slung the door to with a clash; flung the string of game around her, after the fashion of a feather cape, and dancing into the kitchen, clasped Dinah around the neck and waltzed about the kitchen, singing in an hysterical manner "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances," until she sank exhausted upon the wash-bench. But, in the very tempest and whirlwind of Miss Waddle's passion of joy, a magnificent idea came to her like an inspiration. Persepolis had sneered at her. Persepolis should witness the very beginning of her triumph. She would immediately invite her particular friends to tea. To insure their coming she would add the word "sociable," and beg them not to dress, as there would be only "one or two." This would leave them in a pleasing state of doubt; and curiosity is the most punctual of sensations. Miss Waddle easily convinced herself that her motive in extending these invitations was a modesty which shrank from a first tête-à-tête with a stranger. "I am totally above the petty jealousies, and contemn the opinions of their village cliques," said Miss Waddle to herself, "therefore I will invite them all."

Verbal invitations were immediately dispatched by the young gentleman who attended to the garden, and, indeed, combined the duties of horticulturist, coachman, groom and waiter in his own slightly diminutive person, to the Misses Prig, Brown, Jobkins, Pilkington, De Bounces, etc.—in short, to the very sun-flowers of Persepolitan aristocracy. Miss Waddle filled the vases with fresh flowers; looked narrowly into every corner for a lingering speck of dust; threw the piano open, and the music upon it into elegant and artistic confusion; placed her mother's arm-chair in one corner, and impressed upon her the propriety of a dignified silence, an air of matronly ease and gravity, whilst the *company* were there, and—went to dress.

Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter" may have been hard to please when about to visit the mother of her betrothed; probably she was; the poet says so, and it may be admitted as a fact; but Miss Waddle's wardrobe was undoubtedly larger than the wardrobe at the mill, and Miss Waddle was to dress for a greater uncertainty. Did the happy stranger like green?

Digitized by Google

He was a sportsman. Perhaps he did. Was he partial to yellow? The autumn woods had sere and yellow leaves which crackled 'neath his manly feet. He might be partial to yellow. Was he fond of blue? Ah, was he! Could he be otherwise? Cerulean blue. The color of that upper sea whose far mysterious waves rolled always 'twixt the poet's raptured gaze, and the strange spirit-land into which his dreams and visions stretch. He must be fond of blue. Miss Waddle was fond of it herself. She doted on it. She would be blue, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue. She would be blue and simple. A silk of delicatest blue, a half-blown rose stuck in her auburn hair; her native, unadorned, and simple self should make the conquest and secure the happy stranger.

An hour passed on. Her dream brightened every moment. The Misses Prig arrived: three tall girls with large noses, who always sat down as if they were afraid of rumpling their dresses, and looked straight before them when they talked, suggesting the idea of their having a familiar attendant invisible demon, whose name might possibly be Starch. The Misses Prig were dressed for a ball. The Misses Prig said, "Good evening," sat down on the sofa, but word spake never more. Miss Waddle went away to her castle in Spain, again. Miss Brown made her appearance, leaning upon her brother's arm. Miss Brown was a beauty, and her brother a beast; so she sat down to the piano and played snatches of airs with one finger, whilst he tilted his chair up in one corner, and put his feet on the rungs. Miss Jobkins and Miss Pilkington came with two beaus a-piece. Miss Jobkins was lively, and Miss Pilkington malicious. Miss Jobkins fluttered all around and shook hands with every body, and laughed at every thing. Miss Pilkington whispered loud enough for every body to hear: "I wonder whether there's to be a wedding to-night—every body looks so fine and so solemn."

Then came the De Bounces. That was an event. The De Bounces were a very *old* family. They were so aristocratic. They had made the tour of Europe, and the Emperor of Russia gave Miss Emilia a shawl, and Miss Selina a bracelet. It is true, scandal whispered old De Bounce, who was a colonel in the militia of his native State, passed himself off on the Emperor as a general in the service of the United States, and wore a diamond star on his collar, besides the letters U. S. A. in gold embroidery. But the De Bounces had the shawl and the bracelet, and they were decidedly *ton*. So the De Bounces swam into the room, and did the graces in a manner which struck

Digitized by Google

every one with envy, except Miss Waddle, who was too far up in the heaven of hope to be brought down to earth even by a De Bounce courtesy. Young De Bounce was preceded by a Joinville tie, and condescended to nod to no one in particular as he followed his sisters. Young De Bounce was as easy as an old shoe, and talked slang to Miss Pilkington and Miss Jobkins. In fact, he was an epitome of Young America, and came out in great force for the benefit of those two young ladies.

But Miss Waddle has heard a sound, the stranger's footstep. The intuition of love recognized his knock at the door, his footstep in the hall. The door opened, and the small boy announced Mr. Huntly; plain Mr. Huntly—but what a sensation, what a flutter, what a gaze of concentrated astonishment and expectation! Persepolis stood a-gaze. The truth dawned upon them. Miss Waddle had a lover. The noses of the Misses Prig turned up with one accord, and the familiar demon made the air shudder and vibrate round them with a crisp crackling noise. The De Bounces exhibited a languid insolence, and made little mouths at each other. Young De Bounce said something about "shooting him flying," which caused Miss Jobkins and Miss Pilkington to bury their faces in their handkerchiefs, and laugh very much; and Miss Brown looked at him sideways because her profile was very fine. Mr. Huntly might easily have been abashed; but Mr. Huntly was nothing of the sort. He bowed quietly to the assembly, and walked straight up to Miss Waddle. Miss Waddle rose. Her entire being was penetrated and permeated with ecstasy. He was there; in very truth 'twas he, the stranger whom her yearning heart had longed so long to see. He stood before her. He spoke. Down out of her throat, oh! wildly beating heart. He expressed his thanks. Miss Waddle was "too happy," too happy by half—although she only said "too." Mr. Huntly sat down—sat down beside her. Really she forgot even her triumph. He was so handsome, so quiet, so gentlemanly. Somebody played. Several somebodies danced. Female voices hummed. A general festivity prevailed. The stranger sat still. He said nothing. She said nothing. How divine a sympathy! Miss Waddle's heart abandoned her throat to its natural uses. Miss Waddle's heart was under the necessity of abandoning her entirely. The separation was, however, blissful. She felt it going. She would not for the world have made an effort to stop it. Probably Mr. Huntly put it in his waistcoat pocket—the left pocket. It went in that

Digitized by Google

direction. Her *beau ideal* was no longer an ideal beau, but a reality. Beatified Miss Waddle!

"Happy stranger," sighed Miss Waddle, after a little.

"My dear Miss Waddle," said Mr. Huntly, with an odd little twitch in the corner of his mouth, "did you speak?"

Miss Waddle sighed.

"You made a remark about happiness," said Mr. Huntly.

"Alas!" said Miss Waddle, gazing upwards like a Saint Cecilia in an ecstasy.

"I agree with you entirely," said the stranger.

"Exquisite sympathy," murmured Miss Waddle. "Have, then, sorrows like Werter's been yours? Has the delicate fibre of your existence been preyed upon by carking care; or, has the slow consuming canker of hopes without fruition blighted the flowers of the soul in the warm gush and spring-tide of existence? I believed you happy. Was I mistaken? Did the veil of conventional gayety hide only the ravages of interior desolation? Are you unhappy; are you miserable?"

"Frightfully so; in fact, I am the most miserable dog in the world," said the stranger.

"Ah!" said Miss Waddle, "you are a poet."

The stranger waved his hand deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Thy servant may be a dog, but God forbid he should be a poet."

Miss Waddle was not to be put off in that way.

"A poet!" she exclaimed, "to whom the charmed eddies of autumnal winds bring the last sighs of fair frail flowers, audible spirit voices, from their shrinking calices, saying, 'We return no more. On the grave of our sister, the summer, we go to strew ourselves and wither. We return no more.'"

"Whew!" said Mr. Huntly, mentally. "Oh!" said Mr. Huntly, audibly.

"And silence, too, enamored of that voice, locked its mute music in her rugged cell," said Miss Waddle, clasping her hands.

The stranger gave her an unutterable look, a look which almost caused her to cry aloud "for love of his wild eyes," and bending closer to her ear, said, in tones which Miss Waddle shortly afterwards remarked to Miss Brown, "would lie for ever like a flower upon her heart, and down to the very twilight of existence draw to them other thoughts like bees for multitude and thirst of sweetnesses"—the stranger said, "Miss Waddle, I came to thank you for the kind permission you granted me; but I am unequal to the task, grateful as it is.

Digitized by Google

Farewell, Miss Waddle, I must seek the congenial solitude of my rural retreat. Miss Waddle, I am under eternal obligation to you." The stranger looked ineffable woe at Miss Waddle, made a dignified bow to the company, and slowly retired.

By common consent the dancing immediately ceased; the piano became mute, and the assembled beauty and aristocracy of Persepolis made a combined attack upon Miss Waddle. Even the Misses Prig forgot the attendant demon, bent their ears to listen, and turned their heads to look. Miss Brown said, rather pettishly, "A very uninteresting young man, indeed." Miss Pilkington remarked much louder than necessary, "that the gentleman reminded her very strongly of a married man she had met in the city, and thought some of her friends had better institute inquiries before they jumped down his throat."

Miss Jobkins suggested that "Miss Waddle should be appointed a committee of investigation," and crediting herself with a joke, laughed heartily at the idea. The De Bounces conveyed to each other in a stage whisper their impression that he had never been "in society," and trusted he would not presume to speak to them should they meet in the street. He had not spoken to them during the evening, nor to any one, indeed, but Miss Waddle. The fear of his presumption was therefore a very natural one, and quite sufficient to disturb the peace of mind of those distinguished guests of royalty, the De Bounces.

"A slow coach," said young De Bounce, "thundering slow; devilish well dressed, though."

Miss Waddle smiled. The venomed shafts of envy rebounded from the broad shield of love which covered her heart. Miss Waddle smiled a pleasant, pitying smile, and urged additional cold custard, lemonade, and ladies-fingers on her guests. But the deed was done, the festivity of the evening concluded abruptly. Miss Waddle's triumph seemed too apparent. Persepolis had been sold, without even knowing it was up at auction. A shiver of hatred ran through every female frame, a sickly smile of attempted carelessness sat upon every female face, and they retired precipitately to canvass in the seclusion of their several domiciles the advent, character, objects, and possible actions of the stranger. One enigma, however, puzzled Persepolis more than all the rest. How long had Miss Waddle known Mr. Huntly? How long had Miss Waddle had a beau without Persepolis being aware of the fact? The sly, cunning, deceitful, close-mouthed minx—to have a beau, a good-looking one, too—possibly a rich one into the bargain, and say nothing

Digitized by Google

about it. To keep it all to herself—to gloat over it. To triumph in it. Perhaps to dare to pity those who had ostentatiously pitied her so long. To dare to be twenty-eight years old, if she was a day, and have a lover, who did not look an hour over thirty. Some good staid deacon, or widower of advanced age, might be borne; but Mr. Huntly—the creature—she deserved to have her deceitful little brown eyes torn out. But Miss Waddle's eyes were not little; that was altogether a fiction of Miss Pilkington's inventing.

Persepolis passed a bad night. Persepolis was wounded in its tenderest point. Persepolis had been outgeneralled. Miss Waddle's *beau ideal* had arrived without tap of drum, and the town was taken—by assault, carried away captive, and sold unto slavery to Miss Waddle, without having had the consolation of firing a shot at the enemy.

CHAPTER TENTH.

"Le voulez vous que vostre soye?"

Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply—
Sweetly consent, or else deny;
Whisper softly, none shall know,
Wilt thou be mine, love? Ay or No?

CHARLES DUKE OF ORLEANS (15th Century).

DREAMS come from the multitude of business. Miss Waddle dreamed all night long. But particularly Miss Anna Maria Theresa Sophronia dreamed she was wandering in the woods, an errant demoiselle, in fact, Lady Alice herself in search of Lord Richard; and, what was decidedly the pleasantest part of the dream, she found Lord Richard before she had wandered either long or far, and Lord Richard and Mr. Huntly were as like as two peas. That was the strangest part of the dream; but it was also the most consolatory. Very early on the morning after the party, therefore, Miss Anna Maria put on a love of a little straw bonnet, trimmed with ashes-of-roses ribbon, and went away in the direction of her own woods, remarking to her mother that her purpose was simply to see the sun "stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops, and breathe the bracing freshness of the pellucid morn." Possibly this was the fact, but it was very unfortunate for the success of her efforts that Mr. Huntly should be out so early in the morning: for, in fact, he met her, altogether by accident, at the outskirts of the town. They were both terribly surprised. Mr. Huntly, however, re-

Digitized by Google

covered in a wonderful manner, and said, "Good morning, Miss Waddle," in the tenderest tone. Miss Waddle thought that good morning the real music of the spheres, and reciprocated with trembling emotion. The situation became instantly embarrassing. They said no more. Without doubt both were struggling with unutterable things. Their hands met. Their eyes did the same. The electric telegraph was in operation. The barrier was passed.

"Miss Waddle," said the stranger, "do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Happy stranger," sighed Miss Waddle, "love is heaven and heaven is love."

"Miss Waddle, you are the soul of poetry and feeling. Do you imagine I have known you but a day? Alas! I have known you for years."

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Waddle, "how is that?—last night——"

"Last night," said the stranger, "we met for the first time, indeed, face to face; but for years I have been intimately acquainted with you."

"Where! oh where?" said Miss Waddle, hysterically.

"In my dreams—in the visions of the night—after I was asleep, when the world was in the arms of slumber, when no body was awake—in fancy—imagination—ethereal being, you have visited my lonely heart. I knew you in an instant when we really met. My heart succumbed at once."

"Oh! not another hour like this remains in unknown time," said Miss Waddle, sinking into the stranger's arms, and closing her eyes as if she had gone away in a very bad faint, indeed. The rapidity of her recovery, however, when the stranger pressed his lips to hers, and the strong vitality with which she returned the pressure, made it probable that she had not been obliged by her emotions to retire very far into the land of forgetfulness.

"You must be mine," said the stranger.

"Thine, thine for ever," said Miss Waddle, energetically.

"Fly we then whilst none discover," cried the stranger, urging her towards the creek. A small boat lay moored there. It belonged to Miss Waddle. The stranger bore her yielding form into the boat, seated her half recumbent in the stern-sheets, and pulled down the creek. Miss Waddle's dream of life was out. Her fondest, wildest dreams were in the act of bring realized. She was not only loved, courted, proposed to, but she was eloping—really and truly eloping—running

Digitized by Google

away—in a boat—her darling lover pulling the oars. "Tyrant barks in vain ye ride," exclaimed Miss Waddle, *sotto voce.*

"The mouth of the creek is only a quarter of a mile from the steamboat landing," said Mr. Huntly, "and the Albany boat passes in an hour. Pursuit will be idle."

Miss Waddle was perfectly conscious that no one would be idle enough to pursue; but she clasped her hands, looked back in a terrified manner, and answered tremulously:

"Pull, fervid stranger, pull!"

And the stranger pulled faster and faster, and Miss Waddle breathed freer and freer, not that any body was after her, but that these little alternations of hope and fear, anxiety and exultation were proper for a young lady eloping with her *beau ideal.* And she was. Her *beau ideal!* What was he? She would not insult him by inquiring. Short of a count he could not be; nothing under the degree of a count could have such a moustache. Moustaches were not common in those days. A count he must be—should be. Miss Waddle drew her tablets from her pocket. She could not think of leaving her mother without a word. She was too tender a daughter for that. But she would not write to her directly. The shock might be too great. It should be broken softly. She would intrust the commission, the delicate commission, to a friend. She would write to Miss Pilkington, and beseech her to seek her disconsolate maternal guardian, and break the news of her desertion to her. Miss Pilkington was a gossip, and a gad-about. Miss Pilkington was malicious. But the sacred trust of friendship should be reposed in her, and would doubtless conquer all her ordinary propensities; and if all Persepolis knew it in an hour after Miss P. received the note, could Anna Maria Sophronia help it? In what other bosom could she confide with more security? Were they not all the same? So Miss Waddle wrote:

"TRUEST OF FRIENDS: My agitation overcomes me. I am about to bid adieu, perhaps an eternal adieu, to the scenes of our childhood. Ah! Julia, I love—and am beloved. Oh, my heart! The Count Edward de Huntly has borne away, with gentle violence, my too confiding form. Our boat is launched upon the wave of life—together we must hereafter ride its storms. Break this gently to my dear mother, and believe me, that neither in the splendors of a court, nor the gayeties of a capital, will I forget my *humble* friends."

That was the unkindest cut of all. Would Miss Pilkington die of envy and rage? Miss Waddle fancied she hoped not—

Digitized by Google

but she put a dash under the humble, to be sure of its being appreciated. Vain precaution. Miss Pilkington went into hysterics over it, and the De Bounces were not seen in the village for three months. They had been at the party. They were included in the "humble friends." Providence preserved their reason, but the eldest never entirely recovered the shock, and the younger sister fell into a melancholy which threatened her life for several weeks.

Miss Waddle and the stranger reached the dock. The steamer was there. They were in the very nick of time. The gods were propitious. Before night they were in the city. They drove to the Irving. The minister came. The service was performed. Miss Waddle was Mrs. Huntly. She felt some degree of wonder that Mr. H. should sink his title, but did not linger over the idea. She was too happy. It was sufficient for her that she could call him so.

"My lord," said Miss Waddle.

"My who?" said the ardent stranger.

"You, my lord," said Miss Waddle.

The stranger could not repress a laugh. "Who told you, my love, I was a lord?"

"I don't know—no one—I took it for granted—I——"

"Bless you, Mrs. Huntly, I am in the wholesale and retail liquor line."

"The liquor line!" gasped Miss Waddle.

"True as preaching, my love."

"Three cents a glass?"

"Nothing less than sixpence, I assure you."

When Miss Waddle recovered from her hysterics she was in bed. They were debating whether it would be necessary to shave her head. The possibility of such an indignity restored her at once. She sat upright in bed, and waved them majestically away. The doctor left. Mr. Huntly staid. Mr. Huntly received the whole charge. He bore up manfully for an hour. At the end of that time he was a defeated man. He had agreed to sail for Europe in the next packet. Every thing in the shape of property was realized; the wholesale and retail liquor store sold; the farm—Miss Waddle's farm—added to the stock, and the treacherous shores of America abandoned before Miss Pilkington or Persepolis discovered they had been sold.

Miss Waddle now resides in the Rue St. Honoré. The *ci-devant* Mr. Huntly has a large vineyard, which they visit occasionally together, and of which she speaks as "the domain," in

Digitized by Google

her letters home. They are known as the Count and Countess De Bourde (Huntly, Miss Waddle having explained in her first, being an assumed name), and Persepolis is sold to this day.

Miss Waddle is a model. She has risen superior to fortune. She has conquered fate. Deceived in her *beau ideal*, she has made him what he ought to have been at first, and has the proud satisfaction of knowing that Persepolis believes her a veritable countess, and dies daily deaths of envy at her fortune.

THE DIVAN.

I.

A LITTLE maid of Astrakan,
An idol on a silk divan;
She sits so still, and never speaks,
  She holds a cup divine;
'Tis full of wine, and on her cheeks
  Are stains and smears of wine!

II.

Thou little girl of Astrakan,
I join thee on the silk divan:
There is no need to seek the land,
  The rich bazaars where rubies shine;
For mines are in that little hand,
  And on those little cheeks of thine!

Digitized by Google

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself; containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of several of the most Distinguished Persons of his Time, with whom he has had intercourse and connection. With Illustrative Notes. By HENRY FLANDERS, author of the "Lives and Times of the Chief-Justices." Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1856.

THE present American edition of Cumberland's Autobiography is generally a reprint from the London edition of 1806. What was the ruling motive in the mind of the "Professor of his own history," as Jean Paul calls himself, in the production of the work, we are by no means certain that we know. He says: "The copyright of these memoirs produced to me the sum of five hundred pounds." That perhaps was the leading inducement to their preparation, since at the time they were undertaken, the failure of his Spanish embassy, and the refusal or neglect of the English government to refund the advances its prosecution had forced upon him, left him in a very straitened pecuniary position. But the motive and the inducement are two things. We have said that we are not certain of the motive. We wish we were quite certain that it *was not* what it seems to us to have been. Nothing goes more against the grain of our thinking, than an ill opinion of any one who has done the world service in any department of art. We never yield to its influence until we have exhausted every word of testimony against it. In the present instance, unfortunately, we can discover nothing upon which to build up a more charitable hypothesis than that which at first suggests itself. The motive of Cumberland in his autobiography appears to be the same which mainly characterized his efforts through life—vanity. Nor is his vanity of a common and ordinary kind. It is not the pleasant surface-vanity which revels in its own good opinion, and wears its satisfaction as a cloak, beneath which the owner is shielded from the biting wind of criticism, or the foggy breath of envy. Garrick described him as "a man without a skin;" and if, in fact, he was fitted by nature with the ordinary cuticle and epidermis of humanity, both were so amazingly thin that a child's arrow, headed with a bent pin, and shot

Digitized by Google

from a bow of lath, would always find his heart and poison his moments of greatest happiness. His vanity was, in fact, morbid and intense. This, then, is the motive of the memoir, and has given it its peculiar shape and character. He professes to use no embellishment, and asserts that he will say no more of himself than honor and conscience demand. Living as he did, therefore, among the wits and great ones of his time, we naturally expect that his memoirs will be a kind of table-talk, where the best things of the best men shall be found spicily embalmed. That, however, would be the very opposite of what he intends, since it would give that prominence to others, which his pretended modesty seeks to secure for his own figure. It is, indeed, Mr. Cumberland he desires to keep before us perpetually, with my Lord this, and the Duke of that surrounding him, for the mere purpose of reflecting an added brilliancy upon him. Great men, artists, every body are merely the setting: Mr. Cumberland is the Kooh-i-noor, the precious jewel in the heads of all the toads who are made to hop about him. Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.

Richard Cumberland was born February 19th, 1732. He was the grandson of Dr. Richard Bentley, and great-grandson of Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough. His father was a minister of the Established Church, and afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, from which See he was translated to that of Kilmore. He studied at the public schools of Bury, and Westminster, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, when very young. His intention was to follow the profession of which many of his family had been distinguished members; but he was diverted from it by the Earl of Halifax, who appointed him his private secretary, and afterwards took him with him when, in 1760, he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On the accession of Lord George Germaine to the Cabinet he was appointed Secretary of the Board of Trade, and continued to hold that office until 1782. In 1780 he was dispatched upon a secret mission to the Court of Spain. This mission proved ultimately very unfortunate for him. He appears to have been led by his vanity into a false position, and to have exceeded the powers granted him. He was recalled. His expenses, beyond his outfit, were nearly five thousand pounds. Government never refunded him a penny of it, although he long besieged Lord North with petitions and remonstrances. His wife very nobly surrendered her jointure, and he applied whatever property he possessed to the liquidation of his debts. The family removed from London to Tunbridge, and lived in a

Digitized by Google

much smaller way than they had been in the habit of doing. Prior to the unfortunate Spanish mission he had written frequently, but after it he devoted himself entirely to literature, and produced the greater part of the numerous dramatic pieces by which he is commonly known as an author. He wrote some poems also, but none above mediocrity, and his novels have long been forgotten.

His best comedies are the "West Indian" and the "Wheel of Fortune." Both of these keep the stage, and are likely to do so.

Whilst still a school-boy he gets a little liberty, and is treated with the sight of Garrick in the character of Lothario. And "when," he says,

"after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation. This heaven-born actor was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to, and though at times he succeeded in throwing in some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet in general they seemed to love darkness better than light, and in the dialogue of altercation between Horatio and Lothario, bestowed far the greater show of hands upon the master of the old school than upon the founder of the new. I thank my stars, my feelings in those moments led me right; they were those of nature, and therefore could not err."

Apropos to several things, Cumberland gives some exceedingly good advice in the following. How much he took of it himself, and whether he took any part of it, our general knowledge of his character renders doubtful. We can well believe that he never liked his own productions less because the public failed to agree with him as to their merits; but for the rest—it is good advice, that's all.

"I am not to learn that dramatic authors are to arm themselves with fortitude before they take a post so open to attack; they, who are to act in the public eye, and speak in the public ear, have no right to expect a very smooth and peaceful career. I have had my full share of success, and I trust I have paid my tax for it always without mutiny, and very generally without murmuring. I have never irritated the town by making a sturdy stand against their opposition, when they have been pleased to point it against any one of my productions; I never failed to withdraw myself on the very first intimation that I was unwelcome, and the only offense I have been guilty of

Digitized by Google

is, that I have not always thought the worse of a composition only because the public did not think well of it.

"It is a truth not sufficiently enforced, and when enforced, not always admitted, though one of the most useful and important for the government of our conduct, and this it is—that every man, however great in station or in fortune, is mutually dependent upon those who are dependent upon him. In a social state, no man can be truly said to be safe who is not under the protection of his fellow-creatures; no man can be called happy, who is not possessed of their good-will and good opinion; for God never yet endowed a human creature with sensibility to feel an insult, but that he gave him also powers to express his feelings, and propensity to revenge it.

"The meanest and most feeble insect, that is provided with a sting, may pierce the eye of the elephant, on whose very ordure it subsists and feeds.

"Every human being has a sting; why then does an overgrown piece of mortal clay arrogantly attempt to bestride the narrow world, and launch his artificial thunder from a bridge of brass upon us poor underlings in creation? And when we venture to lift up our heads in the crowd, and cry out to the folks about us—'This is mere mock thunder; this is no true Jupiter; we'll not truckle to his tyranny'—why will some good-natured friend be ever ready to pluck us by the sleeve, and whisper in our ear, 'What are you about? Recollect yourself! he is a giant, a man-mountain; you are a grub, a worm, a beetle; he'll crush you under his foot; he'll tread you into atoms,' not considering, or rather not caring,

> 'That the poor beetle, which he trode upon,
> In mental suff'rance felt a pang as great
> As what a monarch feels.'

"Let no man who belongs to a community presume to say that he is independent; there is no such condition in society. Thank God, our virtues are our best defense: conciliation, mildness, charity, benevolence. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.*'

Every body, probably, has heard the anecdote illustrative of "vaulting ambition which o'erleaped its selle," in the case of the young man who played "Yankee Doodle" to perfection on a penny whistle, but not content with that, attempted the variations, and blew his brains out. Our author gives another anecdote of the passion, which carries the moral as strongly with it.

"I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it over-peered all its neighbors, as Shakspeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mounted to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very acme of his fame, but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustic multitude below: what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through, I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and

Digitized by Google

was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height, left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate."

In the following we are treated to some good sketches of men, and some very bad criticism. The sketches of individual character are worth reading; the criticism scarcely worth criticising, as the world has set all that right long ago:

"At this time I did not know Oliver Goldsmith even by person; I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British Coffee-House; when we came together we very speedily coalesced, and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of my 'West Indian,' which had put him to some trouble, for it was not his nature to be unkind, and I had soon an opportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harboring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation. That he was fantastically and whimsically vain all the world knows, but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions, that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame which he had powers to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable, for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near a kin the muse of poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.

"There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety and grandeur of design to constitute a first-rate poet. The 'Deserted Village,' 'Traveller,' and 'Hermit' are all specimens beautiful as such, but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιήτης. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his 'Animated Nature;' it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of

Digitized by Google

birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's show-man would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster Row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty Doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass, he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savory readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now, though necessity, or I should rather say, the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt, if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action: no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

"Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have lain down and rolled in it. The mere manual labor of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table-cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would, perhaps, have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sat down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong, bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labor none, of fancy perhaps something more, especially of poetry, which, under favor, I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his Rasselas at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit."

A characteristic anecdote of Johnson follows on the next page:

"I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds, at my house, reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied: 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea?' And then laughing, in perfect good humor he added: 'Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number.' When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said: 'Madam, I must tell you for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a Zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five-and-twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words.'"

In the following there is sound sense and good morality.

Digitized by Google

The principle inculcated can not be too often urged upon those who cater to the public taste. It is claimed that the drama is the school of virtue. That it should be so, the common consent of all good and wise men has long since decreed. That it is at the present day to such an extent as to claim the benefit of the rule in its favor, we distinctly deny. When the "Dame au Camelias" of *Dumas-fils* nightly crowds the boxes of one metropolitan theatre, and a troupe of Model Artists, representing the crucifixion of our Saviour, crowds the benches of another, we are compelled, reluctantly, to say that the Theatre has thrown away every claim to the support or countenance of virtuous or God-fearing men and women, and prostituted itself below the reach even of their censure. Let managers, as well as playwrights, ponder the following:

"As the writer for the stage is a writer to the passions, I hold it matter of conscience and duty in the dramatic poet to reserve his brightest coloring for the best characters, to give no false attractions to vice and immorality, but to endeavor, as far as is consistent with that contrast, which is the very essence of his art, to turn the fairer side of human nature to the public, and, as much as in him lies, to contrive so as to put men into good humor with one another. Let him, therefore, in the first place, strive to make worthy characters amiable, but take great care not to make them insipid; if he does not put life and spirit into his man or woman of virtue, and render them entertaining as well as good, their morality is not a whit more attractive than the morality of a Greek chorus. He had better have let them alone altogether.

"Congreve, Farquhar, and some others have made vice and villainy so playful and amusing, that either they could not find in their hearts to punish them, or not caring how wicked they were, so long as they were witty, paid no attention to what became of them: Shadwell's comedy is little better than a brothel. Poetical justice, which has armed the tragic poet with the weapons of death, and commissioned him to wash out the offense in the blood of the offender, has not left the comic writer without his instruments of vengeance; for, surely, if he knows how to employ the authority that is in him, the scourge of ridicule alone is sharp enough for the chastisement of any crimes which can fall within his province to exhibit."

If the following be a true fairy story, we shall be of the faction of the "small grey men," of whom Burton, in his Anatomy, saith, "they do walk about in little coats not two foot high," for the rest of our lives. The anecdote of the good bishop, his father, has more true Christianity in it than many a barrel of sermons:

"The fairies were extremely prevalent at Clonfert. Visions of burials, attended by long processions of mourners, were seen to circle the churchyard by night; and there was no lack of oaths and attestations to enforce the truth of it. My mother suffered a loss by them of a large brood of fine

Digitized by Google

turkeys, who were every one burnt to ashes, bones and feathers, and their dust scattered in the air by their provident nurse and feeder, to appease those mischievous little beings, and prevent worse consequences. The good dame credited herself very highly for this act of atonement; but my mother did not see it quite in so meritorious a light.

"A few days after, as my father and I were riding in the grounds, we crossed upon the Catholic priest of the parish. My father began a conversation with him, and expressed a wish that he would caution his flock against this idle superstition of the fairies; the good man assured the bishop, that in the first place he could not do it if he would, and in the next place confessed that he himself was far from being an unbeliever in their existence. My father thereupon turned the subject, and observed to him with concern that his steed was a very sorry one, and in very wretched condition. 'Truly, my good lord,' he replied, 'the beast himself is but an ugly garron, and, whereby I have no provender to spare him, mightily out of heart, as I may truly say; but your lordship must think a poor priest like me has a mighty deal of work, and very little pay.' 'Why, then, brother,' said my good father, whilst benevolence beamed in his countenance, ''tis fit that I, who have the advantage of you in both respects, should mount you on a better horse, and furnish you with provender to maintain him.' This parley with the priest passed in the very hayfield where the bishop's people were at work. Orders were instantly given for a stack of hay to be made at the priest's cabin; and in a few days after a steady horse was purchased and presented to him. Surely, they could not be true-born Irish fairies that would spite my father, or even his turkeys, after this."

We think not; for, if Irish fairies are not capable of appreciating a good deed or reciprocating a kindness, they are mighty little like Irishmen. God bless the good bishop; if six more like him had ever sprouted on the leaves of the Established Church in Ireland, heaven and earth would have both been a deal richer by this time.

Our space, and not our will, consents to abandon the subject at this point. Cumberland died in London, May 7th, 1811, being then in the 79th year of his age. "The evening of his day was clouded by pecuniary embarrassments, from which he endeavored, in vain, to relieve himself by his literary labors." The summary of his qualities as a man and an author, given by the Encyclopædist, is so just and happy, that we feel it unnecessary to "sum up" in other words.

"'Of the personal character of Cumberland, a pretty accurate judgment may be formed from his memoirs. His self-esteem was great, and his vanity overweening, but, although extremely sensitive to criticism, and intolerant of censure, he had not real malignity in his composition, and, like most excitable persons, seems to have been as placable as he was irritable. His temperament was of a kind which, if easily disturbed, as quickly recovered its balance; and there is every reason to believe, that the predominant tone of his feelings was alike generous and liberal. On the only occasion of his life when his moral principles were put to the test, they appeared to the very

Digitized by Google

greatest advantage. His conduct respecting the bequest of Mr. Reynolds, who had devised to Mr. Cumberland his estate, to the exclusion of the natural heir, evinced the greatest disinterestedness, and the highest sense of honor and probity. It was his misfortune to have been bred a courtier, and never to have taken his degrees in that school. He evidently wanted the suppleness and versatility necessary to insure success in such a career. In a subordinate station, which merely required attention to formal and technical duties, he acquitted himself indifferently well; but in venturing to act as minister, he found himself wofully deficient in those qualities, without the possession of which genius and talents are of little avail. . . . . In society, his chief aim was to please; and, by the admission of his contemporaries, few men appeared to more advantage in conversation, or evinced a more perfect mastery, when he chose to exercise it, of the art of pleasing. The great faults of his character were a tendency to lavish hollow compliments on those who were present, and a propensity, without provocation or necessity, to indulge in bitter sarcasms against individuals after they had taken their departure. . . . . As a writer, he is more remarkable for the number than for the excellence of his works; but many of them, it should be remembered, were hastily produced, in order to better his income, and some of them are marked by no ordinary degree of intellectual power. In every variety of fortune the drama was his favorite pursuit; and if he has produced much that is perishable or forgotten, he has also evolved orations which have been inregistered as among the finest efforts of genius. The character of Penruddock in "The Wheel of Fortune," for example, is a masterpiece, which received a double consecration from the histrionic talents of John Kemble, by whom it was so often, so nobly personated. As a poet he can not by any means rank high; for, while he had a play of imagination, which unfitted him for the concerns of actual life and business, his warmest admirers can only claim for him the praise of correct versification and elegant sentiment, which, however, has secured for some of his poetical works a considerable share of popularity.' "

His Memoirs are already a favorite work. The present edition is not only handsomely got up, well printed, etc., but presented in a form which must make it generally popular.

Digitized by Google

THE WAR IN KANSAS.

*The War in Kansas.** *A Rough Trip to the Borders, among New Homes and a Strange People.* By G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON. New-York: Derby & Jackson.

WE hope the title of this book will not induce the reading public to shun it. It is true, that the word "Kansas" is tedious to the ear of almost every man, woman and child in the Republic, as a thrice-told tale; but since it has been used by the most cunning of modern magicians, the Abolitionists and Free Soilers, to raise the devil with, it is only by a "backward muttering of the dissevering spell" that the black phantom can be laid at rest again. The subject has lingered amongst us until its freshness is exhausted, and yet it is only as it becomes stale and wearisome that we begin to arrive, little by little, at the truth. Captain Brewerton's book is amongst the first inklings of it. It would be well for every one to read it. The horrible noise from

> "Pulpit drum ecclesiastic,
> Beat with fist instead of a stick;"

the universal "bletherum-skate" of the Free Soil press; the studied falsehoods and careful misrepresentation of the whole Anti-slavery army of knights errant, to whose distorted vision every ebo-shin is an African prince in disguise, and every wind-mill a Pro-slavery enchanter by whom he is enslaved; the painful efforts and elaborate attempts of Black Republican Senators to split the hair of treason so nicely "'twixt north and north-west side," as to produce its effects without incurring its penalty; all these things lend a peculiar value to any book displaying the slightest appearance of fairness in its history of the troubles upon which so much venomous falsehood has been voided by political charlatans. The one before us has every appearance of fairness. It undertakes the championship of neither side. A man, who appears to be blessed with quite an

* The War in Kansas. A Rough Trip to the Border, among New Homes and a Strange People. By G. Douglas Brewerton, author of "A Ride with Kit Carson," "Incidents of Travel in New-Mexico," "Roughing it in the Buffalo Country," "Camp-Fire Yarns," etc. New-York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau street. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby. 1856.

Digitized by Google

unusual degree of good common sense, and possessed with quite an unusual desire to see things as they are, and to relate what he saw with honest plainness, sets out from the city of New-York for the seat of border war. He goes also under very good conditions, namely, as a special reporter for the *New-York Herald*. And however erratic and reprehensible the course of that paper with regard to some other things, in all that relates to the rights of the South, and the character of the crusade against them sought to be set on foot by northern agitators, it has been uniformly just, wise, and consistent; and its services in the cause of honesty and good government have been of a character to deserve the warmest praise. We give it, therefore, frankly and fearlessly. Others may hesitate and hold back. That is not the practice of this Review. We are enlisted as soldiers in a war which is all the more deadly because its weapons are those which the brains of busy and profligate schemers frame: a war in which every man who is not for us is against us—in which there can be no medium. On the one side in that war are ranged all the "Isms"—banded together, like those who fell with Lucifer, by a common hatred—some lesser fiends, some greater, but united by a community of evil. The Constitution of the United States and the rights of the several States are the objects of their hatred. On the other side, and around the sacred ark of the common safety, sweep the long lines of the Democracy—the Old Guard—the true conservative power of the Republic. In many important particulars the *New-York Herald* has done that conservative power yeoman service, and whatever we may think of its course in other things, in this it is entitled to the thanks of the country. Our traveller gets away from New-York, and into Kansas, with the usual number of disappointments and hard knocks. In passing through Canada, he is benevolently informed by a "fugitive," who has there come out into the full bloom of African conceit, "that a white man may be as good as a nigger, if he chooses to exert himself." Consoled by this naturally elevating sentiment, he gets back into the States as fast as possible, and from them to the territories. He reaches Lawrence, and is mistaken by a violent Abolitionist for one of the same kidney. The missionary of freedom, and Brother Beecher's new gospel of murder, proceeds to indoctrinate his supposed sympathizer, as follows, namely:

"That the so-called settlement of the difficulties at Lawrence, between the Free State and Pro-slavery leaders, was, on the part of the Free State people, nothing more than a 'cute Yankee trick,' amounting simply to this

Digitized by Google

—that the citizens of Lawrence, after making a show of resistance, until they found that they might be overpowered by a superior force, avoided a fight, by intimating to Governor Shannon that they were willing to submit themselves to the laws, and permit the Sheriff of Douglas County to arrest the persons against whom he held writs, and whom they had hitherto been harboring—a settlement was accordingly made, but not until the fugitives in question had been warned by the Free State party, and allowed time to make good their escape, which they were not slow to do.

"'But,' queried we, 'are the Lawrence people going to back down, and give it up so—won't they try it again?'

"'They're bound to,' was the reply, and so our conference ended."

Sharp's rifles being the religious tracts of the new Free Soil system, and murder one of its cardinal virtues, we suppose this, which in other times we should have called simply "the lie direct and with circumstance," is now a grace of Christian character.

The following, also, is probably another. How Mr. Senator Seward and his friends can reconcile the little vagaries of the gentleman described with their theory of illegal voting, by which the "Border Ruffians" are made to play *always* the "pipe-laying" part, whilst honest Free-soilers look on with holy tears, we leave them to settle with their own consciences:

"Apropos to would-be preachers—but not always to such like—Governor Shannon afterwards related to us a good story, which, though it be a digression, may as well find its way into these pages before we enter upon the grand 'theatre of events.'

"There is now living at what is called the Quaker Indian Mission, which is located on the Indian Reserve and within three miles of the Shawnee manual labor school, where the Governor has established his temporary residence, an old Quaker who is, for aught we know to the contrary, every thing which a disciple of William Penn—even of the 'straightest sect'—ought to be. But we all have our little failings—as somebody once said of Mr. Seven Stars' fondness for the ladies; and in our Broad Brim's case, politics were an 'amiable weakness.' He went in for Reeder, to speak figuratively, body and boots; and not only to the extent of his own body and boots, but even to those of his neighbors, as what we are about to state, on Shannon's authority, will abundantly prove. The election for delegate to Congress—we think it was—came on; and the backers of Reeder were not backward in casting in their paper mites at the ballot-box; among others friend Broad Brim, as we shall call him, came also, even as did Satan of old. He voted once; he voted twice; he voted thrice; yea, a fourth time; and, verily, a fifth; and every time for Reeder, and 'nary lick' for any body else. Now, how did he, a pious and a God-fearing man, manage it? or, how could he 'do this thing' and still compound with his conscience, and, what is almost as much to the purpose, clear his skirts before his brother Broad Brims of 'the meeting?' Reader, he did it thus: he voted *once* for himself, and on *four* other occasions, at the same ballot-box and for the same candidate, as a *proxy* for his particular friends, Messrs. A., B., C., and

Digitized by Google

D., all of whom, as he affirmed, *would* have voted for Reeder, but unfortunately *wa'nt there to do so.*"

As a pendant to this, and by way of delicately hinting in whose court we should be most disposed to bring our action against the peaceable and *rifle-abiding* emigrants from New-England to Kansas, we quote the following morsel of history:

"Lynch law owes its title to a certain Squire Lynch, a stern and uncompromising old patriot, who lived during 'the times that tried men's souls,' on his plantation, distant some three miles from the present site of Lynchburg, Va. It was the custom in those stirring days of the Revolution, for his neighbors, when they caught a tory, to bring the unlucky culprit before Squire Lynch, who at once organized a court of his own selection, in which he himself was judge, jury, and counsel for the prisoner. If the crime were proved, he would proceed to pass sentence, by awarding from fifty to one hundred stripes, to be well laid on; or, it may be, even a graver penalty, in proportion to the magnitude of the offence. And it is noteworthy, that as this was a court from whence there was no appeal, few thought of preaching 'higher law,' or taking exception to his Honor's findings.

"'Our informant adds, that the old man's memory is still greatly revered in that section of the 'Old Dominion,' while his descendants are justly reckoned among those highly respectable people, 'the first families of Virginia.' A grandson of the Judge, Charles H. Lynch, Esq., still resides upon the paternal estate; and a venerable oak—one of the real old settlers—is even now pointed out to the curious, as the canopy under which Judge Lynch held his rough and ready court; those who have seen it, say that the notches are still visible upon its moss-grown trunk, which, in 'old lang syne,' kept the cords from slipping, while the tory got his dose. The town of Lynchburg takes its name from the Judge, and it is rumored that the grandson would sooner lose an arm than part with the old homestead and its tory-haunted tree."

Perhaps the most important part of the book consists in the following statement "in relation to the rise and progress of the unhappy difficulties in the territories." It was made to him, Mr. Brewerton says, by Governor Shannon himself:

"'On or about the 24th of November, 1855, a difficulty occurred between a Pro-slavery man of the name of Coleman, and a Free State man named Dow, in relation to "a claim;" this resulted in a rencounter, in which Coleman killed Dow. This gave rise to considerable excitement among the Free State people in that neighborhood, which is known as the Hickory Point settlement. In this place, there are about one hundred Free State, and fifteen or sixteen Pro-slavery, families. The excitement ran high, and the Free State men threatened to take Coleman, try, and hang him, without any legal judicial investigation, by a court and jury of their own.

"'There were also among the settlers at Hickory Point two men, named Buckley and Hargis. They were Pro-slavery men, friends of Coleman, and witnesses to the difficulty between himself and Dow. Some two days after the killing of Dow, a party of seventy-five men—a majority of whom resided

Digitized by Google

in and about Lawrence—went to Hickory Point, to the residence of Hargis, and demanded of these friends of Coleman what their testimony in the matter would be. They repeated the circumstances as they intended to relate them. To this these Free State men, who were all armed with Sharpe's rifles, replied (at the same time cocking their guns and pointing them at the breasts of Buckley and Hargis), "What you say is false; the circumstances are not so. We give you until Monday to make a correct statement of the facts. If you refuse we will kill you." This was on Saturday. Before the time given had expired, the Free State men burned down the houses of Buckley, Hargis and Coleman. In so doing they turned the family of Buckley out of doors. This family saved nothing of their wardrobe or furniture but the clothes in which they fled.

"'Terrified by these lawless proceedings, the sixteen Pro-slavery families residing at Hickory Point fled with their women and children into Missouri, where their accounts of the treatment to which their friends had been subjected excited the most intense indignation among the slaveholders of that State. From these stories, exaggerated as they spread, and it may be too highly colored by their original narrators, the impression became current throughout Missouri that the Free State party of Kansas, armed with Sharpe's rifles and revolvers, intended to expel the Pro-slavery men from that Territory. It is alleged that such threats were made by individuals of the Free State party; but as they do not appear to have come from responsible persons, it would be unfair to infer that this is the avowed purpose of their party. In the mean time, Buckley, Hargis and Coleman—who had fled so soon as they could escape from the band who were threatening their execution—made their way to the Executive office at Shawnee Mission, K. T., to have an interview with myself. I was absent at the time. When I returned, Coleman had surrendered himself to the Sheriff of Douglas County (Jones), who happened to be at the mission. Buckley and Hargis stated their grievances to me, and informed me that a man named Branson, of the Free State party, and one of the residents at Hickory Point, with whom Dow (the person killed) had resided, was the leader of the band who had threatened and endeavored to extort false evidence from them. Upon these representations, I advised Buckley to go before a magistrate or any judicial officer of the Territory, make affidavit to the facts as regarded the threats of Branson, obtain a peace-warrant against him, and thus have him bound over to keep the peace. As Sheriff Jones was about starting with Coleman in custody, and Buckley and Hargis in company, on their way to obtain a peace-warrant against Branson, an express arrived from Hickory Point, which had ridden all night, advising Coleman and his two friends not to return to that settlement, as they would certainly be killed by the Free State party. Sheriff Jones, with much difficulty, and by guaranteeing their safety, at length succeeded in persuading them to accompany him to Lecompton, the county seat of Douglas County, in which all these difficulties had occurred, and from whence it was of course necessary that the peace-warrant should be issued. On his arrival there, Buckley, in pursuance with my advice, went before a justice of the peace—Mr. Cameron—made affidavit against Branson, and obtained a peace-warrant, which the justice placed in the hands of Sheriff Jones for execution, who immediately summoned a posse of ten men (citizens of Douglas County) to serve the writ.'

"The affidavit of Samuel J. Jones, sheriff of Douglas County, which we introduce here, will put the reader in possession of the facts connected with

Digitized by Google

the rescue of the prisoner Branson from his *posse*, as alleged by the Pro-slavery party.

"It will be perceived that the sheriff's deposition is corroborated, for the most part, by those of Buckley and Hargis.

"*Affidavit of Samuel J. Jones, Sheriff of Douglas County, K. T., in relation to the rescue of his prisoner Branson, and the conduct of the Free State party in Lawrence.*

"*United States of America, Territory of Kansas:*

"Be it remembered, that, on the 7th day of December, A. D. 1855, personally came before me, S. G. Cato, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Kansas, Samuel J. Jones, Sheriff of the County of Douglas, and Territory aforesaid, of lawful age, who being by me duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1855, he received from the hands of Hugh Cameron, a legally-appointed justice of the peace for said County of Douglas, a peace-warrant issued by said justice of the peace, and to him directed as sheriff, obtained upon the oath of one H. W. Buckley, against one Jacob Branson, and immediately after receiving said warrant he summoned a posse of ten men and proceeded to the house of said Branson, and made the arrest, and on his return he and his posse were met by a mob of some forty men, armed with Sharpe's rifles, who forcibly rescued the prisoner out of his hands, and defied his re-capture, swearing at the same time that they recognized no law in the Territory, or no officers, from the Governor to the lowest officer, and relied only upon their rifles as the law of the land, and would at all times defend themselves from being arrested by any process issued by any officer of the said Territory; that he immediately made requisition on Governor Wilson Shannon for a sufficient force to arrest the said Jacob Branson, and execute other process in his hands as sheriff of said county; that the said Jacob Branson was taken into the town of Lawrence, in said county, and there, as he verily believes, as he was informed by good authority, tried and acquitted by the citizens of the said town, without any legal investigation; that a mob of some fifteen or twenty threatened to tar and feather and inflict other punishment upon the justice of the peace who issued the warrant; that he, as sheriff, has been repeatedly insulted by the citizens of the said town of Lawrence, and threatened with violence if he attempted to execute any process in his hands against any citizen of that place, and he verily believes that he would be resisted, and violence committed upon his person, in attempting to execute a legal process in said town; that the citizens of that place and vicinity are all armed with Sharpe's rifles for the avowed purpose of resisting the execution of the laws of this Territory; that they are daily being drilled for that purpose alone; that the mob who rescued the said Jacob Branson out of his hands, he verily believes, were induced to do so by the citizens of Lawrence, and that the public newspapers of that place openly recommend and call upon the citizens to resist the laws of the Territory, and that the prisoner, Jacob Branson, and a portion of the mob who rescued him from his custody, he verily believes to be at this time in the town of Lawrence, or secreted by the citizens of that place, and that warlike preparations are being made by the citizens of Lawrence for the purpose of resisting the execution of the process in his hands, and that it would not be prudent to attempt to execute said process without a very strong force to assist him, and further this deponent saith not.

"S. J. JONES,

"*Sheriff, Douglas County, Kansas Territory.*

"Sworn and subscribed before me, S. G. Cato, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas Territory.

"The Governor continued: 'This rescue took place on Tuesday morning, the 27th of November, at about two A. M. The rescuing party then re-

Digitized by Google

turned to Lawrence, where they held a meeting, at eight o'clock, A. M., on the same day. Branson, the prisoner, presided, dressed, as it is said, in a military uniform, while S. N. Wood, the leader and spokesman of the rescuing party, made speeches of an incendiary character, glorying in the triumph of the Free State men over the laws of the Territory.

"'From this day forth the Free State party in Lawrence openly commenced their military organization, by drilling, sending out their runners—as is proven by the fact that they collected men from points even as far distant as eighty miles—and otherwise putting their town in a position to resist, by force of arms, the legally-constituted authorities of Kansas Territory.

"'Upon the same night, about eight o'clock, I received a dispatch, by express, from the Sheriff of Douglas County (Jones), informing me that his prisoner, Branson, had been rescued by an armed mob. This dispatch was brought by Mr. Hargis, who stated verbally, at the same time, that the Free State party had that day threatened to take Coleman (then in the custody of Sheriff Jones) from the sheriff, hang him, and also kill Jones. The sheriff's letter asked for three thousand troops, to protect him in the execution of the law. It was evidently written under a state of considerable excitement and apprehension.

"'As these facts had reached me in an official manner, from a source of undoubted reliability, and were, moreover, corroborated by much verbal testimony as well as written evidence; and as these latter acts of outrage (upon the part of the Free State party of Lawrence) seemed but the carrying out of their previously-declared intentions, as expressed in the incendiary resolutions passed at their public meetings, which have from time to time been held in different parts of this Territory, and of which the following may be quoted as a specimen:

* * * * * * *

"'*Resolved*, That we owe no allegiance or obedience to the tyrannical enactments of this spurious Legislature; that their laws have no validity or binding force upon the people of Kansas, and that every freeman amongst us is at full liberty, consistently with all his obligations as a citizen and a man, to defy and resist them, if he chooses so to do.

* * * * * * *

"'*Resolved*, That we will endure and submit to these laws no longer than the best interests of the Territory require, as the least of two evils, and will resist them to a bloody issue so soon as we ascertain that peaceable remedies shall fail and forcible resistance shall furnish any reasonable prospect of success; and that, in the mean time, we recommend to our friends throughout the Territory, the organization and disciplining of volunteer companies, and the procurement and preparation of arms.

* * * * * * *

"'I therefore deemed it incumbent upon me, as the chief executive of Kansas Territory, to enforce the laws and protect the sheriff, and his prisoner Coleman, from the violence and rescue which had been threatened and in part carried out by this mob, for I firmly believed (being in possession of the facts), that the overt acts just committed by the Free State party were but the commencement of a settled plan and determination to resist and bid defiance to the Territorial laws, in accordance with the resolutions already quoted.

"'Under all these circumstances, I felt that I must either furnish Sheriff Jones with a sufficient posse to carry out his instructions, or be forced into

Digitized by Google

the disgraceful alternative of surrendering the Territorial government into the hands of an armed and lawless mob.

"'And it may here be stated that the militia of Kansas were at this time (and are still) totally unorganized. The Legislature had, it is true, elected two major generals in the Southern and one in the Northern division, as well as some brigadiers; but so far as the rank and file are concerned, the organization was not even commenced.

"'With the view of furnishing the sheriff with a sufficient force to serve his writs, as well as to protect himself and his prisoner Coleman against the threatened violence of the Free State mob in Lawrence, I issued orders to Major General William P. Richardson (then residing in Doniphan County), K. T., to collect as large a force as he could in his division, and repair with his men, with all practical speed, to Lecompton, where he was desired to place his command under the orders of Sheriff Jones.

"'This order resulted in the collection of from one to two hundred men. Within six days from the date of my order, these men were at Lecompton, where General Richardson placed himself and his command under the orders of the sheriff. To the best of my belief these men were all citizens of Kansas. The Southern division of the militia being wholly unorganized, I simply requested Brigadier General Strickler, then residing at Tecumseh, distant only twelve miles from Lecompton, to gather as many men as possible, and report himself and command in the same manner as General Richardson.

"'These instructions bore the same date as General Richardson's order, and resulted in the collection of from fifty to one hundred men.

"'I presumed as a matter of course, and intended, that all these men should be drawn entirely from the citizens subject to militia duty in Kansas Territory. At that time—as the seat of difficulties (Lawrence) is distant some forty miles from the State line of Missouri—it never for a moment occurred to me that the citizens of that State would cross into Kansas or volunteer their aid to carry out her laws. I at first presumed that the forces collected under the orders issued to Generals Richardson and Strickler would have been sufficient to have protected the sheriff in the performance of the duties intrusted to him. But upon the concentration of the forces under these officers at Lecompton, which gave us a total of but two hundred and fifty men, the Free State faction collected their people in the town of Lawrence, until their reported strength reached an aggregate of six hundred men, armed, as was undoubtedly ascertained, with Sharpe's rifles and revolvers.

"'This would have given the Free State faction a superiority over the militia of three hundred and fifty men, without reckoning that which they would derive from the immense superiority of the repeating arms with which they were amply furnished; while General Richardson's command were principally supplied with fowling-pieces, some having pistols and bowie-knives.

"'I can thus account for the intense excitement which was generated among the Pro-slavery men of the Missouri frontier by these events, and which finally resulted in their flocking to the aid of the upholders of Territorial law in Kansas.

"'Missouri has fifty thousand slaves in that portion of her territory which borders upon the frontiers of Kansas. By estimating the average value of each of those slaves at $600 (a low rate), we have a total of $30,000,000. Now, should Kansas become a Free State it would be ruinous to the slave-

Digitized by Google

holding interests of Missouri. Her negroes have in several instances already been tampered with and run off by Abolitionists; and such acts, with the stern retaliation they are calculated to call forth, must sooner or later result in a deadly feud between the Free State and Pro-slavery factions, which, if Kansas becomes a non-slaveholding State, would finally be handed down from father to son, and thus engender feelings of bitter and uncompromising hate on both sides.

"'These facts are well known to every planter in Missouri. Nor is this all. The mere pecuniary consideration was the least exciting motive to move in this matter—their feelings had been worked upon; they had listened to the stories of men, women, and children, who had fled from homes in Kansas, made desolate by the threatened and actual violence of the Free State party. What, then, was my policy? Certainly this: to mitigate an evil which it was impossible to suppress, by bringing under military control these irregular and excited forces. This was only to be accomplished by permitting the continuance of the course which had already been adopted, without my knowledge, by Generals Richardson and Strickler—that is, to have the volunteers incorporated as they came in into the already organized command. A portion of these men, who were mostly from Jackson County, Mo., reported themselves to Sheriff Jones—by giving in a list of their names—as willing to serve in his *posse*, and he, after taking legal advice upon the question, decided to receive them. They were accordingly so enrolled. It was decided that he had a right to employ them, from the fact that as they were present in the county, the sheriff had a right to call upon them to aid in the preservation of law and order within said county, even though they might be citizens of another State, in which case, if they chose to act, their services would be legal.

"'The Pro-slavery forces thus collected, including the militia, amounted on the 1st or 2d of December, 1855 (as it was then stated to me at the Shawnee Mission), to about 1500 men, and it was also reported that about an equal number of Free State men had concentrated at Lawrence. I became satisfied that in all probability a deadly collision must take place, and that the only way to avoid that collision was to request the aid of the general government. I was, moreover, in the receipt of a communication from Brigadier-General Eastin, of the Northern Brigade, K. M., putting me in possession of information from Lawrence, and recommending the employment of the United States forces at Fort Leavenworth.

"'To obtain the coöperation of the general government, I telegraphed on the 1st of December from Kansas City, Missouri, to President Pierce, that I requested authority to call upon Colonel Sumner, commanding at Fort Leavenworth, for such military aid as should enable me to protect the sheriff of Douglas County in executing the laws, and preserving peace and good order in the Territory.

"'I also dispatched a messenger to Colonel Sumner, 1st Cavalry, U. S. A., at Fort Leavenworth, notifying him of what I had done, and requesting him to hold himself and command in readiness, in case the orders should be received; to which he promptly replied that he would be ready to move with his men at a moment's warning, as soon as the requisite instructions should come.

"'On the 4th of December, the telegraph lines being down between Lexington and Jefferson City, Missouri (my dispatch being therefore sent by special messenger during the interval), I received a reply, dated December 3d, from the President, stating that the Executive would use all the power

Digitized by Google

at his command to preserve order in the Territory, and to enforce the execution of the laws, and as soon as the proper orders could be made out at the War Department, they would be transmitted. I immediately forwarded a copy of the President's telegraphic dispatch to Colonel Sumner, requesting him to march (on the strength of that dispatch) with his men to the Delaware crossing of the Kansas—twelve miles above its mouth, at which post I would meet and accompany his command to the scene of difficulty.

"'Colonel Sumner replied that he would do so, as it was a case of extreme emergency. (I had written him that time was every thing, as things were rapidly coming to a crisis.)

"'About this time a committee waited upon me from Lawrence, of Free State men—claiming to represent the citizens of that town (Messrs. Lowry and Babcock). They stated that the people of Lawrence were surrounded by a body of armed men, who were threatening to demolish their town, and requested me to exercise my authority to preserve peace and save their city. They produced a letter signed by the leading men of Lawrence.

"'Finding that affairs in Lawrence and its vicinity were fast coming to a crisis, I determined to repair there immediately, in person.

"'At half-past three o'clock, P. M., on the 5th of December, I left Shawnee Mission, went to Westport, Mo. (distant some two and a half miles from the Mission), and requested Colonel Boone—a grandson of Colonel Boone of frontier memory, and the Postmaster at Westport—to accompany me to Lawrence, and, as his acquaintance with the leading Pro-slavery men who were then in the camp near Lawrence was extensive, give me the benefit of his influence in keeping down an excitement and preventing any rash act upon the part of the troops then threatening that town. This he instantly agreed to do, and I owe much to his valuable assistance in restraining the volunteers.

"'We then proceeded as rapidly as possible to the Wakarusa camp (within six miles of Lawrence), which was occupied by that portion of the Pro-slavery forces under the command of General Strickler, and reached it about three o'clock, A. M., on the 6th.

"'Early on the morning of the 6th, I sent a request to Major-General Richardson to meet me at the Wakarusa camp, and bring with him the leading men of the Lecompton camp. One of the objects in dividing the Pro-slavery forces into the two camps of Lecompton and Wakarusa, distant from each other by eighteen miles, was to prevent those men in Lawrence against whom the sheriff had writs, from escaping; another was to take advantage of the very favorable camping ground afforded by the Wakarusa bottom, as its facilities for obtaining fuel, water, and sheltering timber, rendered it a desirable location for the troops.

"'About 8 P. M., General Richardson, with a number of the most prominent men from the Lecompton camp, arrived at my quarters (which I had established at an Indian house on the east side of the Wakarusa, and about a quarter of a mile from the Wakarusa camp). I had been engaged during the day up to the very moment of General Richardson's arrival, in conference with the leading men of the Wakarusa camp, with the view of ascertaining their feelings and intentions, and if possible prevailing upon them to cooperate with me in carrying out my views. For myself, I had two leading objects, which I had determined to use every exertion to accomplish: one, to prevent the effusion of blood; the other, to vindicate the supremacy of the laws. I found in the Wakarusa camp a strong disposition, which appeared to be almost universal, to attack Lawrence.

Digitized by Google

"'For the purpose of furthering the objects I had in view, I invited between thirty and forty of their leading men from the two camps to meet me on the night of the 6th, at my quarters, with the intention of explaining to them my desires and purposes, and inviting a similar confidence on their part, in return.

"'They convened at my quarters, accordingly, at eight o'clock, P. M., when I addressed them at length, defining the position which I intended to occupy and the ends which I hoped to gain, and finally begged them to explain freely, their wishes and expectations as to the settlement of the existing difficulties. I soon discovered that there was but one person present who fully approved of the course which I desired to pursue. The others wished to go further; some would hear of nothing less than the destruction of Lawrence and its fortifications, the demolition of its printing-presses, and the unconditional surrender of the arms of the citizens; others, more moderate, expressed a willingness to be satisfied, if the Free State party would give up their Sharpe's rifles and revolvers. Under these unfavorable circumstances the conference broke up at midnight, having accomplished nothing beyond the interchange of opinions on either side. Before its adjournment, however, I informed them that I would enter Lawrence upon the ensuing day (the 7th), and ascertain what arrangements the Free State party were willing to make, and what terms they would accede to. On the part of the Pro-slavery men there seemed to be so fixed a purpose to assault the town that I almost despaired of preventing it, unless I could obtain the services of the United States troops at Fort Leavenworth. With the intention of communicating my wishes to Colonel Sumner, the commandant of that post, I made arrangements with General Strickler, commanding in the Wakarusa camp, to furnish me with an express rider at daybreak, to start immediately for Fort Leavenworth. I at once wrote a pressing letter to Colonel Sumner.

"'On the morning of the 7th I repaired to the town of Lawrence, having on the evening of the 6th been invited, by a committee representing the citizens of that town, to visit their place, for the purpose of arranging, if possible, the difficulties which then threatened them. On my road to Franklin, which lies midway upon the route, I was met by a committee of ten citizens of Lawrence, who escorted me into their town, where I was courteously received. I was conducted to an upper chamber in the Emigrant Aid Society's Hotel, and had a long interview with Generals Charles Robinson and James H. Lane, the commanders of the Free State forces, who were appointed on the part of the Lawrence people to confer with me in relation to the then existing difficulties.

"'I explained to them the difficulty of prevailing upon the highly-incensed forces then surrounding Lawrence to retire without attacking the place or demanding the surrender of the Sharpe's rifles and revolvers, with which they were well known to be armed. I added, moreover, that the idea was universally prevalent, both in the Lecompton and Wakarusa camps, that these weapons had been furnished from the East for the purpose of resisting the execution of the Territorial laws of Kansas, and making her a free State. The committee declared that these weapons had neither been procured nor distributed for any such end, but simply to defend the ballot-box from invasion. Yet it can not be denied that they admitted to me that these arms were forwarded in boxes from the East, having been written for by General Robinson for the purpose aforesaid. It was also claimed by General Robinson that these arms were now the property of individuals, as

Digitized by Google

they had been distributed to, and a certain amount of moneys paid for them by the persons in whose hands they then were; that is to say, each man who received a Sharpe's rifle paid *something* as an equivalent; but, from what has transpired, it is my belief that the amount so paid bore no proportion to the real cost or value of the arms; in fact, it is currently reported that the sum paid for these Sharpe's rifles by their receivers did not average over three dollars per man. It is computed that there are now in this Territory 1200 Sharpe's rifles, which have been brought into it for the purpose of arming the Free State faction. The cost of these arms, calculating them at $30 each, would give a total of $36,000. Now, supposing that this rumor be true, that each of these deadly weapons bring but $3 in Kansas, or a total for the 1200 of but $3600—who, let me ask, loses the difference of $32,400? And it will be perceived that this calculation makes no allowance for the expenses of transportation from the East.

"'At 1 A. M., December 7th, I learned from a reliable source that a plan was on foot to raise the "black flag," with the view of throwing off the authority of the Territorial executive and its officers and attacking Lawrence upon their own responsibility. I renewed my endeavors for peace, and with the leading men did all in my power to dissuade these hot-headed people from so unauthorized a movement.

"'On the morning of the 8th of December, things looked still worse. I was advised by a prominent man that unless the citizens of Lawrence gave up their arms, the place would be attacked, and I had better consult my own safety and keep out of danger. My reply was, that I should consider any such attack, after the declarations which had been made by the people of Lawrence, as wholly unjustifiable, and that I should use every means in my power to prevent it. This I at once made preparations to do.

"'When I entered that town I found that the people had held a meeting the night before, and had reduced to writing the terms on which they proposed to treat.

"'After a conference of three hours, during which opinions were freely interchanged on both sides, the committees concluded to withdraw and report to the men of both parties that they were satisfied, and would settle matters as I wished. We then returned to the Wakarusa camp, which we reached at 10 P. M., where I still continued to press upon the leading men the importance of withdrawing with their men, and acceding to the terms offered.

"'It was not, however, until daybreak on the 9th, that I felt safe in issuing my orders, as Chief Executive of Kansas Territory, to Sheriff Jones and Generals Richardson and Strickler, to disband their forces. I did so; my instructions were complied with, and the forces assembled in camps Lecompton and Wakarusa retired without committing any depredation or act of violence, so far as I have heard.'"

And thus these terrible and blood-thirsty Pro-slavery men, these "Border Ruffians," the very moment the Free State men indicated the slightest determination to abide by the law and conduct themselves in a manner becoming good citizens, yielded a ready and cheerful obedience to the constituted authority of the territorial government. But the real crime of the Pro-slavery men in the territory is this—that they have outvoted

Digitized by Google

the Free-soilers. There are too many of them in Kansas for their opponents' fancy, hence the howl of border-ruffianism is raised, just as in old times the Whigs used to howl over the numerical superiority of those "rascally" Democrats, as they called them; and wonder where they came from, since nobody knew where they were *before* the election. That kind of bluster, with all its charges of corruption, pipe-laying, colonizing, etc., being played out in the older States, and the fact finally ascertained that the majority of the inhabitants of the United States are and always have been Democrats, a new scene of action is looked for where the old Federal game may be played over by factions, copying all its weakness, but forgetting all that was really true and honest in the principles of the Whig party. It is found in Kansas, and for the word "Democrat" we merely have "Border Ruffian" substituted. As a proof, look at this. In the "Lawrence" district about one thousand votes were polled, of which *two hundred and twenty-five were Free Soil, and over seven hundred Pro-slavery.* What did the Free-soilers do? Did they protest? did they deny the legality of the votes? Not a bit. *Governor Reeder* himself gave certificates to the persons so elected. So, when the Legislature came to assemble at *Pawnee*, the Pro-slavery men were largely in the majority. Here was an admirable chance for the Free-soilers to prove how much they love order, law, and regulated freedom. It could hardly be supposed that they would miss so fine a chance to immortalize their law-abiding tendencies. But really and truly they let it slip. They were drowsy over it. Jupiter nodded. They gave themselves the lie direct, and confessed judgment to Pro-slavery. For, *after* their own Governor had certified, and their own mouths confessed, the legality of the election and the acts of the territorial Legislature, they jumped into the balloon of Mr. Seward's "higher law," and floated away, and have been floating ever since in the airy regions of Anti-slavery hyperbole. They and their Governor (Reeder) first certify that the members of a Legislature are duly and legally elected, and then whip around, and because they have not a *majority* in it, stigmatize it as *bogus*, elect a new one, and push things in the territory to the verge of revolution. What a valuable precedent! What if every State should imitate it? What if, when a political party in any State found itself in a minority, it should pursue the same course—cry out that the majority was "bogus," and rush into revolution. Would not the whole Union soon be in a blaze of war? The doctrine of Free-soilism, however, is evidently this: When the majority is on our side, the prin-

Digitized by Google

ciple that "the majority governs" is sacred; when we are in the minority, the principle of a "higher law" takes its place; but majority or minority—right or wrong—*per fas aut nefas*—Abolitionism for ever! There we think we have Seward, Greeley, African-Republicanism, Abolitionism, very succinctly and fairly stated. And in it will be found the key of the whole Kansas difficulty.

Mr. Brewerton's book contains the statements made upon both sides. He constitutes himself neither judge nor counsel, but sets down the facts as stated, and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It is written in a lively, sketchy, off-hand way, and, aside even from the interest of the subject, would amply repay perusal. A good deal of keen observation of frontier habits and manner is evident in it, and some of the pictures are drawn with a boldness of outline indicative of genius. We own great obligations to him, and think every man in the Union should read his book carefully.

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

PATENT OFFICE REPORTS, (AGRICULTURAL,) FOR THE YEARS 1852–3, ETC.

It is wonderful to reflect how little we know, even at the present age of the world, of the destinies of our race, and the mighty revolutions, which are to mark the onward progress of future generations. A glance at the order of events which are daily affecting the interests of society, would almost lead one to suppose that we are living at the very beginning of time, when we are but capable of seeing the germs of a future development which some day or other is to end in an absolute and universal transformation of all things around us. History is said to be philosophy teaching by example, but so many remarkable incidents are now crowded into the short space of a single year, that it may well be doubted whether past history is capable of affording us any thing more than the bare rudimental forms of a first growth from infancy to childhood. The more perfect disclosures of an opening youth and vigorous manhood are yet to come, and men are watching with busy expectation, and some alarm, the important bearing which these disclosures are to have on the progress of humanity.

Hitherto the advantages of refinement and civilization have been but com-

Digitized by Google

parative and partial. The structure of society has been based on conflicting claims of interest and superiority, and one portion of the community has been arrayed in offensive hostility against the other. Men have been divided into castes and factions—into orders and classes—not with a view to any just appreciation of their capabilities and powers, not from any reasonable estimation of their virtues and vices, but from a selfish spirit of restraint and subjugation. Thus it has happened that the weak have been overcome by the strong; the poor have been oppressed by the rich; the ignorant have been enslaved by the learned. There has been no harmony, no homogeneity, in the different departments of society. Instead of building up a structure of immense capacity, of vast and varied tendencies, of multifarious parts—dissimilar but not conflicting—it has grown into an organization of great extent and vitality, but with all the elements of strife and discord constantly disturbing its equipoise and polarity. Civilization in this way has become fragmentary and antagonistic. There is no consent between its different parts and while the head may be in the light, the body or feet are stumbling in shades of impenetrable darkness. We do not mean to say that its constituent elements ought to have been less varied, or more circumscribed. The perfection of all forms consists in their great variety and extent, but these would be practically mischievous and destructive, without being bound together by accordance and harmony. All the parts of a perfect body ought to blend together in the most beautiful order. Every object in nature will be found to do so, when subjected to the scrutiny of our senses. It is right that men should have different spheres assigned them for the purpose of evolving their separate and inherent propensities and powers, but it is not right that they should be swayed to a particular course by the arbitrary exactions of the proud, the selfish, and the violent. What we have to deplore at the present period of the world is, that one half of society is deprived of light and knowledge by the other half. Rank and station in life are meted out by men, not according to merit, but according to the workings of that selfish principle, by which every individual wishes to stand preeminent above his neighbor. Thus disorder must necessarily pervade the whole mass of what is called civilized society, and a great portion of it remains in a state but little elevated above that of a rude and semi-barbarous people.

What if this ignorant and neglected portion of our race, precipitated as it now is to the very bottom of the wheel that moves society, should after awhile, gain the ascendant, and be found at the very top? We feel little desire to utter this as a prediction, and only claim the freedom of making a suggestion which seems in no small degree to be supported by strong and rational evidence. The world, we have said, is but beginning to feel the vigorous approaches of a more perfect state of humanity, and is just making the transition from a condition of infantile weakness, into one of strength, activity, and freedom. Its vigorous growth and development are viewed with

Digitized by Google

astonishment even by superficial thinkers; its every day achievements form a proud earnest of what we may expect hereafter; its mighty movements are beginning to unsettle the creeds and maxims of by-gone ages. All the fountains of the great deep of knowledge would seem to be broken up, and men, it is hoped, are beginning to feel the effects, not of an inundation of errors and sophisms, (although something of this kind must necessarily adhere to every first attempt at improvement and reform,) but of a flood of plain practical truth, which is to set free and regenerate the world. The mighty object is now beginning to be avowed, that learning ought to be acquired for its own sake, that it is to be cultivated as a means of multiplying the comforts and promoting the happiness of mankind, that it is to be divested of its tawdry ornaments and its affected stiffness; that it is to be stripped of its pedantic technicality and unmeaning mysticism; and that it is to be arrayed in its own simple garb of truth and nature, without affectation and without hypocrisy. Being the common and universal concern of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it is to be made accessible to all. There is to be no monopoly in the acquisition of knowledge—in the means of improving the heart and the understanding—any more than there is in the enjoyment of God's free air by which we are surrounded. It is to be common property, and the one object aimed at will be not so much how to gain it, as how to make a proper use of it.

Knowledge is power. Let us select one class of our fellow-citizens as affording a subject worthy of its highest pretensions of successful transformation. We have placed at the head of this article the title of a book on the subject of agriculture, and in order to illustrate the observations we have just been making, we will forbear all remarks on the book itself, and speak of that body of individuals for whose benefit it was more particularly compiled. They perhaps, more than any other, may be justly regarded, at least in the estimation of thousands of their fellow-citizens, as holding an inferior station amongst classes of mind belonging to the same society. They are necessarily exposed to much severe physical labor. Their confinement to remote agricultural districts, cuts them off from all intercourse with men of higher knowledge and more intelligence. For the same reason, they are denied the use of books, many of them never having seen any thing like a respectable library in their lives, and having received an impression from their earliest childhood, that the means and sources of knowledge are not intended for them. Their very appearance—the hardness of their hands; their rugged, sunburnt countenances; their shuffling gaits; their boorish manners—is against them. Not only are they considered as having no legitimate claims to the benefits arising from the arts and refinements of a civilized state of society, but as being wholly incapable of understanding their true extent and meaning.

Such would seem to be the condition of that class of men, in all parts of the Christian world, who are practically connected with the operations of

Digitized by Google

agricultural labor. In our own country, and indeed in all countries, they comprise the far greater proportion of the entire population, on whom the energies and resources of a nation do or ought mainly to depend. With us they exercise a controlling power over every department of the government. To them is confided, by the fundamental laws of the State, the right of choosing our civil magistrates. By their aggregate choice, as a majority of the whole people, they stamp the character and complexion of our legislative bodies, they elevate to office the highest functionaries of our country, and they are even beginning to prescribe the capacities, both moral and professional, of our judicial officers. Strange indeed that the very class of men, who would seem to possess the least intelligence, and who are supposed to need it least, should exercise the greatest amount of direct force in the government. For what dishonorable purposes of individual selfishness and ambition this force is too often applied, may appear in what follows.

If it be true that in the extended regions of our own happy republic, there are one hundred millions of acres of land that in process of time may be subdued by the labor of man, and brought into a state of successful cultivation, and if there are already five millions of our citizens engaged in agricultural pursuits, what a wide field for reflection and comment, are these statements calculated to present! The impenetrable forests of unexplored and unbounded regions; the immense extent of rolling plains and trackless prairies; the inexhaustible treasures of vast mountain-ranges; the fertility of a great extent of country capable of being reclaimed from rivers and morasses; the thousands and tens of thousands of acres of wild and uncultivated soil, that are being transformed into gardens like those of the Hesperides; open to our view a prospect of wealth, beauty, grandeur and magnificence, such as the world has never yet witnessed. This prospect is too vast and unbounded to be comprehended by the powers of an ordinary intellect.

But the most interesting question of all, and the one that is calculated to excite in our minds the greatest degree of curiosity and wonder, is not that which has reference to the unbounded treasures of wealth and magnificence growing out of the cultivation of a vast and fertile continent, but that which regards the mental and moral energies of a people, who will in future have secured this mighty development to themselves and their children. In what way are they to manage and enjoy the resources and profits of a domain, more varied and productive than any that has ever yet fallen to the lot of mortal men? How is this Eden to be best watched and tended, so as to keep away from its sacred precincts the serpent of covetousness and selfishness that would otherwise invade and destroy it? By what mysterious relationship between the inner mind of mortals and the outward objects around them is that action and reaction to be best carried on, which will insure to each the fullest and fairest growth of development and perfection? Certain it is that the internal world within us and the external world around us, must mutually

Digitized by Google

aid and assist each other. We could not live without objects on which to exercise our thoughts and affections, nor would objects be what they are without thoughts and affections to promote their growth and beauty. There was never yet any high development of external order without a corresponding high development of internal order, nor could the latter exist for any length of time by itself without producing the former. Take the most barbarous of our species, and place him within reach of the arts and refinements of civilized life, and he will for the time being acquire new sensations, if not new perceptions. We do not say that he would immediately grow wiser, or better, or happier; that he would arrive at the possession of more taste, or exercise a faculty of more discernment. His inward feeling might be so low; his sense of beauty might be so dull; his affinity with the spiritual world might be so faint and sluggish, there might be so wide a difference between the sensations of his own mind, and the order and beauty of things around him, that he would only be dazzled and bewildered by the excess of light to which he was exposed; but allowing for all the perversions and distortions of his impaired mental constitution, he would feel in some degree at least the noble alliance of his nature, and instinctively turn towards those more refined enjoyments for which he was originally intended.

It requires no great degree of judgment to discover, that men devoted to the pursuits of agriculture in our country, taken as a class from among their fellow-citizens, are by no means what they ought to be. We have already adverted to the important duties they are called to exercise in relation to our political organizations. But they stand in other relations equally important to the general welfare of society. They form the great body and support of our ecclesiastical institutions. They are, in many instances, the bigoted adherents and defenders of the numerous sects into which the Church is divided; for however pretensionless and unconcerned they may be in relation to the ordinary affairs of a community, they never fail to follow to the very letter the theory of our republican institutions, and are loudest in their clamors, and foremost in their exertions, whenever the Church or state is brought in question before them. But how do they acquit themselves in this interminable warfare? It could hardly be supposed with much credit to themselves, or benefit to their country. In both instances perhaps they pay too much deference to the selfish requisitions of their party-bodies, and however much they may boast, as they often do boast, of their moderation and independence, it is not to be concealed that they are the dupes of designing men, who use them for their own purposes of individual promotion and benefit. And here we would speak with the utmost tenderness and regard of party leaders in the Church. We do not mean that they are absolutely bad men—we do not mean that they are base and wicked enough to exact from their hearers a faith which, in their own minds, they know to be false and bigoted. We do not mean that they themselves are indifferent to dogmas which they propound as being essential to the life

Digitized by Google

and security of the Church; on the contrary, we have no doubt that the great majority of them really believe they are doing God service, by leading their followers into the narrow paths of selfishness and sectarianism. But this we deplore from our hearts. And however tender our regard may be for religious teachers, we are here willing to confess that we have a more tender regard for religion itself, for that sacred volume which repudiates all selfishness and all bigotry, for that Divine Saviour who recognized no other standard of religion than that which consists in love to God and love to man. We think it a great pity that any other religion than this should be taught —that any other should be acknowledged—and yet we can not help fearing that the class of men of whom we have been speaking, are not the most zealous either in regard to its defense or its practice. They are often taught to believe that religion consists in something essentially different, something indeed which they are altogether unable to comprehend or define, but which perhaps they are tempted to regard with the more reverence and respect on that very account. They are more positive and bigoted, just in proportion as they stand more in need of rational and scriptural light and instruction.

But if the class of men whose vocation it is to till the earth, and labor on our farms, are thus liable to be misled by the teachings of their spiritual guides and instructors, how much greater is the deception practised on them by the political demagogues who profess to enlighten them in the arts and duties of government. Men of this description are very often the meanest and basest that infest society. The agency by which they accomplish their selfish purposes are their cunning and duplicity. Their self-importance is owing to the facility with which they are able to impose on their unsuspecting and less artful neighbors. They conjure up all kinds of frightful phantoms to make them believe that their rights and liberties are in danger, and not only succeed in persuading them that what they have so cunningly contrived is a real evil, but that they themselves have been the real and veritable champions to remove and destroy it. Nor do they stop here. They appeal to their baser passions and cupidities. They tempt them by holding up to their desires, what however is seldom realized, the filling of some petty public office as a reward for their faithfulness to the dominant faction. The poor simpletons are made to believe not only that they may obtain office, but that they are in reality qualified for discharging its duties. All these are the arts by which interested partisan-leaders seek to enslave their less cunning and more credulous neighbors, and we are sorry to say that these arts are in many instances but too successful.

The present age is one, as we have already hinted, of extraordinary mental force and tendency, and the agricultural classes have not failed to come in for a share of the revolutionary spirit which is everywhere abroad. But this spirit, we can not doubt, has regarded as first in importance their physical rather than their moral improvement. It has been the means of gathering a vast amount of statistical matter, exhibiting the comparative virtue of

Digitized by Google

different modes of culture, and the beneficial effects resulting from a scientific knowledge of the principles on which the art of cultivating the ground is based. It aims at analyzing the constituent properties of different soils—at showing the inherent forces by which plants are propagated—and at prescribing the best manner of supplying these forces, and of restoring them again to the soil after they have been lost. This spirit seeks to provide the means of rendering more effective the different implements by which the ground is worked, and of improving the breed of our domestic animals. It has even gone so far as to establish in some places, schools where all this knowledge may be gained by the help of competent teachers. A vast number of books have been printed on the subject of agriculture—a vast number of periodicals have been published on the same subject—important agricultural societies have been instituted for the mutual benefit of the individual members—many able and scientific men have devoted their powers, for a time, exclusively to this one branch of practical knowledge. That a mighty change in the whole economy of this sublime art will soon be experienced—that important results of momentous consequence to the human family will soon be felt—no one who has bestowed the slightest attention on the advances already made, can for a moment doubt. Another and another step is daily taken in the onward progress of improvement—a more emphatic impulse is received at each stage of the proceeding—a more decided change is coming over the whole face of nature. But this only renders what we have yet to say in a very high degree true and significant.

OUR OCEAN STEAM MARINE:

SHALL MONOPOLY BE ALLOWED TO STRANGLE IT?

It is one thing to undertake the sustenance of a helpless infant during the years of its necessary dependence, and quite another to find our *protege* resolved to saddle us with the burden of its permanent support. The matter becomes still more grievous when our former generosity is made the pretext for continued alms, and every fresh gratuity is regarded as a bond for further and increasing help.

It has been questioned by the ablest political economists whether, under any circumstances, (except in a case of foreign interference,) the government of a country should meddle with the affairs of commerce. No undertaking, they contend, which promises a return commensurate to the outlay involved, is beyond the capacities of individual mercantile enterprise. When

Digitized by Google

the necessities of trade accumulate to a certain height, they will overflow through their natural channels, and relieve themselves by the inevitable laws of demand and supply: until they *have* reached that height, it is a waste of time and money to pump them over by governmental help—a waste, they say, and something worse! For the artificial exhaustion prevents, and must for ever, while continued, prevent the natural accumulation of healthy individual enterprise; and the longer the artificial stimulus is applied, the heavier will be the reaction and collapse on its withdrawal.

What supreme folly it is to alledge that a speculation is so vast and expensive, and yet of such national importance, that government must step in to feed the nonage of the infant Hercules with pap from its exhaustless treasury! If the project really possesses the importance claimed for it, nothing is surer than that the selfish interests of the people will compel them to support it: and what is the wealth which the sleepless Guthrie guards compared to that distributed among the private pockets of the nation? Why, the whole year's revenue of the United States would not equal the amount which changes hands in Wall street in the course of any average week!

When the nascent villages of Squashtown and Huckaback acquire sufficient trade to make a railroad profitable, the railroad will assuredly be built; but until then they must content themselves with the well-worn "plank," or ancient "corduroy." On what principle of right should the whole Union be taxed to gratify the premature propensity for fast travel entertained by the citizens of these two sample villages? Once let it be known that the General Government will lend its aid to any local enterprise which it deems of "national importance," and we shall shortly have it demonstrated that the existence of America depends on the liberal production of those wooden nutmegs, shoe-peg oats, and *papier maché* hams, for which Connecticut is justly famed.

But by far the most dangerous feature of the matter lies in this, that wherever Government affords "material aid," it, in fact, creates a monopoly by doing away with the possibility of competition on equal terms. The man who stole the materials and made the brooms himself, could not compete with the superior rascal who stole them ready-made: nor can the private manufacturer who sells at the very lowest living profit, sustain himself for any length of time against a rival who can let his goods go a trifle under cost and then make up the deficit by a check on the national treasury.

In the outset of this article we made a special exception in favor of Governmental aid, where such was called for by the interference of a foreign power; and thus—to use the most familiar illustration—if England should decree a bounty of £10 sterling per ton on the manufacture of *papier maché* hams, we see not how America could compete with her unless sustained by a corresponding largess. To speak more gravely of a grave affair—it was perfectly excusable (though not wise in the abstract) for the United States

Digitized by Google

to encourage our ocean steam marine in its infancy, by a contract similar to that which was made between the British Government and the proprietors of the Cunard line of steamships as many as sixteen years ago. It was not wise in the abstract, as is proved by the fact that the Collins line, after all the loans and advances made to it—after its yearly appropriations have been advanced from the round sum of $385,000, the terms of its original mail contract, to the monstrous amount of $858,000, the line is at this moment in a more crippled and less hopeful condition than when the "Atlantic," its first steamship, was launched on the 5th of April, 1850. By its present contract, the line is bound to make twenty-six round trips *per annum*, and its compensation for this mail service amounts, as will be seen, to $33,000 per trip. The Cunard line receives but $16,680 per trip, and yet it has prospered far better; while numbers of ocean steamers, totally independent of the aid of any government whatever, have discharged their duties quite as well as these official lines, and amassed large fortunes for their proprietors.

Truth is, that a habit of reliance on the national appropriations begets a system of extravagance and waste which soon exhausts the munificent help extended. The prudence and economy which form the main spring of private enterprise are lost sight of; and the monopolists, like the recipients of all other eleemosynary aid, soon learn to depend exclusively and as a matter of right upon the national bounty.

The question now to be considered is, whether we shall continue to saddle ourselves permanently with the sustainment of a monopoly which, the longer borne, becomes more helpless and oppressive. The veto power lodged in the hands of the Executive was never made to do nobler or more truly democratic service than when it was employed to crush the audacious attempt recently made by this line to fasten its irrevocable maintenance on the Treasury for the next half-dozen years to come. The bill to make the Collins appropriation permanent and irrepealable, was cunningly advanced by the English monopolists who hold the greater part of the company's stock, at a time when much sympathy was justly felt for the gentleman to whom all honor is due as the pioneer of our ocean mail steamship service—the domestic bereavement of Mr. E. K. Collins was made the pretext for one of the most unconstitutional demands ever advanced, to wit, that one Congress should vote away the money of its successor, and that the nation should be bound in advance to pay the sum of $858,000 *per annum* to the Collins line until the year 1860. From the infliction of this grievous burden and wrong the veto of President Pierce alone delivered us.

These appropriations were advocated and are only defensible on the ground that some such assistance was necessary to develop the resources of commerce in an untried and dangerous direction; but if it can be proved that the period of such necessity has gone by, and that the grant which was meant to foster, now practically debars the legitimate development of enterprise, surely it is time to see about its revocation.

Digitized by Google

A proposition has been laid before Congress by a gentleman of adequate capital and extended experience in the conduct of ocean steam vessels, who proposes to render the same amount of mail service performed by the Collins line for a compensation of $16,680 the round trip—a little more than half what we now pay, and the precise sum which is paid to the Cunard line by the British Government.

This offer of service and demand for compensation is not based upon the plea that private enterprise is inadequate to carry out so vast a business: on the contrary, the proposer clearly declares that, in his opinion, all such national appropriations are unjust and uncalled for, and that the only payments to be made by Government should be a stipulated price for every letter carried. But he has made, during the past year, the practical experiment of establishing a regular line of steamships between this country and Europe, and has satisfied himself that, while an independent line would be amply able to sustain itself and pay a handsome profit out of its legitimate receipts, all other things being equal, it is vain for any individual to compete with a monopoly which draws near a million of dollars every year from the national treasury! He complains, and with justice, that the liberty of the seas is practically infringed by such a grant; and that the improvements and economy which an equal competition is everywhere certain to evoke, are held in abeyance by the system which confers on a single company the power to crush all rivals. He proposes to run a semi-monthly mail, alternating with the vessels of the Collins line, and thus establishing a weekly communication with Europe. Surely our Government needs not to be told that the necessities of trade have long since called for these increased facilities; and that nothing but the practical monopoly created by the preposterous grant, prevents the supply which would otherwise follow the demand as a thing of course. The compensation of $16,680 per round trip, without which his experience teaches him it would be vain to enter into competition, is only necessitated by the fact that the Cunard company receive that amount from the British Government, while the Collins line dips its hand into the American strong-box for nearly twice the sum; and, finally, he declares himself satisfied and anxious that all compensation, other than that accruing for actual service rendered in carrying the mails, shall cease whenever a compact shall be entered into between the American and British Governments for a mutual cessation of these ocean steamship bounties. It is not help he asks of the American Government; he requires neither loans nor advances (as did the Collins line) to aid him in the construction of the vessels of 5000 tons which he is now adding to his line: his simple petition is, that he may be placed on an equal footing with the Atlantic mail service of Great Britain, and receive about one half the sum now paid to the American monopoly for performing the same amount of service.

Is it not clear that an offer which is every way so advantageous and liberal—so well calculated to develop our marine resources to their full capa-

Digitized by Google

city, and gain for our ocean steamers that supremacy which is at length accorded to our clipper ships and packets—must meet with some sinister and secret opposition, if it be not at once accepted? There is always this danger in monopolies, that the vast resources placed at their command may be perverted to the perpetuation of their fraudulent and irresponsible power.

Looked at in another light, the matter is well worthy of attention. Our navy is by no means commensurate to the needs in which a rupture with any foreign power would involve us; in such an emergency we would be compelled to look for immediate support to those vast ocean steamers which might so easily be converted into vessels either of war or transport. It therefore becomes us to encourage their increase, and see to it that "no Government monopoly or special patronage shall repress individual energy and check free competition in this great field of enterprise, a day beyond the period when legitimate trade and a fair and adequate compensation for mail service, shall be sufficient to sustain this branch of our steam marine."

Let it be clearly understood that the present proposition insinuates no reproach against the Collins line, nor seeks to deprive that line of any of its existing advantages. Owing to the fact that it was the first established, and has met with heavy and unexpected losses, it seems very possible that it could not now be continued with a less donation than that of $33,000 per round trip, which it now receives—nor is it asked that this grant should be either withdrawn or diminished. The present proposer is content to back his ready capital and more prudent control against these heavy odds, provided that he be allowed for performing a similar service one half the sum which the monopoly now draws.

The simple statement of this case is the best argument that can be advanced in its support. Opposed as we are to all monopolies, and in favor of free trade, (wherever the interference of a foreign government does not call for retaliatory measures,) we trust that no time will be lost in accepting an offer which is fraught with such manifest and far-reaching advantage. We practically destroy the freedom of the seas to all other competitors when we strew the track of one favored line with gold from the national treasury. Let competition be introduced, and the improvements which now advance at the slow will of a monopoly, will be quickened into active life by the jealousy of ambitious rivals. The appropriation which originally fostered the infancy of our ocean steam marine has been perpetuated and increased beyond its natural limit, and is now the greatest barrier and stumbling-block in the path of national advancement. Let us place our own citizens on an equal footing with those of Great Britain, and trust to our superior enterprise and ingenuity to complete the rest. Monopolies are oligarchic, privileged, and anti-Democratic in their very nature, and we can not guard ourselves too vigilantly against their encroachments.

Digitized by Google

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

PEACE is signed! Roll up the map of Europe. Stay a little. The words of Pitt may need some alteration. Unroll it: spread it out: lay royal weights upon each corner to keep it from curling up. Fetch rule, and square, and *dividers*—particularly the dividers. Those, probably, will be the order now. 'Tis but a month since we expressed, or rather hinted, a doubt of the entire success of the Peace Conferences at Paris. It appears, however, that we were mistaken. We were in error. Be it so. We are not above confessing it. We will frankly confess that we rated Russia at a higher figure than she seems willing to assess her own value at. We were unwilling to believe, that after reverses so few and trifling, compared to the magnitude of her empire and the grandeur of the stake for which she played; so matched as she was, and with the world spectator of the game—she would so easily abandon it to her adversaries. It seems, however, that she has. Perhaps? How? you exclaim, still doubtful? Is it not "*un fait accompli?*" Has not the jewelled eagle's feather been already dipped in ink, and the momentous act accomplished? Does not that illustrious and thrice-renowned implement, henceforth and for ever more famous than the pen of Cid Hamet Benengeli himself, repose after the labor which has given peace to half the world, amongst the rarities of Eugenie's cabinet? Peut-etre? Hipponax, as quoted by a learned Frenchman, says, "*Une femme donne à son mari deux jours de bonheur: celui ou il l'epouse, celui ou il l'enterre.*" Two such happy days the Allies have already enjoyed, that upon which the "*enteinte cordiale*" was established betwixt France and Great Britain, and that upon which peace was signed with Russia. Two others, not so jocund for England, may be in reserve—that upon which the "*enteinte cordiale*" is dissolved betwixt herself and France, and the next, when it is established between France and Russia. Does any one believe that Louis Napoleon will relax his hold upon the "sick man," or that he will be too honest to share his estates? Is he not faithful to all the traditions of the first empire? Does he not remember that his Uncle said: "At Acre Sir Sidney Smith made me miss my destiny—without that I should have turned the flank of Europe, and taken her rotten institutions in the rear!" Let us pause and listen. Things are not settled yet. For a time there will be quiet, no doubt, and during that time England and my Lord Clarendon will have leisure to attend to *us*. Umph! Would it not have been better to have settled that Central American question and the Crampton enlistment difficulty whilst she had her hands full with Russia? We ask in all humility,

Digitized by Google

for we are but simple reviewers. We are not the great and wise of the earth. We look about with our eyes, and hear with our ears, however, and try conclusions sometimes—weighing the present in the balances of the past—and we find that in former times, when he who might possibly be your enemy was embroiled in a war of uncertain issue, it was not thought wise to wait till he came out conqueror before you took sureties from him for his good behavior to youwards, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" So be it. There's a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to look out for Yankeedom, and we are not hysterical about the future. But peace is signed, and all foreign affairs merge themselves in that one sentence. Speculation as to its effects are, just now, merely idle. We shall soon see and know them. Till then let us possess our souls in patience.

Already the Boanerges of the English press begins to make a personal application of British success against Russia to the relationship at present existing between England and the United States. Of all days in the year, this paternal reproof article finds a place in the columns of the *Times*, on the 1st day of April. *Dii avertite omen.* Russia, says the *Times*, has been humbled. A gigantic folly led Russia to suppose herself exempt from the common lot and common law of nations. The bubble has burst. Her dream of irresistible power and endless dominion has been rudely dispelled. The British lion has put his paw upon the neck of the Great Bear of the North, and Bruin has been conquered. He has come to see that he is good only for a very tame bear indeed; a bear to be led by English bear-wards, and to dance to John Bull's pipe. This, the *Times* says, is history; and as history is philosophy teaching by example, our good friend bids us read, mark, and inwardly digest the wholesome lessons of this new chapter in the English liturgy. We have been very friendly with Russia. We are bid to look sharp or we may be asked our reasons for this "*enteinte cordiale.*" We have been a brother of Russia "in boundless pretension and special immunity;" that is, we have not permitted England to search our ships on the high seas. "So far from taking warning by the fate of our compeer, we are verging to the same suicidal folly." We are "seeking war in wanton defiance, with the sole and avowed object of assuming a political position above all the rest of the world!" Good gracious, Max! (F. Strobel?) What a nation of terrible fellows we are. We are growing out of our clothes. We are wantonly seeking war with that peaceable and most Christian Queen of Great Britain. We are standing upon a precipice below which roll the fiery surges of English wrath and small beer. *Halte la!* is the word from the grand conservator of the world; from the ally of Austria against Hungary; from the people who stood tamely by when unhappy Poland fell, and royal robbers parted her raiment amongst them; from the government whose cannon supported King Bomba; from the devastator of Ireland; from the tyrants of India; from that huge imposthume which has been for ages a blot of blood and falsehood upon the history of the world. Stop! she cries to America. Away with your

Digitized by Google

pretensions to be a power among nations. Submit to the right of search; abandon the doctrine, that "free ships make free goods;" apologize to our loyal Crampton for having the impertinence to find him out; submit to British colonization and annexation in Central, and British recruiting in North America, and we will have the magnanimity to overlook the crime of your being Democratic Republicans: fail to do any of these things and we will teach you the lesson we have taught Russia! That, gentlemen of the jury, is the immediate and blessed result of the Peace Conferences at Paris, so far as America and American interests are concerned. Who shall say that England—constitutional England—is not our best friend, and the best friend of free institutions, after that? What American will not rejoice to see our government make the amende honorable to my Lord Clarendon and Mr. Crampton, and kneel an humble suitor, for permission to live a little longer, on the steps of Victoria's throne! Of course it will get up very early in the morning, and do it before it says its prayers; for why should we supplicate Heaven, when England claims to be the god of this world? No: let us be wise; let us abandon our follies; let us recognize whilst yet is the accepted time, the peril of our position; let us confess and ask absolution, that we may live a little longer, and have time to "creep under her huge legs, and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves!"

Let us glance, however, for a moment at our affairs.

DOMESTIC.

That eternal subject of Kansas has come up in every possible shape. It is the last hobby of despairing fanaticism, across whose path the shadow of the great Democratic army, moving to the conquest of 1856, already projects itself: it is the last hobby of Seward, Greeley, Hale, Giddings, Chase, Sumner—*et id genus omne*—and they are bound to ride it to death. Happily for this goodly land, they are precisely the people who do ride to death whatever unhappy beast their evil weight may cross. The speeches of the Hon. Mr. Wright, of Tennessee, and the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, delivered in the House of Representatives, March 11th, 1856, and Mr. Clay, of Alabama, in the Senate, April 21st, are plain, straightforward, legal arguments. On the side of truth, logic, and good government they exhaust the subject. In common with the Democracy of the Union, they aim at once to establish right, and "to pour oil upon the troubled waters." "Ours is a government of laws," says Stephens. "It shall continue to be so," say the Democracy. Messieurs the African Republicans, let us see which are the stronger, you or we. If you, then farewell for ever the peace, the happiness, the welfare of America. If we—we, the Democracy—we the true conservative element of the Republic—we who alone uphold the right of self-government and the ability of men to govern themselves—then peace will wheel her broad-winged flight around our banner, and all be safe. Look to it, fellow-Democrats. Watch the agitators

Digitized by Google

closely. They are sly and desperate. Black Republicanism aims at a coalition with Know-Nothingism. Suspect the gifts they offer. It is a marriage between night and hell, and teems with an unsightly brood of monsters—things portentously compounded of the bat and the devil! Watch! Read Senator Douglas' able Report from the Committee on Territories. You will be fortified by it, and armed at the same time with strong weapons against fanaticism. We had intended to review Mr. Senator Seward's speech on the immediate admission of Kansas, but our space forbids. Let us say of it, in a word, that it has the unenviable merit of being one of the most elaborate efforts of special pleading, false logic, and reckless assertion, which even that gentleman, famous as he is for that kind of manufacture, has ever produced. Speaking of the great exemplar of all frantic follies and isms, reminds us of that modern institution in literature, which appears to be the model upon which political franticism shapes its style; namely:

THE FRANTIC AS A STYLE.—We have, and ought to have, the most profound respect for journalism; for we were journalists ourselves before ascending to the graver dignity of the monthly and the review. We mention this to disarm our after-strictures of any semblance of ill-nature; for, in truth, however we may detest the spoken "frantic," we are overflowing with the milk of editorial kindness to all printed things; and feel some hope that the mere mention of it will suffice to correct an evil of which the following are fair examples.

We picked up a commercial paper a few evenings since—a paper whose religious tone is strictly sound, and whose reports of the pork and cotton-markets it would be heresy to deny. Feeling weary and desirous of sleep, we opened the editorial columns, and assumed a recumbent position. We glanced at the headings of the articles; but, for once, the intended sedative became a very active tonic. What mortal man could close his eyes with a paragraph, having this title, unread before him?

"*Action of Compound Interest: A man* 2,000,000 *years of age!*"

[Remember, this appeared in a paper distinguished for the accuracy of its commercial figures, and the soundness of its religious views.] It commenced by a dissertation on the wonderful results of compound arithmetic—mentioned the well-known fable of the horse-shoe nails, and alluded to the incredible sum which a penny put out at six *per cent* in the time of our Lord, would now amount to. Having thus paved the way for the mystery of iniquity, it concluded by stating its belief that "If Professor Holloway were individually allowed even one *per cent* of life on the years his Universal Remedies have rescued patients from the grave, he could not possibly decease for the next two million years!"

The reader, if a sympathetic one, may fancy our feelings on the occasion. Throwing down this paper in disgust, we picked up another, where a project for a

"*Subter-Oceanic Tunnel Railroad from New-York to Liverpool,*"

Digitized by Google

irresistibly arrested our attention. After a description of the surveys now being made by Stephenson and Sir John McNeil for the Tunnel Railroad between France and England, it wound up by assuring us that "the success which has attended the efforts of one man" (T. Holloway, of course!) "to diffuse his infallible medicines among all the tribes and nations of the earth," fully warranted the belief that America and England combined, could build such a subter-oceanic tunnel as the title had in contemplation!

Henceforth we shall carefully avoid all paragraphs with frantic headings. Indeed the editors who either write or permit their insertion, should be indicted for "obtaining attention under false pretenses." If they really entertain a high opinion of these remedies, or of any other of the scores of things which are puffed in a similar manner, can they not say so in a plain, straightforward, and concise article? It is not from any ill-will to the *puffes* or "puffor," that we have selected his particular case: he is, we have heard, a liberal advertiser, and spends, some say, $150,000 annually in procuring the requisite publicity. In fact, we believe he gave us a very good advertisement once, and we may be damaging our own pocket; but we can not help it. It is a crying evil, and we say—Let our journals confine their advertisements exclusively to their advertising columns; or, if the editors have a personal wish, or feel if a public duty to speak a good word for any thing, let them do it in a direct and simple mode. A vermilion edict: Be chesom, as the Turk says—"On their eyes be it."

MONTHLY LITERARY RECORD.

Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Catharine the Second, Empress of Russia: with a brief Survey of the Romanoff Dynasty; embracing the Reign of Nicholas, Fall of Sevastopol, etc. By Samuel M. Smucker, A.M. New-York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.

Just now the mere title of this book is sufficient to commend it to universal attention. Late events have so riveted the eyes and thoughts of all men upon the land of the Czars, that every thing relating to it excites an eager curiosity. But the present of Russia, although, from its nearness to ourselves, and the manner in which our material interests, as one of the great family of nations, are more or less bound up with her fortunes, it awakens a peculiar interest, is not, perhaps, the epoch in her history upon which futurity will fix its most earnest gaze. The two eras in her national life which appear to us most suggestive, and fullest of historic teaching, are those of Peter the Great and the Second Catharine. More is commonly known of the first than the second of these periods. There is a Robin-

Digitized by Google

son Crusoe-ish charm about Peter I. which has commended his story to the general mind, and fixed its incidents there firmly. A king and a ship-carpenter; a philosopher and a brute; a wise lawgiver whom no law bound; a barbarian creating civilization; a reformer of an empire, incapable of reforming himself; a mass of contradictions wilder and stranger than wildest poet would dare to feign; a royal chaos of every element of evil and of good, and withal adventurous as Genius, and daring as Folly, he looms up in the northern sky like the colossal figure of Odin or of Thor, and the eyes of the world rest wonderingly and fascinated upon him. But next grandest to him in Russian story, a figure fit to twin with his, her head luminously encircled at once with the round and top of human sovereignty, and the more imperial crown of genius, rises and stretches her arms athwart the northern sky. It is the figure of Catharine the Second, justly called, also, "the Great." Great in all things, but in nothing greater than in vice. The Messalina of modern times. Insatiable in her thirst for pleasure and for power, "no laws, divine or human, stopped her way." Conscience had no residence in her breast, and was never terrible to the intent or action of her evil deeds. She plotted the murder of her husband with the same luxurious coolness with which she chose her hundredth paramour from the ranks of her stalwart guardsmen—and planned the dismemberment of Poland as placidly as she dismissed them when her appetite was satisfied. Horror and admiration struggle for the mastery as we contemplate her. Villainy, the villainy of Satan himself, sat on her back as an imperial robe, and the purple of her crimes left no color in the velvet of her queenly state. Yet neither her cruelties nor her debaucheries ever for a moment enfeebled the grasp which clutched the sceptre, or clouded the intellect which planned the future of Russian conquest and aggrandisement. The dream of her life, as it has also been the dream of every successor to her throne, was a summer-palace upon the Bosphorus. She failed to secure it, as they have also failed; but she made more rapid and gigantic strides towards it than they all. Turning from the council-chamber, where she had planned the destruction of Poland and the gallant John Sobieski, she dispatched from Archangel the first Russian war-squadron whose keels ever divided the waters of the Mediterranean. Alexius Orloff commanded it; and all Europe gazed with astonishment at these northern Argonauts. At the same time she pushed upon Turkey an army, under Romantzof, and in two battles decided the campaign. On the borders of that famous river, the Pruth, upon which the Peace Conference of Paris is now debating, the Khan of the Crimea, with eighty thousand Turks, was defeated in the first. In the second, eighteen thousand Russians defeated and cut to pieces a hundred and fifty thousand Turks, led by the Grand Vizier in person. The victory thus won by Russia at Kagul, in the month of July, 1770, was the grand initiative of all her subsequent system of aggression upon Turkey. To Catharine, therefore, belongs whatever of merit may attach to that system. Her successors have pursued her policy with varying success, but undeviating fidelity; and the problem of their final triumph or defeat remains yet to be solved. Whether the Western Allies will have power to change that fixed idea—an idea in fact dynastic with the house of Romanoff—we have yet to know; nor indeed can we ever be certain that we do know. A temporary check of the Russian arms will prove nothing. It will bring us no nearer certainty. With recovered energies, after a period of peace, yet another and more deadly spring may always

Digitized by Google

be looked for. They may scotch the snake: who shall be vain enough to say that they will kill it? Mr. Smucker's book is a valuable addition to our means of information on the subject of Russia. It is well written. The style is neither ambitious nor common-place, but generally clear and good. The author possesses in a considerable degree also, that rarest of all gifts in a historian, the power of narrative; and his people, events, and scenes pass naturally before us. The subject is one the details of which needed to be "*gazèd*," and this seems also to us to have been very nicely done. We can set our critical imprimatur upon it as a good book, without any compunctious visitings of conscience.

Literary Criticisms and other Papers. By the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esq., of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

It is said there are a thousand critics for one creator. 'Tis a mistake we doubt. At least we are sure it may be so in America. If the list of American poets, which now rivals Doggett's City Directory for multitude of names, be any criterion, 'tis even so, and "the hand of little employment (as a poiætæs or creator) hath the daintier sense." Yet certain it is that critics, in the arbitrary sense of that term, do not abound in this our mart and factory of books. Every book-man keeps a puffer, as the man of the magical razor-strop kept a poet: but even the literary dignity and acumen of a McGrawler are rarely approached. For the most part like another friend of "leetle Paul's"—Long Ned, by name—they carry an empty pistol. Yet indeed, also, they cry stand and deliver, to a true man as impudently as though it were double-shotted with knowledge and discretion. In such a time, and with the daily slang of puffery yet buzzing in our ears, it is really pleasant to catch, rising with a pure and equal tone, a note or two of real criticism. Such you may hear if you will listen a little to Mr. Wallace. It is true, his affections frequently mislead him—as whom do they not?—but we can not quarrel with the kindly impulse. It shows through him so transparently, that we can not find fault with it. But where friendship does not bind its bandage over his eyes, he sees with a free and learned spirit into the heart of things. He has an artist's eye, and a poet's instinct, combined with the ripe judgment and polished keenness of a critic. Running through all he writes is a nice vein of philosophical thought. His writing has also the merit of frequent novelty, as well as profound philosophy. He is very guilty of thinking for himself—a rare crime now-a-days. Nor is he deterred by the mystery of reputation. That strange spell, a name, has no power to paralyze him. He approaches the literary giants, under whose huge legs the rest of the world is content to creep, and examines them simply as enlarged specimens of the genus author. He investigates their claims to admiration deferentially, but without fear, and states his decision with modest freedom. His paper on Washington Irving is one of the finest and most satisfactory pieces of criticism in the language; and his incidental dissertation on humor, the nearest approach to a just philosophical analysis of that delicate and etherial quality of the heart, as developed in literature, we have ever read. With the little slips induced by personal friendship taken away, he stands foremost, to our mind, amongst American critics. His early death lends a sad charm to the graceful etchings of his hand, and we read them with a constant regret—a constant wish that he could have lived to enrich

Digitized by Google

the language with more mature and grander works. The most striking characteristic of his mind is a sedate and courteous but sturdy manliness. His writings are nowhere for a moment tinged with the slightest shade of flippancy.

This collection of his works is a book to read with a quiet and lingering relish. The charm is, however, not in his style. That is rather elaborate, and not always transparent. It is in the justness and delicate appropriateness of the thought conveyed. His mind has also this peculiarity, that although subtle, it is never treacherous. It never betrays him into refining away the truth. In fine, the happiness of it is, that however exquisite the essence it seizes, and attempts to fix an outline to, so that it may have a habitation in the mind, he makes it sensible to feeling as to sight, and as in the relation of "Le Comte De Gabalis," some part of the sylph, if only a fairy foot and ankle, come through the airy veil in beautiful distinctness.

Aspen Court. By Shirley Brooks. Stringer & Townsend.

THIS, we believe, is the first time that the reading public of America have heard the name of Mr. Brooks. At any rate, this is his first book which is re-printed. It was originally contributed to *Bentley's Miscellany*, running from number to number, after the usual fashion of serial stories. Then it was copied into *Graham's Magazine*, published, as all the world knows, in Philadelphia, and made up, bating a small corner which is kept for indifferent articles of home manufacture, *à la Harper*, namely, by "conveying," bodily, from foreign sources, all the good papers that the editor can happen to find. The story came to an end abruptly in *Bentley's*, so, of course, it stopped awhile in *Graham;* but when it came out as a whole, in the customary three volumes, it was resumed in *Graham* again, slightly cut down—the last half of the third volume being compressed into seven or eight magazine pages. This was hardly justifiable, perhaps, but it was so carefully done, that nobody detected it; in fact, the story was rather the better for it. Old Hesiod says somewhere, "that the half is more than the whole." This paradox is often true of novels, especially serial ones, like "Aspen Court." They are generally so wire-drawn and spun out, that the pruning-knife, nay even the pruning-axe, as Puff, in the *Critic*, called it, is the author's best friend.

As a whole, "Aspen Court" is a clever book: parts of it are brilliant and telling. The first chapter is excellent, full of sparkling talk and repartee, so are the chapters which relate the adventures and misadventures of Mr. Paul Checkerbent, and Angela, the actress; the latter, though, are in the style of Dickens, to whom, by the way, Mr. Brooks dedicates Aspen Court. If the story were a little less involved it would give Mr. Brooks's readers a better opinion of his constructive powers: at present he has a tendency to melodrama. Buy "Aspen Court," however, for you will find it good summer reading.

Toiling and Hoping. The Story of a Little Hunchback. By Jenny Marsh. New-York: Derby & Jackson.

WHEN our conscience will not permit us to go into ecstasies over the literary merits of a book, we unobtrusively confine ourselves to the binding. The getting up of "Toiling and Hoping," is not to be abused. The type is neat, and the cover

Digitized by Google

is neater. We are pleased at this, for if the *work* shouldn't happen to be appreciated, the twenty thousand copies, more or less, will have a pleasing effect, to outsiders, on the shelves of the publisher. Here our pleasure must cease, for Miss Jenny Marsh has not paid that respect to President Pierce's, and the Queen's English, which the excellent typography of the volume warranted us in expecting. We can not stop to particularize. There are several sunsets, one seduction, and a variety of improbable incidents which can be found in any "highly interesting, soul-absorbing, and intense" novel published during the last two years. Our good nature will not allow us to end a book-notice without saying a word in praise of some body or some thing; and, as Jenny has not done as much toward making a good book as the printer and binder, it is to them that we offer our felicitations, with the assurance of our distinguished consideration.

Sectional Know-Nothingism.

A PAMPHLET has been handed to us, as we are going to press, which we have only time, in the present number, to call serious attention to and recommend. It is entitled "Remarks upon the Majority and Minority Reports of the Select Committee on Secret Societies of the Maryland House of Delegates." It contains a succinct and clear outline of the policy of Know-Nothingism, from its origin up to the present time, and demonstrates, beyond cavil, its subserviency to Black Republicanism in the Northern States, and the certainty of a fusion in behalf of a Disunionist Candidate for the Presidency, at the coming election. We shall find room for a more extended notice of this useful pamphlet in our June issue. Meanwhile we give the following extract from the closing pages:

"The arch-fiend of American politics, during the last twenty years, has been William H. Seward. His whole character is expressed by the two words *cunning mediocrity*. In January, 1839, he came into power, with flying colors, as Governor of the State of New-York. His political system was said, by one of the first men of that State, to consist in 'purchasing supporters, pensioning dependents, and rewarding followers.' Mr. Seward has been, throughout his public career, the most unscrupulous adept in pecuniary and political profligacy that the United States has ever produced. Upon his advent to office, in his native State, he found it indebted $5,000,000. He left it, at the end of an administration of only four years, owing $25,000,000! He had inaugurated the reign of corruption and bribery, and nearly bankrupted the wealthiest member of the American Confederacy. New-York has, ever since, staggered under the burdens which Sewardism in finance, and Seward depravity among public men, have fastened upon it.

"The name of William H. Seward taints, as that of Horace Greeley does, every thing which becomes associated with it. In 1852, it prostrated the cause of Winfield Scott, when he stood before the country as a candidate for the Presidency. With the downfall of the hopes of the Whig party, in the mongrel state to which Sewardism had reduced it in the city of New-York, fell the hopes of the army of Abolition office-seekers in that metropolis, and arose, simultaneously, a feeling of disappointed rage against the foreign population, which had largely contributed to elect General Pierce. In spite of the efforts of Thurlow Weed, and others of Seward's friends, whose interests demanded a serried, unbroken front among Abolitionists and Free-Soilers, the '*boys*' of New-York became, for a while, uncontrollable. They founded the Know-Nothing Association. Its organizers, excepting a few Irish Orangemen, and a prominent anti-Papist of German extraction, were, mostly, broken-down, decayed politicians — ex-Sewardites — who had, hitherto, eked a miserable existence out of the offal which luckier plunderers of the public

Digitized by Google

treasury had passed by neglected. The success of the Democratic party reduced them to the position of having all to gain and nothing to lose, and they rejoiced in becoming the self-appointed exponents of so promising a cause as that of anti-Popery nativism, disguised in a shape which rendered it the most attractive to the idle and vulgar. Recruits were rapidly drawn in, by the union, which the order simulated, of mystery and prospectively profitable patriotism, and, before many months, the monster issued forth into the world, fully armed and equipped—a modern false goddess, from the head of a modern false god. The policy of the Sewardites became clearly defined upon the subject, early last year, and it has been consistently and triumphantly pursued, up to the present hour. It was determined, as has been already remarked, that the 'American' party should be employed to *divide the South and unite the North.*

"The strength of the South has always consisted in its unity of opinion upon questions of constitutional and Southern interest. Its advantage over Northern sectionalism has derived from the spontaneous aid it has ever received from national Whigs and Democrats, in the non-slaveholding States. The union of national men, throughout the country, has prevented legislation from falling under the control of fanatics, secessionists, or traitors; and, in the midst of the hottest strife of parties, no fears have been entertained for the safety of the republic. The craft of Free-soilism discovered in the Know-Nothing organization an instrument with which to reverse the order that had hitherto existed. It saw that, under the semblance, in the South, of attachment to the principles of the old Whig party, and opposition to foreigners and Popery, Nationalism might be divided and defeated; while, north of Mason and Dixon's line, a contrary policy could make anti-Slavery and anti-Nebraskaism the connecting link to unite Black Republicanism with Know-Nothingism, and crush Democracy, which is the only formidable adherent to union principles in the Northern States.

"It became notorious, more than twelve months ago, that the Know-Nothing lodges of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Rhode-Island, etc., were honeycombed with the rankest Free-Soilism; that Sewardites, Wilsonites, Giddingsites, Haleites, and *id genus omne*, had affiliated themselves by thousands to the new party; and that the paramount question of the order had changed from anti-Pope into anti-Nebraska. National Know-Nothings sneered, for a time, at the supposition that Abolitionism could override the Northern lodges, and vaunted their order as the bulwark of Southern rights; but the elections of last fall opened their eyes to the deadliness of the aim which Seward's sectaries had directed against it. Mr. Seward himself affects hostility to the new order; but Know-Nothings and Abolitionists are now united on the slavery question, in *every* Northern State, not excepting New-York. In Massachusetts they are two parties, squabbling for the spoils of office, but identical in principles, and outbidding each other in treason. In New-York, they have acted together, throughout the entire term of the late Legislature. In Rhode-Island, they have formally voted themselves amalgamated—with the same candidates, the same platform, and the same bitter hatred against Southern institutions. In Wisconsin, both Know-Nothings and Black Republicans have raised the flag of Nathaniel P. Banks for the Presidency.

"*The original Know-Nothings were oblique Whigs, who put the old national Whig party to death, by the basest desertion and perfidy.* Southern Unionists are placed, by the Sewardizing of Northern lodges, in the singular position, that *every two votes they shall cast for Mr. Fillmore, will be equivalent to one direct vote for the candidate of the Pittsburgh Convention.*"

Memoirs of Henry the Eighth of England: with the Fortunes, Fates, and Characters of his Six Wives. After the best authorities. By Henry William Herbert, Author of etc., etc., etc. New-York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.

A BOOK "after the best authorities," may sometimes be like a painting "after Claude," a great ways after, so far after indeed the [illegible] connecting link gets clean

Digitized by Google

out of sight. We do not say that this is the case here. Heaven forbid. One critic calls it "lively and entertaining;" another "grand, gloomy, tender, picturesque, sad, exciting, and true to fact as well as true to human nature." A third, "a happy medium between the stately dignity of history, and the extravagance of romance." What should the shrill squeaking of our wry-necked fife of criticism, do amid the grand chorus and harping symphony of these high eulogies? Clearly it would make no music. Yet it is our hint to speak, and having no prompter, in the shape of interest or affection, to make honey a sauce to sugar in our talk, it may be that a little sour truth shall slip into the dish. And how a thing can be "lively and interesting," and at the same time "grand and gloomy," is to us a great mystery. It is as one should say—the "lively and interesting" altar-piece representing St. Anthony broiling on a gridiron, smiled pleasantly down upon the "grand and gloomy" faces of a large congregation of young girls all dressed in white frocks with blue sashes. The second mystery to us is as to the exact whereabouts of the "happy medium between the stately dignity of history, and the extravagance of romance." It has always seemed to our poor thinking that history was at least two-penny-worth the more extravagant of the two. Probably in this case the "happy medium" lies between what the author does not know and does say, and what, in his assumed character of historian, he ought to know and does not say. If that hypothesis be true, he certainly avoids extremes with infinite skill, and keeps a very large portion of the volume in the very middle of the "happy medium." Now and then, however, he wanders a little from it, and rises to the "stately dignity of history," as for instance in the following passage, which we take to be quite unsurpassed for elevation of manner, beauty of thought, elegance of diction, and, as Mistress Malaprop says, "a nice derangement of epitaphs," namely: "That odious, contemptible, and beastly pedant, sot, catamite, and coward, James I." La, you there now. If the best dictionary in the land can say harder words than those, 'tis a parlous book—i' fegs! it is. In sober earnest Mr. Herbert, whether as a historian or a romance-writer, is not to our liking, and when he blends the faults of which he is guilty in both characters, into a single work, our patience is not proof against the act, and we "take it much unkindly" to be so put upon. Ostentatiously inaccurate as a historian, and elaborately dull as a romance-writer; never going below the surface as the former, nor rising above it as the latter, we fail to obtain instruction from him in the one character, or amusement in the other. He perpetually reminds us of some body tormented by a hyperbolical fiend, with the idea that some body else's mantle has fallen upon him. What Elijah he has followed we can not imagine, but the cloak is plainly all the inheritance of his fidelity. His style is labored when it is his own, and awkward when imitated from others. He never idealizes a landscape with the few apparently careless but really artful and maturely-considered touches which stamp the word painter with the seal of genius. His men and women are tailors and mantua-makers' blocks to hang clothes upon, and will serve indifferently, with a change of suit, for a queen or a beggar, a cavalier or a cut-purse. Sometimes indeed they are of rather more cunning make, and then we have one of Maelzel's Automata wheeled in upon the stage of the story to blow the trumpet, or gabble inarticulate bad English till the machinery runs down. Of narrative he is eminently deficient. Horace Walpole owns the difficulty of "relating." It is admitted indeed to be the rarest of all hav-

Digitized by Google

ings. Few historians or romance-writers in English have possessed the art. We shall not therefore urge this defect. There is, however, a general lack of all the essentials of dramatic power, unity of design, and clearness of presentation, united with an amount of pretension, which leaves us in doubt whether to class the works of this writer in the catalogue with ambitious failures or dangerous attacks upon the public taste and judgment. Mr. Herbert for instance treats us to twenty pages of very stiff common-place, interspersed with maudlin sentiment about the lady whom he describes as "the young, beautiful, unhappy Howard, whom youth, station beauty seem only to have betrayed into deeper and more inevitable ruin." Now for our part we prefer Mr. Charles Dickens, who, writing of Jane Seymour in his Child's History of England, says: "For I can not but think that any woman who married such a ruffian, and knew what innocent blood was on his hands, deserved the axe." In addition to this, which also is very clear to our thinking too, Miss Howard wasn't a bit better than she should be, long before she made a crowned harlot of herself—which all Henry's wives except Katharine of Arragon were—by going through a trumpery ceremony called marriage with that "intolerable ruffian, disgrace to human nature, and blot of blood and grease upon the history of England." Bluff King Hal, and his six fair unhappy dames, start into new life from the elegant *burin* of Buttre, to illustrate the present work, and any one of them is worth more than the price of it. Does the American public know who Buttre is? A little perhaps; yet not as it should know. Look at his heads; are they not incontestably the best specimens of American, or in truth of English art, in that particular line? Not one of them but seems fairly speaking. As an engraver of heads he is unapproached, and deserves not only fortune but fame.

MUSIC.

Our musical season is drawing rapidly to a close. The great leader in the classical department, the Philharmonic, has uttered the last note of its fourteenth season. Eisfeld, before we go to press, will probably have invited us to pass with him his closing soirée. Mason and Bergmann's matinées as we see by the advertisement, are turning to evenings, and with the exception of Italian Opera, which makes up for its extremely weak constitution by wonderful tenacity of such vitality as it hath, we may safely say that the musical season of 1856, strictly speaking, is over. In looking back to the point where we left off in our last notice of such matters, two things strike us as peculiarly worthy of remark—the wretched character of the compositions on which the Philharmonics were allowed to waste their time and catgut at the second and third concerts of this season, making them the stupidest we recollect in many years—and the great success of Gottschalk's piano concerts, altogether the most successful, indeed we may say, the only successful ones since Leopold De Meyer drew such crowds nightly, to witness his acrobatic feats.

Digitized by Google

But the fact is, Gottschalk is not only a very nice composer and a very remarkable performer, but he is also a very pale young man with very black, intense eyes, and a worn, haggard look, which no doubt is occasioned by the many nights of sleeplessness, such as all great geniuses are tormented with; and which, arising from what cause it may, never fails to produce a certain effect on the female heart. From this it arises that great success has attended our Creole pianist, during his winter season in New-York. A success to which his genius and talent richly entitle him, but which without certain other qualities very foreign to musical excellence they never would have enabled him to attain. Look at him at some private party where he is asked to play, observe that bevy of young fashionable girls, whilst he is playing, how their very souls seem to be hanging on their lips, how their admiration beams from their eyes. You might fancy to look at them, each a Saint Cecilia carried away with the inspiration of the divine science—your fancy would mislead you—they are only doing now what it is the business of their lives to be engaged in—they are keeping in the fashion. Fortunately he deserves all his success; but, if he will take our advice, he will make the most of his time. "The *fashion* of this world passeth away," is emphatically true of the city of New-York.

After two wretched concerts, as we have said, the Philharmonic closed this present season, with the best performance they have given for a long time.

We have no fault to find with the selection, and the orchestral execution was generally satisfactory. We think Mr. Bergmann strives to produce too strong contrasts. There is no beauty in striking and sudden changes, from extreme loud to extreme soft, or *vice versa*. Changes of this nature, to be pleasing, are generally more shaded and gradual than abrupt—except, of course, where the intention is to startle, by no means a common one in the composition of symphonies. Mr. Bergmann forgets, too, in his desire to have such an extraordinary degree of pianissimo exhibited by the orchestra in certain passages, that he asks rather more than the orchestra can grant, and more than ever was required at their hands by Mozart or Beethoven. To insist upon the wind instruments, especially the brass, playing so very piano, is simply to insist upon their playing out of tune, for, on such instruments, a certain degree of loudness is absolutely necessary for the correct utterance of the note; a fact which such men as Mozart and Beethoven seem to have understood, because, when they wish a strain to be played in the softest manner possible, they simply leave out the wind instruments, and trust its execution to the strings. Eisfeld's classical quartet soirées have kept up their reputation this season, and hold their own against rival attractions of a similar character, which are springing up on every side. We should not forget how much we owe Herr Eisfeld for starting this species of musical entertainment, and manfully maintaining it for so many years against every frown of fortune, until, as we hope, it is finally and firmly established in our midst. We always look forward to one of Eisfeld's soirées with the utmost certainty of being well pleased. And it is a great comfort to us, whilst writing this brief notice, to be able to anticipate one more of those delightful evenings.

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

JUNE, 1856.

THE UNION—THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE Constitution of the United States is the Union, and the only Union known to the American people. By it the Federal Government exists, and from it derives its every power. It is an instrument framed in great wisdom, with prophetic sagacity, and under the influence of unsurpassed if not unequalled patriotism. Without it the Revolution would have been a failure, and by its disruption human liberty and free institutions—we mean institutions founded upon the will of the people—will be a failure. It required the mutual sacrifice of some sectional interests and some sectional feelings, to establish the Union, and it will require the same sacrifices, with much fraternity of feeling, to maintain it. But this sacrifice of sectional interest and feeling produced infinitely greater general, as well as sectional benefit, than was lost by it. So long as the Federal Government was administered within the limits and for the objects of the Constitution, and the baneful influence of sectional jealousy kept down, and sectional collisions avoided, the progress of the country, in all the elements of freedom, prosperity, and greatness, was unparalleled in the history of nations. There is no

Digitized by Google

nation on the face of the earth that does not know, and has not heard of the American Constitution and the American Union, and that does not respect and admire them. There is no port which is not whitened by the canvas of our commercial marine, and no sea upon which our flag does not proudly float. Such has been our military prowess, and such our military power and resources, that there is no nation that would dare insult our flag, or lightly provoke our hostility; and the name of American citizen is a passport to the attention, hospitality, and respect of every people. At home, each section and all classes are in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty to their fullest extent, and enjoying the entire fruition of their industry and enterprise. What has done so much for us as a nation, as States, and as citizens, but the Union; and what would so effectually undo all as the dissolution of the Union? The framers of the Constitution, when it was formed and passed out of their hands, knew (for they had not learned human nature in vain) that the guarantees for its perpetuity were the intelligence, virtue, confidence, affection, and watchful vigilance of the people; hence they imparted to it as few sectional or local powers as possible, leaving all such to the exclusive jurisdiction of the States. They purposely withheld any power which was calculated to excite sectional jealousy, sectional collision, or sectional partyism.

In order to preserve the Constitution in its full vigor and strength, and avoid those collisions which would impair and weaken it, it is indispensable, in the administration of the Government, that no power not clearly and expressly granted should be exercised, and no statutory amendment interpolated into it; and that it should be administered with an exact regard to the rights of each State and every citizen. Had this principle of administration been strictly adhered to from the beginning, in all probability the country would have escaped many of those political agitations which have so often threatened to subvert the Government, and rend the Union in twain. Unfortunately, however, this has not been the case. From the beginning the Constitution has been violently assaulted, and many times rudely shocked by unscrupulous ambition, insatiable selfishness, unprincipled demagogueism, and reckless fanaticism. These always have been, and always will be, the enemies and the bane of free government. These assaults, although often made, and that, too, with fearful violence, the Constitution has hitherto withstood.

There is now another enemy to the Union in the field, more

Digitized by Google

formidable, more threatening, and more violent than all the others combined. It is that enemy, the approach of which our fathers foresaw and feared, and against which they warned their countrymen with so much parental solicitude. It is sectional partyism—that kind of sectional partyism which never before tested the strength of any free government since the foundation of the world. Its fierceness and intensity, constantly fed and fanned by the arts of the most unprincipled demagogues, reckless fanatics, and despicable traitors, is too great not to alarm the fears and arouse to action all loyal, patriotic, and good citizens, and every friend of the Constitution and the Union. The apple of discord is Slavery, as it exists in fourteen of the Southern States of the Union. This strife is one of aggression on the part of the non-slaveholding States, and of defense on the part of the slaveholding States, and the Congress of the Union is the field of conflict.

Fanaticism demands the prohibition of Slavery in all the vast territories of the Union, its abolition in the District of Columbia, the prohibition of the trade between the slave States, and the non-admission hereafter of any State into the Union which does not prohibit Slavery by its Constitution. The Free-Soilers insist upon the same restrictions, except the trade between the States; and these, as unscrupulous in the means which they employ as reckless of the results which they seek to accomplish, combined under various party-names and associations, seek to accomplish this through the Federal Government. The inquiry necessarily arises, Has the Federal Government any power, under the Constitution, to establish or abolish, or in any wise to prohibit or restrict Slavery, either in the States or in the territories? We insist that it has not, and that any such action would be a palpable violation of that instrument, and a violent usurpation. Before, however, discussing this question, which we shall do very briefly, we will take occasion to say, that we do not intend to discuss the abstract question of Slavery as it exists in the slave States—whether it be a moral good or a moral evil—a political right or a political wrong. But we wish to remark, that the Revolution, the Confederation, and the Constitution found Slavery here, not by the consent or desire of the people who held slaves, but by the cupidity and coäction of their fathers of the mother country and their brethren of New-England. It was England, Old and New, that planted that which they are now so anxious to root out and destroy, by the employment of means so unconstitutional, so unscrupulous, so cruel, and so reckless. This insti-

Digitized by Google

tution was one of great difficulty, and was handled with great caution and delicacy by the Convention that formed the Constitution. The wisest and most successful mode of treatment, and the one adopted, was to regard it as an institution peculiarly local to the States in which it existed, and to withhold from the Federal Government any power over it. Had not this been done, no man who has read the history of the proceedings of the Convention can fail to see, that no Constitution of Union would have been formed or adopted, and that no Confederation would have been effected. The question now is not less delicate than it was then, and in the present excited state of public feeling, requires greater caution in handling it.

When we reflect that the Constitution is an instrument of entirely imparted powers, we should suppose that when any portion of the community sought its action upon any particular subject, they could readily point to the clause in that instrument which would authorize such action, even if it had the commendation of expediency. Upon this subject, when agitators and aggressors on State rights are challenged to the proof of any power in the Constitution, they tell you of the power of Congress to *regulate* the territories. To this refuge of lies they always retreat, although the pretension has over and over again been disproved; and they know as well as the most ardent friend and strictest constructionist of the Constitution, that it does not, and was never intended to impart any such power to the Federal Government. If the slaveholding States had granted this power as to the territories, they had as well have granted it everywhere else. Slavery was treated as entirely local to the States—a reservation applying as well to the States thereafter to be formed and admitted into the Union, as to those already existing; for, by the Constitution, they were to come in upon terms of perfect equality with the original States, and not shorn of any attribute of their sovereignty. The power to make needful rules and regulations for the government of the territories, can not be construed to strip the people of any new State, of an important attribute of sovereignty. It is upon this slender, untenable, ridiculous ground that the fanatics, factionists, disorganizers, and traitors, under their various party names, undertake to dictate to the people of the slave States that they shall not trade with each other in slaves; and to the distant territories, over which they have no State jurisdiction whatever, that they shall not hold slaves; that no State shall come into the Union from the territories unless she, by her Constitution, prohibits slavery; and to the citizens of the slave

Digitized by Google

States, that they shall not emigrate to, and settle in, any of the territories, unless they leave their slaves behind them. That the success of any of these attempts would be a palpable violaation of the Constitution, can not be doubted; and of course an aggression upon the rights of the slave States, their citizens, the territories, and the future incoming States.

For the intense excitement which now burns with such fervent heat from one end of the Union to the other, threatening anarchy, civil war, and the desolation of the Union, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the repeal of the Missouri restriction are the avowed but not the latent cause.

The Kansas-Nebraska Bill has no single feature in it obnoxious to the strictest construction of the Constitution—to the sovereign rights of the existing or any potential State—to the most rigid notion of republican government, or to the equal rights of the citizens of all and every State. It simply organizes the necessary materials for a Territorial Government, and leaves the people of the territory, when they organize themselves into a State Government, to adopt or reject slavery, or any other purely local institution, at their sovereign will and pleasure. What is this but a fundamental principle of self-government—a principle without which liberty and free institutions would be but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal"? This is a right belonging to, and cherished by, every State in the Union; and yet it is demanded that the Federal Government shall, tyrant like, strike it from the hands of the new States which may hereafter claim admission into the Union. Wherever freedom has a name, or liberty a friend, this principle of freedom in the Nebraska Bill must be approved and sanctioned.

The repeal of the Missouri restriction was a necessary result of the Nebraska Bill. It was essentially necessary to restore to the States, which might be formed north of that line, that entire freedom of self-government which belonged to the States which might be formed south of the line, and to the original States. It restored perfect equality among the States and their citizens, recognized the principle of State sovereignty, and, to its fullest extent, the right of self-government. The adoption of the Missouri restriction was a violent and palpable infraction of the Constitution; unjust to Missouri, as imposing upon her a condition of admission which Congress had no constitutional power to impose, and oppressive to the States thereafter to be formed out of the prohibited territory, as stripping them of

Digitized by Google

this important attribute of State sovereignty. It is because of this vindication of the great principle of self-government, and equality of rights and privileges among the States and their citizens, that fanatics, madmen, and traitors have determined to dissolve this Union, and overthrow the freest, the most powerful, and the most prosperous Government the sun ever dawned upon.

The Fugitive Slave Law was solemnly pledged by the Constitution, and demanded by the frequent escape of slaves from their owners in the slave States, into the free States. To redeem this pledge the law of 1793 was enacted, making it the duty of the State judicial and peace officers, to arrest and restore fugitive slaves to their owners, upon the proofs therein prescribed. This law most of the free States would not permit their officers to execute, and it became a dead letter. The failure to execute this law, produced the late act placing the arrest, examination, and restoration of fugitive slaves in the hands of federal officers. This law has been nullified by many of the free States, and resisted even to blood and treason; and it is now demanded that this law shall be repealed, although solemnly pledged by the compact of the Constitution.

The hybrid coalition of all "*isms*" engaged in this work of anarchy, disorganization, ruin, and tyranny, deeply skilled in the art of appliances to human infirmity, have infused two other elements of excitement into the conflict, to aid them in the accomplishment of their treasonable designs, each of which is in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and at war with the fundamental principles of free government and human liberty: we mean the proscription of Roman Catholics, and the disfranchisement of adopted citizens. The one invades the sanctity of conscience, and the other dries up our sympathies for suffering and oppressed humanity, and bars to it for ever the door of hospitality. Of all and each of these subjects we may, in some future article, express our views.

That this Union can not, and will not, for ever withstand the shock of all these unconstitutional, oppressive, and ruinous measures, now beating violently upon it, no one who knows and properly appreciates the chivalrous character and lofty spirit of the Southern people, can for a moment believe. A term must be put to agitation, or ultimate dissolution ensue. That the dissolution of the Union would produce incalculable mischiefs and dire calamities to every section of the Union, no reflecting mind can doubt. That we should fall a prey to civil strife, and become the vassals of petty tyrants, the history of the

Digitized by Google

past warns us. That more valuable lives would be sacrificed in the conflicts ensuing than there would be slaves emancipated, we can well believe; and that free institutions would be overthrown, and human liberty throughout the world crushed, may be well anticipated. What benefit will be derived; what adequate equivalent for all these sacrifices of blood, of treasure, of power, of property, of peace, of free institutions, and of liberty, either section will receive, we leave those more skilled in determining the events of the future than we are to inform the country. To such an event, none but the lawless, the brutal, and the anarchist, can look with any other feelings than those of pain and horror.

By the compact of the Constitution, all classes and sections agreed to abide; and by it no State nor section agreed that a numerical majority should interpolate it at pleasure, or engraft upon it any power their interest, their ambition, or their spirit of domination might dictate. In it there is no power to *intervene*, *meddle with*, or *trample down* that great principle of *self-government*, as to all things of domestic jurisdiction, reserved to the States.

In the terrible conflict which now rages from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, with so much fury—a conflict which, although not yet of the sword, the whole world is gazing upon with the utmost intensity and diversity of feeling—the anxious and solicitous inquiry of every friend of free government is, "Which is the party of the Constitution and the Union? Which is the party that stands upon the battlements of liberty, with the right of '*self-government*' inscribed upon its banner, determined to defend it to the last extremity?" We answer, the Democratic Party—the great National Democratic Party, purged of its corruptionists, and disencumbered of its laggards and traitors. In its creed there is no sectional clause, no principle in conflict with the Constitution, no policy that is not entirely national, and no infringement of the reserved powers of the States—nothing that is not in elevation and sublimity at a glorious distance above the principles and policy of the factions that oppose it. If we were to say, that in the history of its progress, the Democratic party was entirely faultless, we should say what would not be true; for we can not but remember the National Bank of 1815, some of the harbor and river, internal improvement, and land bills, and the French Spoliation Bills—but these errors have been fully redeemed by the successful and brilliant results of Democratic rule. The acquisition of Louisiana, of

Digitized by Google

Florida, and of California and New-Mexico; the prostration of the National Bank, of the protective system, and the land jobbing system; the unparalleled expansion of our commerce throughout the habitable globe, and the successful results of two wars, are shining proofs; and all the work of Democratic administrations. Upon all its leading principles of constitutional construction and national policy, the Democratic Party has driven all its opponents out of the field. The power, the prosperity, the commerce, and freedom of the country in all its interests and relations, attest the wisdom of Democratic principles and policy. However noble, however lofty, however admirable may have been the position of the Democratic Party in times gone by, it now surpasses itself. Planting itself upon the Constitution, with the sublime mottoes, "Self government—non-intervention," emblazoned upon its banner, it confronts and defies all the unprincipled, spoils-hunting, and treasonable factions that beset it. It proclaims its inflexible and determined purpose of defending, protecting, and preserving the Constitution, the Union, and the right of self-government, cost what it may of place, of treasure, or of blood. This is the loftiest, the sublimest, and the noblest spectacle which freemen can present to the gaze of an admiring world. This spectacle, in moral grandeur, is not surpassed by that of the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, or the American army crossing the Delaware in the trying hour of the Revolution. In this spectacle of moral and political grandeur, the Northern Democracy stands preëminently conspicuous—theirs is exclusively a contest of principle. For them and their inflexible courage, and noble self-sacrifice, history has in reserve one of its brightest pages. An immortality of bright fame is theirs. Is there any reason why the friends of the Union, of the Constitution, of republican government, of State rights, and of the right of self government, can not act with the Democratic Party, when these are the issues (vital ones, too) between them and their adversaries? Can they not blot out the memory of past struggles upon by-gone issues, and strike for their country, its Constitution, its Union, and its liberty? Can not their patriotism so far overcome their prejudices, as to enable them to stand side by side with those who have staked themselves for the Union, free institutions, and liberty? Verily, if they can not, there is no patriotism—none of the fires of liberty in their hearts. We verily believe, that if all the friends of the Union, of the rights of the States, and of the right of self-government were to rally together, and present to their ad-

Digitized by Google

versaries an unbroken front, the battle would be short, and the victory complete—the enemy would be annihilated by a single blow. Before their God and their country can they hesitate? Every blow they strike the Democratic Party weakens that party, and gives effect to the blows of their enemies, and the enemies of the Union. If, however, under the present existing and dangerous state of things, they persist in subjecting their patriotism and love of country to their prejudices, and aid in destroying the Democratic Party, we see not only the possibility, but the probable disruption of the Union, and with it every vestige of human liberty; and upon their shoulders rests the responsibility.

The firm and patriotic course of the administration in the existing crisis of the country's destiny, is worthy of all admiration, and has won the confidence of all true patriots. Truly has the chief-magistrate been the chief-magistrate of the nation. Truly has he known, in the policy and measures of the administration, no North, no South, no East, no West—the whole country has been his. Although a Northern man by birth and education, he is in feeling and in sentiment an American. In all the measures of his administration he has been true to the Constitution and the principles of the Democratic party. With reference to his appointments to office, we are free to confess, that we regard some of them as injudicious; and yet, we can find many reasonable apologies for these errors. The fault was more in the men that deceived and betrayed him, than in any purpose of his. We think the New-York "*Hards*," who at one time had our sympathies, have, in pushing their individual resentments to an unwarrantable extremity, confounded their personal griefs with party questions, and forgotten, that when the selfishness of such animosities claims exclusive consideration, sympathy for suffering is apt to be superseded by resentment that complaints of local injury should be constantly intruded where only questions of general policy and of a national character should be entertained. The administration has not falsified any fundamental principle maintained by the "*Hards*," in common with the National Democracy. Every blow they attempt to strike the administration, strikes also the Democratic party.

Upon the momentous questions which now agitate this great and powerful confederation from its centre to its circumference, and threaten to break it into fragments, the present administration has been true to the Constitution, the Union, and the great principle of self-government, and is indebted to the confidence

Digitized by Google

and support of every lover of his country, and the supremacy of the laws. We are always ready to bestow honor where honor is due.

In conclusion of this article, we wish we could, in sincerity, say, as Mr. Webster, the greatest of Northern statesmen, in his great speech to the young men of Albany, said: "I know, when I slumber in the dust, the institutions of the country will be free and safe." We trust, few as our days on earth must be, that we shall not survive them.

There are three factions in the field, having neither common principle of action nor nationality. Their only principle of cohesion is the spoils of office, which they can not acquire except by the overthrow of the Democratic party. We have the 12th section American party, South, opposed to the agitation of the Slavery question, and leaving it where the present laws place it; and we have the Anti-12th Section American party, North, in favor of the agitation of the Slavery question, the reïnstatement of the Missouri restriction, the repeal of the non-intervention principle of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the prohibition of slavery in the territories, and the non-admission of any State into the Union without an anti-slavery provision in her constitution. Notwithstanding the diametrically antagonistic principles of these two sections of the "American Party," (God save the name!) and the agreement of the Southern wing with the Democratic party, upon these vital and delicate questions, the Southern section is acting with the Northern in striking down the Democratic party, and thereby securing the triumph of Abolitionism and the humiliation of the South. Well may the Southern people look upon this Southern wing of this American party, and in the anguish of their hearts, say, "*Et tu Brute?*" That there should be a Southern party, fighting by the side of a Northern faction, to overthrow the only party which stands upon, and battles for, the constitutional rights of the South, and the true principle of self-government, is an anomaly in the history of parties in this or any other free government, and is moral treason to the South. This Southern section, composed mainly of the old, but now disintegrated Whig party, and a few renegade, spoils-hunting Democrats upon whom we will not waste a word, tells us, that all the old issues which divided the Whig and Democratic parties are buried too deep for exhumation, and admit that the various phases of the slavery question are the only issues between the South and Northern fanatics and factionists at this time. They know that the Democratic party,

Digitized by Google

North and *South*, has taken a decisive position on the conservative side of the issue, and yet they not only refuse to aid the Democratic party in the great and eventful struggle, but array themselves under the flag of the enemy, and do battle with it. This fragment of a party insist, that they can not, for principle's sake, go over to the Democratic party, even in this terrible conflict; but that the Democratic party, for *principle's* sake, must go over to them! This is a refinement of logic too high for us. We never could understand why *Mohammed* should not go to the *mountain*, but we can comprehend why the mountain should not go to Mohammed. Verily this Southern American party has taken upon itself a most weighty and dangerous responsibility. The demand that a great national party shall suffer itself to be absorbed by the miserable fragment of a sectional party, great in nothing but its arrogance and folly, is too monstrous—too ridiculous to be seriously considered. They talk of the ultraism of the Democratic party upon this question. What is this ultraism? It is, that by the Constitution the Federal Government have no power whatever over the subject of slavery, whether it shall or shall not exist, or where it shall or shall not exist—that it is a question purely domestic to the States, whether in, or to come into the Union, with which the Federal Government has no authority to intermeddle. It is in fact, in a few brief words, the right of self-government; and this is what this party, of *intense American feeling*, calls ultraism. What deep, detestable hypocrisy! *They whom God intends to destroy, he first makes mad.* This is the party, also, North and South, which has taken charge of the noble and glorious work of proscribing, disfranchising, and persecuting Roman Catholics, native or adopted, and reducing below the level of the free negroes of the North, as to political rights, our adopted citizens. Can the real friend of his country, the Constitution and the Union, confide in such a party, and unite with it in invading the right of conscience, and destroying vested political rights?

Of the *Fusionists* and new-fangled "Republican" parties, we need say but little: we all know that their very formation is hostility to, and aggression upon, the constitutional rights of the slave States, and resistance, even unto blood, of the Fugitive Slave Law. They have undertaken to prescribe who shall and who shall not, emigrate to the territories; what shall and what shall not be the domestic institutions of the States yet to be formed out of these territories; and what the slave States shall or shall not trade in. They have nullified the

Digitized by Google

Fugitive Slave Law; resisted, slain, and captured the public officers engaged in its execution; resisted, slain, and imprisoned the owners of fugitive slaves, when in pursuit of their lawful property; rescued slaves from the actual possession of their owners, passing through some of the free States; rescued fugitives from the hands of the public officers charged by law with their arrest and restoration, and even prosecuted judges for the honest execution of the laws they were sworn faithfully to execute; and have even armed and equipped lawless ruffians to go to Kansas to prevent the settlement of American citizens from the South, with their slaves. These are the parties with which the "American party," North and South, is coöperating to overthrow the present administration and the Democratic party, while the administration and the Democratic party are risking every thing dear to freemen, in resisting the destructive march of these disorganizers, anarchists, and traitors, and defending the constitutional rights of the South. The patriots of the land we still hope, will crush them, as Napoleon did the alliance of England, Russia, and Austria, upon the famous field of Austerlitz.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

I DREAM my only dreams by day,
  And when the night is come
I sleep; I lie upon my bed,
And rest as soundly as the dead:
  The dead are not more dumb!

To some the doors of Sleep unclose;
  To me, the gate of Death:
I enter not the sunless land,
But all night on the threshold stand,
  My life upon my breath.

R. H. S.

Digitized by Google

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

Sweet falls the summer sunlight,
  Like drops of golden rain,
Between the shifting shadows,
  O'er mountain, vale, and plain;
As, like a host defeated,
  Wide spread along the sky,
In strange confusion mingled,
  The sailing clouds go by.

But sweeter than the sunlight,
  And fresher than the rain,
Come back the thoughts of childhood,
  To check our manhood vain;
And through the shifting shadows,
  And host of hopes betrayed,
Glides down the loving mother,
  Beside whose knee we prayed:

Herself a golden shadow,
  But warm with heavenly love,
And to the worn heart bringing
  Rest from her home above.
She draws us to the bosom
  Where first our head was prest,
And folds her arms around us,
  And kisses us to rest.

And through life's gloom, her presence,
  Falling like golden rain,
Brings back the heart's first sunlight,
  And childhood's hours again:
And, like a host defeated,
  Man's stormy passions fly,
And o'er our heads, unrecked of,
  The sailing clouds go by.

S. W. C.

Digitized by Google

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

NUMBER TWO.

We have said that the order of men, whose condition and prospects we have been considering, may be elevated from a subordinate station of mental and moral insignificance, to the first rank of influence and respectability in society. Let us see how this is likely to be brought about.

The relative station of the practical agriculturist, feeble and undignified as it may be regarded in reference to the subject of mental development, is one, nevertheless, which is attended with opportunities of intellectual effort, and of high moral culture, accorded but to few classes of men in the same degree. The position we assume is, that the farmer is destined to become a man of cultivated tastes and habits—of a highly-improved moral sense and discernment. And when this shall be the case, the standard of improvement and excellency with him will greatly exceed that of all other classes of men around him. It only requires that we should consider the facts of his case, in order to see the force and reasonableness of our position.

One of the great defects of our best modes of teaching, as well as of studying, at present is, that they are not sufficiently plain and practical. Our youth are placed at seminaries of instruction, in order that they may have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the sciences, but with scarcely more assistance than the naked book affords them, in which their lessons are printed. There is no opportunity of examining into the rudiments of things. There is no provision made for practical illustrations. Often they are in want of the most simple apparatus, as a means of explaining some physical truth. They are left entirely ignorant of the connection between cause and effect, and their whole vocabulary of knowledge consists of an acquaintance with barren facts and incidents, rather than with the causes and consequences with which these facts and incidents are intimately combined. Hence it is that the memory, for the most part, is much more actively engaged in the acquisition of knowledge at the present day, than any other faculty of the mind. There is no application of principles and inferences to the ordinary occurrences of life. There is no inquiring after the uses to which a knowledge of any particular science may lead. The student may indeed be a hard worker—constant, attentive, and laborious—but he is operating with barren materials, and he is cheered in his after-life neither with blossoms nor fruit; or, if these should perchance be found on the tree of knowledge, the one would be sickly and unpromising, and the other

Digitized by Google

stunted, bitter, or distasteful. His heart and his affections are left in a much worse state than his intellect. He has lost all true conception of the purposes for which learning was designed, and he goes forward on the great highway of life, engaging in the pursuits of business—mingling in the social circle—seeking for pleasure, wealth, or honor, but scarcely ever so much as naming a single truth, or maxim, or virtue—a single practical use —which had its foundation in the early teachings of a college education.

All this is to be regretted as the consequence of an unwise and inefficient system of instruction, but for which we think a remedy will be found before the world shall become many years older. In regard to our agricultural communities, such a consequence could hardly have happened, or at least could not have happened to the same extent. A system of education equally absurd and vicious might have been pursued in both cases, but, we have no doubt, with results essentially different. Believing as we do, and as we have already averred, that our farmers are destined to become hereafter an educated class of men, we will endeavor to explain wherein we believe they may greatly excel the race of scholars who have gone before them. Even if precisely the same system of education were pursued in regard to both these classes, we are at no loss to know where the advantage would be. But we can not doubt that a better system of teaching will prevail as soon as our plain, practical men shall be thought worthy of a place in the temple of learning, and the good effects seen to result from such a system, will be attended with the additional blessing of rendering it permanent and universal.

Let us consider for a moment what most of our sciences are intended to teach, and where and in what manner they could be most effectually explained and studied. We will mention, for this purpose, in the first place, the science of physics, or natural philosophy.

This is the science which treats of the phenomena attending objects, in the development of which we observe no important changes in the objects themselves. Most of the observations connected with this branch of knowledge have reference to the general properties of bodies, comprising magnitude, impenetrability, divisibility, porosity, expansibility, etc., and they treat, moreover, of light, heat, fluids, vision, sound, and subjects of a kindred nature. Now this, perhaps, of all the natural sciences, is the one which affords subjects for study and observation, under every conceivable position in which man may be placed. Wherever there are natural phenomena to arrest the attention—wherever there is the appearance of space, of form, of color, of light, etc.—wherever our senses may converse with outward objects—there we have an opportunity of pursuing this study with advantage, and of becoming experimentally acquainted with the knowledge it inculcates. And yet it may be seriously doubted, whether there are not particular times and places more favorable than any other to the investigation of even this important branch of knowledge. Certain it is that the

Digitized by Google

country affords a much greater variety of objects on which to found our observations, than a more populous community, and these objects will always present themselves there in clearer light, and under fewer embarrassments. Magnitude, fluids, vision, sound, and many of the phenomena connected with them, may be more distinctly noted, and would be more clearly comprehended, under the broad expanse of the open heavens, and in the glowing light of an unobstructed atmosphere, than they could be in the murky chambers, or the dense-crowded streets, of a populous city. Such appearances would be of more frequent occurrence in rural districts than in less remote neighborhoods, and would, at least, afford opportunities of more constant, if not of closer, observation. Hence it is that we have no hesitation in saying, that even natural philosophy could be more favorably studied in the country than anywhere else.

But if the subject of natural philosophy might be more favorably promoted and studied by men engaged in agricultural pursuits, and located in agricultural districts, how much more would this be the case in regard to almost every other branch of natural science? The study of these departments of knowledge would receive most important aid by being prosecuted in gardens, in fields, in woods, and on mountains—in places where the structure and constituent qualities of objects could be experimentally tested, and under circumstances where the attention would be arrested, and the mind be more habitually occupied in observing the changes and appearances of the different kingdoms of nature. Thus, in relation to the science of mineralogy, for instance, every facility would be afforded for its investigation which could be desired by the most enthusiastic inquirer, and its difficulties would be overcome with infinitely more ease and pleasure, than could be expected to result from the ordinary manner of engaging in this study in our schools and colleges. The attentive student would be gathering knowledge while he was occupied in improving and preparing his grounds. He would be enriching his mind and his estate at the same moment of time. His intellectual acquisitions would grow in the same field with his corn and his wheat. So, too, he would be greatly aiding his progress in scientific knowledge, while endeavoring to analyze the soil from which he expected to derive the fruit of his labors. In making himself acquainted with the constituent properties necessary to the healthful nourishment and growth of plants, he would be extending the bounds of his chemical knowledge by actual experiment, and while engaged in restoring a gas, or property to the soil in which it was deficient, he would be supplying his own mental wants in more than one important particular. It would be unspeakably pleasant, and no less practically useful than pleasant, to see the farmer, while occupied in his labor, pausing in the midst of it, for the purpose of fortifying his mind in some scientific principle—storing away in his memory the fruits of knowledge at the same time that he is storing up the

Digitized by Google

fruits of his husbandry, and making both contribute to his future growth not only in physical, but in mental and spiritual improvement.

Physics, mineralogy, and chemistry. These sciences would be most effectually aided, and illustrated by the light they would receive from practical experiments and observations made in the country. But all the natural sciences might be aided and illustrated in the same way. The book of nature is one vast record of facts, phenomena, and principles, stretched in interminable extent around us, and lying open for the perusal of all who may choose to study and observe it. It bears witness to wonders in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the regions under the earth. But it may be read more plainly from one point of observation than from another, and nowhere more distinctly than under the broad canopy of the skies, far from the artificial attractions of crowded communities, and where its pages are not hidden and obscured by the artificial contrivances of men. And these remarks will hold good, not only as regards the subjects we have already mentioned, but in reference, as intimated above, to all the natural sciences. Geology, botany, zoölogy, nay, even astronomy itself, would flourish more in a rural neighborhood, if properly cultivated, than if confined within the barren walls and narrow limits of a city. Within these limits there would be no room for observation, no subjects for study, no materials for remark and investigation. Here the book of nature is closed, or its pages are overlaid by the artistical arrangements of a more selfish and confined existence. All the objects presented for contemplation are tawdry, barren, and insignificant. All the means of improvement are low, expanseless, and limited. There is no sublimity to excite our wonder and surprise. There is no grandeur to elicit our sympathies and regard. There is no beauty to heighten our pleasures—no mystery to kindle our awe and reverence. In short, there is no opportunity to learn the important lessons of wisdom and knowledge, taught in the works of God around us. But go to the country. Take your stand amidst the mighty creations of the unfettered world as it stands before you: dive into its bowels, explore its heights, examine its surface. Here are fountains of knowledge at which you may drink without ever becoming satisfied. Here are objects of study which you may contemplate without becoming weary. Here are treasures of wisdom which, if properly used, will assimilate your mind more and more to the character of Infinite Wisdom itself.

Is it not true, therefore, that the country is the proper place to cultivate the sciences? Geology may there busy itself in examining the structure of the earth, in estimating the density and thickness of its crust, in observing the different strata of its rocks, in hunting after its organic remains. Botany may there penetrate the shades of impending forests; may study the organization of plants and trees; may classify and describe the development and growth of flowers; and may ascertain the best methods of promoting the beauty and expansion of the vegetable creation. Zoölogy may delight in

Digitized by Google

contemplating the animal and insect kingdoms, learning their admirable instincts from actual observation, and ascertaining the structures, colors, and habits, by which each class is respectively distinguished. Even astronomy may there gaze on the wide expanse of the heavens, and measure and count the stars that so beautifully stud the overhanging firmament.

The great advantage of studying in the country, consists in always having the materials of study before us. The merchant can not carry on his business without capital; the soldier can not fight without weapons; the artist can not work without tools. Neither can the student labor successfully without availing himself of the needful auxiliaries of hearing, seeing, and investigating for himself. It is not enough that books are furnished for this purpose. These useful companions are indispensably necessary to a proper understanding of the simplest science, but they are not sufficient of themselves to accomplish all the purposes of a practical and liberal education. The memory alone must have something to work *with*—the memory and the understanding together must have something to work *on*. We but imperfectly understand what we have never seen, or what we have never experienced. Hence it is that students so often turn away from their studies discouraged and disappointed. What they attempt to understand they find it difficult to retain, and what they succeed in retaining they find it difficult to understand. There are no outward objects about them, shedding light on the path they are treading, or conveying distinct impressions of the truths they are trying to learn. If their eyes are not closed, they are at least fixed on vacancy. What they want is not so much the organs of sight with which to see, as a palpable and tangible world on which to operate.

This world is found in the country. The student in the country learns more by days of simple experience, than the student in the city does by years of abstract thinking. The latter lives a life of faith, and the former of sight. The knowledge gained by the first is visible and practical. It accompanies him wherever he goes; it assists him in discharging faithfully and fully the duties of his station; and it makes him a better scholar, a better neighbor, a wiser citizen, and a happier man.

May we not hope that grave and sensible men will, before long, fully realize the truth of the foregoing remarks? It is not enough that we confine our exertions to the single purpose of extending the limits of agricultural science. That may be accepted as a beginning, and it augurs well for the class of men whose interests lie more immediately in that direction. Nay, it augurs well for the general welfare and prosperity of society; for, we are as much dependent on the soil for the elements of life as we are on the air we breathe, or on any other property of nature which we share together in common. But if we rightly interpret the spirit that is now watching and promoting the first movements of this important change, we think its ultimate object will be to accomplish an entire and complete revolution n the study of every department of intellectual science. Much of that

Digitized by Google

which, under our present systems of teaching, is redundant and useless—the study of the languages—the pursuit of several branches of mathematical learning—the collection of minute facts, instead of lessons of practical wisdom, from history—the credit given to ancient precedents, and the reverence paid to established authority, must be given up for a course of investigation which will be much more simple, useful, and practical. The very terms in which the sciences are taught must be changed to meet the more enlightened views of the coming era. The inflated technicalities of the schools must give way to a more plain and rational nomenclature of common sense, and words must be used and understood in their strict and obvious meaning. The great object must be not so much to store the memory, as to inform the understanding; not so much to fill the head as to improve and sanctify the heart. All the sciences will be made to contribute to improved and holier ends. That which is useless will be rejected, and that which is retained will be made subservient to the great purposes of man's present being and ulterior destination.

And if these important uses shall be aimed at as the end and design of an efficient system of education; if every department of knowledge is to simplified and made easy, would not one of the most ready means for this purpose be found in the experimental mode of study indicated in the foregoing remarks? While you give to the student books and the necessary time for mastering and digesting their contents, you must afford him a corresponding opportunity of seeing his subjects illustrated in the objects and phenomena of the natural world before him. This will render his studies more easy, more pleasant, and more successful. Deprive him of this and you deprive him of the most essential ingredient in the process of mental culture. If he remains altogether at home, and confines his researches within the obscure recesses of his lonely chamber, it amounts to little more than prosecuting his investigations in the dark. He may, indeed, become acquainted with a greater number of rules, and be able to theorize on a greater variety of subjects, but as relates to all the practical purposes of knowledge, he will still remain stupid and ignorant. With a much more limited amount of classical instruction, his country neighbor will beat him two to one. Nowhere can the sciences be so successfully cultivated as in our rural districts, and the benefits of education would only then be truly felt when they should be cultivated nowhere else. But as this is not likely to happen soon, and perhaps will never take place, we have said at the beginning of this article, that those who are now considered as occupying the lowest place in the ranks of society, may hereafter be elevated to the highest. It only requires they should begin to learn. Having made the commencement, we may feel quite assured they will come out gloriously, and distance all their competitors.

We had intended, before we closed, to say something on the subject of domestic education—on a system of self-culture, which the earnest and inquiring spirit of the age would seem to be unfolding, as a part of the mighty

Digitized by Google

work now in progress to exalt and regenerate mankind. But the space assigned for our observations has already been exhausted. The idea, however, has commended itself to our notice as one not only of the greatest practical good, but of almost inconceivable grandeur and beauty. What a pleasing sight it would be, to see every family in our rural districts become a little seminary, for the purpose of imparting and acquiring knowledge and instruction! Who would not linger with delight round an altar erected for a purpose like this, consecrated by domestic affection, and presenting the pure offerings of earnest and fervid hearts in behalf of universal education? How this is to be brought about we can not say. How many months or years may yet elapse before the hallowed feeling we have mentioned shall be cherished by every family circle, it is utterly out of our power to conceive. But we know this new expectation is reasonable, it is encouraging, it is practical. May God fulfill it in his appointed time.

LOVE'S CONFIDENCE.

I DAUR na' plain, I daur na weep,
  I daur na tell my sorrow;
But a' the night, when ithers sleep,
  I wake to wait the morrow:
And when the first gray light appears,
  O'er shadows creeping drearly,
I look out, through my scalding tears,
  For him I lo'e sae dearly.

Far, far, where sultry simmers shine,
  They've garred my Willie wander;
But gin his thoughts fly quick as mine,
  We are na lang asunder:
And gin his heart as mine be true,
  And still beat on sincerely,
He'll na forget, for friendships new,
  The lass he lo'ed sae dearly.

I know he'll come, if come he can,
  Ere spring unfaulds its blossom—
For, oh! if there be truth in man,
  It warms my Willie's bosom.
Aince mair he'll strain me to his heart,
  Where aft I've clung sae nearly,
Nor sea nor strife again shall part
  Twa hearts that lo'e sae dearly.

Digitized by Google

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

RIPENESS.

(THE FRUITAGE.)

No. 7.

SHAKE thou the tree—
Plucked too soon is ever sour—
If ripe it be
The fruit will fall;
If it fall not, bide thine hour,
Time ripens all.

Time gathers all—
Watch thine hour the tree to shake—
The fruit will fall
If ripe it be;
Over-ripe its rind will break
Upon the tree.

PENITENCE.

(THE CLEANSING.)

No. 8.

WORD of woe is useless pain,
Falling tears are idle rain,
Grief buys back no debt again,
Looker-back looks back in vain,

He who labors may forget,
Done in sin will purge in sweat,
Act alone can cancel debt,
Looker-forward cometh yet.

Penitence may cleanse no stain,
Washed in tears will still remain,
Never toil and sweat were vain,
"Doing" purges "Done" again.

ROSENBERG.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

POLITICS AND SNAKES.

I MOVED into the Kingdom of New-Jersey in the spring of 1843. I like to be particular about dates especially. A year's experience made me an accomplished practical farmer. I do not wish any one to doubt that fact. It hurts my pride to have it questioned. Especially it grates upon my feelings to have any one hesitate at receiving it when I remember the extraordinary means I took to perfect myself in the noble science of which Cato and Cincinnatus were the illustrious patrons. To learn *mowing*, I glued my hands fast to a very crooked stick of wood, with a long piece of sharp iron attached—technically called a "cow-horn." At sundown a benevolent individual took it off of me, and the entire skin of both "paws" with it. I was, I assure you, quite happy to get off that way. From the sensation experienced during the latter part of the day, I expected to escape with nothing less than the skin of my teeth. On that day, too, simply because I was there, an extremely disagreeable part of the animal creation insisted upon making one of the party in the meadow. I heard Ned Landos halloo out, "A racer—a racer!" I looked about under the mistaken idea that some very elegant specimen of the turf was coming down the road. Instead of that, however, the first thing I saw was a great nasty black snake swimming over the ground, within ten feet of me, and coming head on to me at the rate of twenty-four knots an hour. To cut a pigeon-wing in the air; to execute a series of *entrechats* which would have made the fortune of a *premiere danseuse* at the Royal Opera—was the work of a moment? Don't believe a word of it—I could have danced a whole ballet in thirty seconds. It was done in the

Digitized by Google

twinkling of an eye—and in that twinkling all those heroic emotions which are natural to the Quigg family in their moments of exaltation—rushed—burned—galloped—whirled—maëlstromed through my mind. As I came down, the vigor of Cœur de Lion nerved my arm; the fire of Roland, the man, not of the "cow-horn," but the horn of Roncesvalles, possessed my heart; and had that snake been Typhon, I would have given him battle. Methought the scythe that quivered in my grasp was the excalibar of King Arthur; the brand of Orlando Furioso; the hammer of Charles Martel; the mace of Don Diego Perez;—in short a whole armory and collection of wonderful and renowned weapons. Possessed with a fine heroic frenzy, I saw in that black snake, that "racer," a "sarpink" which it was my destiny to cut into pieces of a homœopathic size, and so deliver the whole Kingdom of New-Jersey from the terror of the monster, as Hercules aforetime delivered another remarkable place of the Lernian Hydra. The Quiggs are a prompt race. With them, to think is to act. "To be once in doubt, is once to be resolved." To be frightened out of their boots, is to be scared into their wits. It is a tradition in the family, and one upon which I place entire reliance, that the name of the sage who, having jumped into a bramble-bush and scratched out both his eyes, immediately jumped back and scratched them in again, was Quigg! Could I stain the escutcheon; could I come short of the fame of my great Proavus; could I permit the splendor of his achievements to be besmirched, or take detraction in the general mind by any act of the descendant from such an ancestor? No!—ten thousand times no! I felt all the requirements of my position—all the gravity of the situation. I swung the deadly weapon high aloft in air. It was a feather in my excited grasp.

> "As light it trembled in my hand,
> As it had been a hazel wand."

I brought it down with a swoop fell as the kites which devoured all Mr. Macduff's pretty chickens, and their dam, exclaiming, like the Bloody Monk, "mentally to myself"—

> Come but this snake of Jersey near enough;
> Within my scythe's length set him; if he 'scape
> Then——

Slash!—ow! Killed I the snake, or did the snake kill me? A mist passed before my eyes. "A heavy summons lay like lead upon me." The fences ran away like water-courses. The

Digitized by Google

trees "polked" around me. The little bushes forwarded two and hands across amongst them. The grass swayed and tossed and lifted me upon its waves. Strong arms caught me and pulled me out of the breakers.

"Where am I?" I cried feebly.

"Going home," said a voice. I recognized it, and felt calmer; it was the voice of the intrepid Landos. "Home, sweet home," I replied in a wandering and uncertain way, for that terrific combat had almost dethroned imperial reason from her seat. "Sartain," continued Landos, "home; and a sweet place you'll make of it, a-going over the new entry-carpet with a three-inch slash in the calf of your leg. I wouldn't be in your skin for something. If the old woman don't raise Cain, there's no snakes in Jarsey."

Snakes! execrable reptiles, to what a pass had they brought me. Yes, forgetting in my courageous exaltation that the blade of a scythe curves in exactly the opposite direction from a sabre, and that its handle is put on 'tother side foremost into the bargain, I had made the "cut St. George" at the dragon—the snake—the "racer"—come within two feet of cutting off the animal's head, and one inch of cutting off my own leg; and was now being borne slowly up the castelled steep of Rougemont, "my silver skin laced with my golden blood," and a gashed stab in my new corduroy breeches and the calf of my left leg, three inches long. But

> "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
> In a moment? No man:
> The expedition of my violent courage
> Outran the pauser Reason."

It was an honorable wound, and the wound remains to show the world that the Quiggs have not degenerated; but that whether they fall by the hand of the enemy or their own, they fall like gallant men upon the field of battle.

The necessary confinement from my wound enabled me for a week to be of great service to Mrs. Quigg, and to relieve that estimable and accomplished woman from the harassing and confining cares of maternity, by holding the baby, whilst she discharged her duty to the neighborhood, and put a double cross to each of the names on her visiting-list. As I never permit an opportunity of acquiring valuable information or experience to escape me, I occupied the time in a series of scientific researches and experiments, into the relative merits of the common "diaper-pin" and the patent "Royal Victoria." As the result not

Digitized by Google

only of study, but of actual and repeated experiments, I feel prepared to say, that for ordinary "squares," the common pin may be used to advantage; but for first quality "bird's eye" the "Royal Victoria" is of inestimable value. I am not aware that, with the latter, I pinned the aforesaid "bird's eye" fast to the baby, above twice during the entire week; but I regret to say, that, being left entirely alone one day, on the occasion of Mrs. Quigg and her sister-in-law's visiting New-York to make a few "purchases," and the supply being restricted to "common squares," the result was quite unfortunate. In fact, when Mrs. Quigg came to examine the baby, on her return, she was of the opinion that all the indications of chicken pox existed upon the dear creature's body. A closer scrutiny, however, resulted in the conviction that it was "pins." I draw the curtain over the lecture I received that night. Let the sacred drapery of the marriage-bed hide from the profane world my terror, contrition, and remorse. Enough I was incontinently dispossessed of that baby, and have never been allowed to stick a pin in it since. I trust I have submitted to the deprivation in a Christian spirit.

By way of escaping the "danger of my former scythe," when I got about again I restricted myself, in carrying arms, to a forked stick. I also swore vengeance against all "reptiles," and in less than a year had the pleasure of feeding fat the grudge I bore them, and wreaking a terrible vengeance upon six garter-snakes and a snapping-turtle.

The somewhat abrupt termination of my experiments in the art of mowing, by no means deterred me from bold and constant attempts to conquer the other mysteries connected with agricultural life and labor.

The next instrument which naturally attracted my attention was the axe. I was charmed with the idea of becoming a sturdy woodsman. Such a fine halo of romance hung around it. Elves and wood-demons sported about its handle. When the sharp edge bit into the sturdy oak, the spirit of the leafy monarch, whose broad green crown tottered on his hoary brow, sighed a sad and musical farewell. Nymph, fawn, and Dryad held their court amid the solemn arches of the stately wood. A glorious company to live amongst. The axe too was the proud arm blazoned on the shield of American industry. Before it the virgin forests of a new world have fallen; and the aisles of the dim wood, ringing with its music, sang the greater than Pindaric ode, of the march of Empire in the Western world.

Digitized by Google

I resolved to wield the trenchant axe, and be a lusty forester. I was the more particularly determined that way, towards the beginning of winter, by the fact that having sold a large amount of grain at an average of fifteen per cent less than the cost of production, the financial condition of my affairs presented a prospect of very speedy embarrassment. But Providence seemed to have a special care of my agricultural pursuits. Ned Landos, my faithful man Friday, had served his time at carriage-making; and in the very nick of time, he threw his eye over my twenty-five acres of wood-land, and recognized hundreds of trees most admirably adapted for carriage-timber; and carriage-timber was represented to me as being worth a fabulous sum. I was in the seventh heaven of ecstatic anticipation. Visions of wealth cast a golden mist before my eyes. My fairy god-mother had found her cherished child; she lived in those woods—of course she did: she had been watching that carriage-timber for my special benefit and behoof any number of centuries, and had magically attracted Landos's attention to it. I already saw myself riding in three gilt coaches at once, and all made out of my own timber. For many weeks I might have been said to pursue and walk along the imaginary road to fortune upon a wooden leg. I immediately, therefore, purchased a very long-bitted, light-polled, Yankee axe, and set to work at the wood-pile, chopping, scoring, and dressing in an insane manner; and in about a week became such a proficient in the use of the dangerous instrument, that it never took me above three hours to chop the toughest three-inch stick of timber quite in half. Satisfied with my progress, my natural ambition as a Quigg urged me to a public display. I yielded to the generous impulse, and shouldering my trusty axe took my way towards the woods, followed by the inevitable Landos, and full of the pleasing illusion that, with the might of my single arm, I was about to level with the ground an indefinite number of the lordliest trees of the forest.

It was a sharp winter morning, and the ground was covered with about three inches of snow, which had fallen during the night, and having been frozen very hard before, was rather slippery.

Arrived at the wood we selected a magnificent tree, about three feet in diameter at the butt, and went to work—Ned on one side and I on the other. Conscious of the vigor of my strokes, and the terror which must fill the bosom of the guardian Genius of the tree, as they reverberated through the wood,

Digitized by Google

I could not help feeling a tender sensation of regret, and humming as I struck, "Woodman, spare that tree!" Carried away by my musical enthusiasm I stepped backwards, just as the instrument in my hand was poised aloft in air. My foot slipped in the snow; the axe came down and buried itself not in the tree, but in the top of my left foot. The blood spurted like a stream from a patent fire-engine, or the spout of a sperm whale in his dying agonies. I saw the gory fountain playing and "drapped." Mother earth received me in her lap. Landos whipped off my boot; tore his cravat from his neck and bound up the gaping wound; then propped me up against that accursed tree, and went off at a run for the house. How he did it nothing short of magic could explain, but in an incredibly short space of time, through the gathering film of faintness which was coming over my sight, I saw him coming back on horseback at a killing pace; and after him, rushing down the slope of the hill, which lay between the woods and the house, Mrs. Quigg, brother-in-law, and sister-in-law—Mrs. Quigg's dishevelled tresses dancing on the wind, that miserable baby clutched to her panting breast, and horror and dismay pictured in all the frantic motions of the triad's legs and arms. They lifted me from the ground; they set me upon the horse, and mounted the Landos behind *en croupe* to hold me up, and so in sad procession conducted me to Rougemont. A cruel doctor came and sewed the wound up with a big needle; and, by the space of four months, I sat with one leg deposited on a chair at a right angle with my body. The baby got so intimate with me during those four months, that Mrs. Quigg said "It was really quite surprising—the dear infant would go to nobody else." I may be mistaken, but I really don't think any body else ever came after the baby.

I made another attempt at practical farming the ensuing summer, but the results were hardly more flattering. The occasion was that of putting away a load of hay in the mow of the barn. I climbed up into that obscure place, and pitched from the edge back. It went very well until the hay was nearly out of the rack, when I must needs take a look to see how much more remained. Of course my foot slipped and I fell across the rack. Only two of my ribs were broken, a mere bagatelle, of which I should not care to speak if it had not been productive of very important results. And this was the way of it. A day or two after the accident, a friend in Congress sent me four thousand seven hundred and twenty-two pages of Pub. Docs. on the Texas Question. By the time my ribs set, I had read them

Digitized by Google

all. Slightly disgusted with practical farming; and fired with a noble ambition to serve my country, I resolved to take the stump for Polk and Dallas. It was curious how such an idea should come into my head, for at that time I had no desire for office—indeed I had never been inside a Government Office in my life, and had a sort of fancy that all office-holders were a kind of political Jemmy Twitchers, and "werry" fond of sucking eggs; an idea, which I am sorry to say, more mature experience has not entirely dissipated. In fact I reserve to myself the pleasure, and to my bleeding country the profit, in some future volume, of drawing a few modest sketches of great men, genus *Patriot*—Species *Sucker*—with whom it has been my misfortune to be more or less acquainted.

However, out of a pure heart freely I determined to embark in the political contest then raging. One of my friends, a good-natured, clever dog as might be, was the Editor of the *Persepolis Messenger:* he is at present Secretary of State—and I—well I am plain Mr. Quigg, a faithful member of the Democratic Party, at a modest salary of——

This is an episode, however, and we beg the reader to skip it, especially if he be yet wandering in the *green* pastures of political purity, and disporting himself with lamb-like innocence in the verdant meadows of faith. Skip, little lamb, by all means. The air of spring is balmy in your nostrils; the sun is bright above; the limpid brook invites you; the tender grass is sweet to your little teeth. Skip and nibble whilst you may in unchecked joy. It will merely poison your pleasant food, and wring your little heart in vain, to know that your dear master, and your kind appreciating friend, the butcher, are settling your price up at the farm-house yonder. Your throat is to be cut to-morrow, or your warm fleece sheared, my darling innocent—but there is no manner of use or comfort in your knowing it beforehand.

In pursuance of my patriotic resolution, I made my debut in my friend the Secretary of State's newspaper, in a series of slashing articles in favor of the annexation of Texas. I had a very singular advantage over most newspaper writers, in that I believed what I wrote. Singularly enough, although I have played politician for more than ten years since, I have never changed sides or altered the principles and opinions I begun with. So stubborn and well principled are the Quiggs. I also wrote about that time, an ode to "Equal Rights and Liberty," which is supposed by the best judges, to have produced such an effect upon the sympathies of the country as to have resulted in the

Digitized by Google

election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency. Being a modest man, I take no undue credit for this; and have never applied to any administration either for the Collectorship of the Port of New-York, or a foreign mission of the first class. I'll be hanged, however, if I ever elect another President for a smaller consideration.

More than satisfied with my success as a journalist, I prepared to take the stump by committing to memory the Constitution of the United States; several histories of the same place, and Burke's speech upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings. My earlier efforts were attended by no remarkable event. Of course I do not call the terrible and startling effects of my oratory remarkable. Those were matters of course. I must relate one scene, however, which *was* remarkable. The Clay and Frelinghuysen people called a meeting in Warren Township, at a place called "Mount Bethel." The principal Whig speaker announced for the occasion, was Mr. F. Boors, a young lawyer of very distinguished appearance. He was commonly known at the bar as "Collars," from the extraordinary character of that ornament of the throat. He was a long, thin young gentleman, with white hair and eyes. His inexpressibles were tight and short; his coat-sleeves of the same pattern, exposing to public admiration an unusually large pair of hands, and a melancholy waste of bony wrist covered with much hair. But the principal characteristic of his toilet was a shirt-collar, of which George Christie's in "Julius," is a faint and feeble imitation. It rose up on either side his face in two mountainous and snowy peaks, upon the summit of which his ears rested and flapped like the wings of condors on the Andes. His manner was pompous, and his "cakeology" deficient.

We were pretty evenly balanced in the neighborhood of Mount Bethel, and it was thought important by the knowing ones that the effect of the said Whig meeting, "Collars" and all, should be counteracted by a Democratic set-off. It was arranged, therefore, that the moment the Whig congregation adjourned, a Democratic meeting should be called to order in the same place. About dusk, of that day, therefore, Judge Hogan, a man of mark thereabouts, "one of the quorum," and member of the Legislature, came down to Rougemont with his "shandrydan," to tote me up to Mount Bethel. We arrived there safely, about the middle of the Whig glorification. My learned and able opponent had just torn the stars and stripes into very small pieces, and was saddling the American Eagle for a ride when we came in. He was not a bad-tempered man,

Digitized by Google

but the sight of us, and a sneaking notion that some body was whittling a ten-foot pole sharp at both ends to touch him up with, exasperated him to that degree that he tumbled head over heels off that American eagle, and out of the clouds, down to plain prose; and set to work abusing us severally and collectively with all his might. His very collar curled for ire. His face grew red; his breath came short; his bosom heaved; his white eye smoked, (all the flame in Etna would not have fired it;) he raved; he tore; he spluttered; he played Jesse and broke things; and wound up with this fatal prophecy: "Fellow-citizens, if you elect James K. Polk; if you elevate the Democratic party to power, the blast of war will blow with simoom breath from the Atlantic to the Pacific, scattering your flocks and herds; the breath of a moral pestilence will sweep humanity from the devoted land as with the besom of destruction; the gaunt and hungry skeleton of famine will stalk abroad at noon-day; and amid the cries of desolate orphans, the tears of widows, the impotent adjurations of gray-haired men, and the feeble wail of infants, the mighty fabric of the republic will go to eternal smash, like a badly-built hay-rick in a high wind, and freedom shriek as she never shrieked before. I see before me, fellow-citizens, one of the Catilines of this base conspiracy to enslave you, (pointing at me a skinny finger;) I see this reckless and wanton youth resting like a parasitical plant against the gnarled trunk of one who, in your State Legislature, has for years traded in the miseries of his constituents. They come here as the serpent came into Eden to poison all that is good, to vitiate all that is holy. Stop your ears against them," etc., etc., etc.,—for five minutes.

Now when I heard myself called a Catiline and other hard names, I began to get riled, and so when the Whig meeting was adjourned, and Judge Hogan called a Democratic one to order instanter, and announced his distinguished brother from Persepolis, I got on to that table in less than no time, and commenced my speech by pleasantly remarking that all my illustrious predecessor had said was of that common and current coin of Whig assertion which bore upon it the image and superscription of the great Father of lies himself. As about half the Whig audience had remained to attend the Democratic meeting, this little allegation was met by a rebutter in the nature of yells, hoots, threats, screams, and a general scrimmage.

The meeting was held in the tavern ball-room. The place was capable of accommodating about five hundred people, and had now above seven hundred packed and jammed into it. A

Digitized by Google

table which extended half across the room, was placed at one end of the room. At each end of the table were a couple of tallow dips, which shed a lurid light around, and gave a rather fiendish air to the figures and features of those nearest. Behind the table were duly installed and seated the Chairman and Secretaries of the meeting, and *on* the table was I mounted.

I delivered that first sentence with the "large utterance of the early gods." The benighted Whig population of Mount Bethel allowed me to deliver no more; therefore are they in the blackness of political darkness even until this day.

The first thing I saw was a huge opposition paw stretched across in front of me, to seize one of the candlesticks from the table. As it closed upon the brazen implement, a Democratic paw was clasped above it.

"What do you want with the candlestick?"

"None of your business."

"Put it down."

"See you —— first!"

Smack! Some body's knuckles made an audible remark to some body else's nose. An indefinite number of some body elses hit every body generally; numerous candlesticks circulated in the neighborhood of my head; the "perturbed spirits" moved the table from under me in a sudden and violent manner, and after describing a parabola, I landed in the corner. On the side where I fell there stood one of those great old-fashioned side-boards or buffets. Between it and the wall there was barely room to squeeze in a small man. Now, I am not particularly small, and was therefore particularly well squeezed. As I was making a herculean effort to get on my feet, and squirm out into a larger place, I saw a big fellow in front of me draw a great knife out of his breast-pocket, and flourish it aloft. Impressed with the idea that he might possibly mistake my breast-pocket for his own, and put it back into the wrong place, I snatched an empty decanter, which luckily stood on the end of the sideboard, and applied it forcibly to the neighborhood of his left ear. The individual with the knife immediately crumpled up, and experienced a weakness in the knees, which afforded me an opportunity of darting out of the corner. A happy inspiration—the Quiggs are famous for them—a happy inspiration came to me, and as I leaped, I yelled, "Fire!" The bait took; a moment's pause in the Homeric strife ensued; numbers rushed out of the door to see, and I went out of the window. I take no great credit for this daring feat,

Digitized by Google

as the room was on the ground-floor. Luckily, too, I popped into a Democratic circle, and was caught up and carried direct to the Judge's shandrydan. I must do the Judge the justice to say that he had got there before me.

I am not aware what particular road we took home; but we came to Rougemont about daylight.

Mrs. Quigg woke up as I came into the room. She looked at me. A grim horror and disgust overspread her gentle features.

"Yes," she exclaimed; "she shall see—she shall take an early lesson in politics." And she did, she actually did shake that blessed baby wide awake, and hold the screaming, struggling dear out at arms' length to look at me.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter, my love?" I cried.

"Matter!" said Mrs. Quigg—"matter!—mud's the matter, Mr. Quigg. Look at your coat, sir! Rags are the matter, Mr. Quigg. Look at your trowsers. Black eyes, and a nose with no skin on, is the matter, Mr. Quigg! Look in the glass if you dare, sir. You've been to Mount Bethel to make a political speech, have you? You suppose I believe it. Ha! ha! ha! You've been to some improper place, Mr. Quigg. You've been where there were vile people, Mr. Quigg. You've been on a drunken spree, sir. Don't tell me you never drink. You've been drinking last night, if ever a man drank. You're a disgrace to humanity, Mr. Quigg. You've broken your wife's heart. You've destroyed the prospects in life of this blessed baby. You're a sight to behold. Oh! oh! oh! Don't attempt to come near me. None of your nonsense. I don't believe a word you say. I won't be kissed or deceived by such a monster. I won't; I won't. You've turned politician; now you better stick to it. Mean to be President of the United States? Going to the White House by way of Mount Bethel? You'll get there—you will—O dear! O dear! precious, pretty pet, mother's only darling, you won't go to political meetings. you won't break its poor, dear mother's heart. No, no, no!"

After a burst of tears, Mrs. Quigg grew calmer. She rose with dignity, bundled up her clothes and the baby's, and swept out of the room, with the parting advice:

"Mr. Quigg, you had better stay in the room, and let no body see you till you get sober, sir."

Now, that was the bitterest thing of all; to ride all night; to make a political speech—that is, to try to make it; to be pounded to a jelly; to have not even a drop of water to cool my parched lips all the time; and then to be advised to stay in

Digitized by Google

bed till I got sober. But—but—oh! a thousand *buts*—to be pointed out to that blessed baby, that tender scion of the Quigg stock, whose budding mind, no doubt, the stealing hand of time was destined to ripen into an immortal loveliness—to be marked down on the tablets of that blessed baby's memory, as an improper person; a father whose youth was without honor, whose age without respect; a man of dissolute courses and depraved tastes—and all for nothing—for worse than nothing—for my unselfish and patriotic devotion to the Democratic party, James K. Polk, and the annexation of Texas—!— Had I been steeped in poverty to the very lips, I could have borne it; but to have Mrs. Quigg, to have my tender and affectionate Julia heap such sores and shames on my bare head—ah! that did indeed crush me to the earth, and show the heavens unjust!

But who will doubt the nerve of the Quiggs? who will hesitate to believe any story of their heroism? who will fail to class them, in their minds, with the greatest names of story, when I tell them, that even after that night at Mount Bethel, after that morning with my injurious Julia, I persevered in the painful duty to my country, to mankind, to the Democratic party, to the kingdom of New-Jersey, to the county of Somerset, and township of Bridgewater; and by the space of four months, by day and night, kept the stump for Polk and Dallas, and the annexation of Texas. By the shade of Andrew Jackson, by the iron shadow of that patriot-hero. I did it: "alone—I did it!"

Air—"The Star-spangled Banner."

Probably it was the excitement of mind caused by reading Amos Kendall's life of the old Hero, or so much of it as ever saw daylight, that I imbibed that martial spirit, and came to experience that blood-thirsty feeling which induced me to raise a company of volunteers for the Mexican war—but of that perhaps hereafter. I must deal gently with that subject, too, if I should take it up, for Mrs. Quigg has hardly forgiven my brass buttons and toad-sticker yet; and considers soldiers, generally speaking, dissolute monsters, who go away into foreign countries for the purpose, not of winning honor, but of playing monté; not of being illustrious, but of being no better than they should be—ehem! Mrs. Quigg is a woman of severe morality, and sees things in a very peculiar light.

Digitized by Google

HORATIO SEYMOUR ON THE TOPOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

THE accomplished statesman whom, there is reason to believe, the majority of the people of New-York desired at their recent election to make their Governor for a second term, has, in the pamphlet now before us,* laid the public under a new obligation, which we do not doubt will be as generally recognized as it assuredly deserves to be.

It is well known that Horatio Seymour did not desire to be reëlected Chief Magistrate of his native State. He had been chosen Governor by an overwhelming vote, at the same election in which New-York declared herself so majestically for Franklin Pierce as President; he had ably, faithfully, and fearlessly performed various public duties; he was content with the official honors he had won; and he wished to enjoy for a season the repose of private life, which the popular voice had not allowed him. But the Democratic party thought they had a just claim to further services from him, and they insisted that he should again be their candidate for the office of Governor. After deliberating on the subject, and in view of the great issues which were to be presented at the election—a prominent one of which was the principle of coercing abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors, and prohibiting traffic in them, which principle he had himself unanswerably demonstrated both to be against sound morals and contrary to the Constitution—he reluctantly yielded to the demand of the Democracy, and became their candidate for reëlection. The result of the triangular canvass of 1854 is well known. Fanaticism obtained an apparent triumph. Governor Seymour received 156,000 votes; but his chief competitor, Mr. Clarke, by the aid of intrigue, deception, and falsehood, was declared to be elected. The most remarkable exploit of Governor Clarke has been the signing a compulsory statute for the obstruction of trade, which the Court of Appeals, the highest judicial tribunal of his own State, has just pronounced to be unconstitutional. In giving this judgment, the Court but affirmed the general principles

* A Lecture on the Topography and History of New-York. By Horatio Seymour. Pp. 41. Utica, 1856.

Digitized by Google

upon which Governor Seymour, two years before, had declined to give his executive sanction to an odious, oppressive, and nugatory bill. The people, the chief sufferers, had lost as their Governor a Democratic statesman, who knew their rights and respected their Constitution; they found saddled on their backs a fanatical tool, who, true to his party instincts, appears to be as ignorant of the one as disdainful of the other.

But, in his retirement from official service, Mr. Seymour has not been unmindful of the duty every one owes to his fellow-citizens, nor has he failed to exhibit his constant interest in every thing of great public concern. In short, he has shown himself to be what many of our public men are not—a statesman as well as a politician. While he was Governor of New-York, his messages to the Legislature, and his addresses on various public occasions, proved him to be a man of no common mould, and confirmed to him the respect which is ever due to eminent ability. Among the many important subjects which he has been called upon to consider, he has given great prominence to the claims which their own history ought always to have upon the regard and affection of the people. This truth he has exhibited and enforced with great eloquence, as well in his official messages as in addresses and speeches at other times.

We very well remember the circumstances of the inauguration at Tarrytown, in the autumn of 1853, of a monument to commemorate the capture of Major André. The contributors to the fund for the purpose, had invited Governor Seymour to take a leading part in the proceedings of the day. He complied with their request, and delivered a most effective and patriotic address, at the conclusion of which he formally dedicated the monument as "a memorial of the fidelity and bravery shown by our ancestors in achieving our National Independence, a warning against treason to our political institutions, and a memento to remind us of the blessings which God has bestowed upon our land." In the course of his remarks, the Governor called attention to the fact, that although some of the most interesting events in American history had taken place within their borders, the people of New-York had been strangely neglectful of their claim to honorable distinction, and that the Tarrytown memorial was the only one which relieved them from the reproach of utter indifference. "I thank those," said he, "who have perpetuated the memory of this event, by rearing this, *the first monument* erected within the limits of our State, commemorative of the great events which have occurred within

Digitized by Google

our territory, that they have commenced the MONUMENTAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK."

On several subsequent occasions, Mr. Seymour has eloquently adverted to this subject. At the invitation of the Geographical Society, he delivered an interesting lecture before that body, in which he described the peculiar topographical features of the State of New-York, and traced the circumstances of its early colonization and its political progress, in connection with its physical characteristics. This lecture he repeated at other places, to the great satisfaction of all his auditors; and, at the request of many who felt that his admirable remarks ought to be permanently preserved and generally read, he has been induced to have them published in their present form.

Governor Seymour's purpose in his lecture, is to "rough sketch" the physical characteristics of the State of New-York, and then to consider them in connection with some of the prominent points of its history. The valleys of the Hudson and of the Mohawk are thus graphically described:

"The Hudson River, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, lie in a narrow and rugged valley reaching from the Bay of New-York to the St. Lawrence. This is intersected at right angles, about midway, by the valley of the Mohawk. These deep channels constitute the great base lines of our State. Its triangular form corresponds with their courses. They demand a particular description, for they are intimately connected with the history of New-York. They have been the war-paths of savage bands and of disciplined armies. They are the scenes of the most interesting and important occurrences in the history of the State and nation. They create our commanding and peculiar relationship with other sections of our country.

"The harbor of New-York, with its accessory bays, its connection with Long Island Sound, its confluent rivers, and its different passages to the Atlantic, excites the admiration of all who study its wonderful adjustments. From this bay you float up the Hudson, past the cliffs of the Palisades, to the rocky fastnesses of the Highlands. Here every analogy of Nature leads you to look for rocky barriers, but you are borne by the Atlantic tide a hundred miles beyond the mountain chain which elsewhere divides the valley of the Mississippi from the Atlantic coast. Nothing can be more impressive than the Ocean's deep and sullen ebb and flow, far down among the great foundations of those stern, gray heights. They stand as if arrested here when pressing upon the river current; while north and south, they stretch far away in unbroken chains to the St. Lawrence or the Gulf of Mexico. Elsewhere, rivers dash down the steep sides of the Alleghanies; but where these crowd upon the Hudson, they are cleft sheer down to their very roots. An enduring gateway is made through stern portals for ships of war, for vessels deeply laden with commerce, and for iron tracks upon which swift engines drag long trains of cars at the foot of rude cliffs, or through tunnels which pierce their granite buttresses. Ranged for many miles along both banks of the Hudson, had the Alleghanies thrown a single spur across its

Digitized by Google

stream, how would it have changed the course of events in our land! Impressed with this unbroken ocean current through the Highlands, the observant Indian called it 'The River of the Mountains.' Continuing up its valley, we find lying in its northern depression, separated from the waters of the Hudson by a short portage, the wild and picturesque Lake George and Lake Champlain. From the Bay of New-York to the waters of the St. Lawrence, this great valley divides the eastern part of our State and all of New-England from the rest of our confederacy. In its whole length, its wild scenery accords with its striking legends. Its lower section, along the Hudson, was the stronghold of our country in the Revolutionary struggle. It was the fortress of our liberties. Its rocky points, its mountain heights, its deep ravines, are associated with the history of the war for Independence. There is hardly a spot which does not bear the marks of invading assaults, or of the intrenched defenses of our armies. The waters in the upper valley, which flow to the north, are still more deeply tinged with blood, and have wilder and older traditions of savage contests and of disciplined war. No other part of our continent has witnessed so much of relentless war, of bloody massacres, and of fierce battles, as have startled the echoes of its beautiful lakes, and disturbed their wonted quiet and repose.

"The Mohawk, which intersects this valley, is intimately associated with it in historical interest and geographical importance. I speak of this valley, with its extensions to Oswego and Western New-York. In passing up its banks from its confluence with the Hudson, we find that it also breaks through one of the ranges of the Alleghanies. In the county of Oneida, it flows through level lands, which, expanding as they stretch away to the west, are at length merged in the great plain of the Mississippi valley. At Rome the waters of the Mohawk, when swollen by floods, mingle with those which flow into Lake Ontario. These physical peculiarities of the valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk produce remarkable results. Not only are the waters of the harbor of New-York and the St. Lawrence connected by the valley I have described, but, turning up the Mohawk, the light canoe of the savage hunter could float into the tributaries of Lake Ontario, and making a portage around the falls of Niagara, continue on its way through Green Bay, the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, into the Mississippi, and thence up the Missouri into the very gorges of the Rocky Mountains: a distance by the course of the streams, of more than four thousand miles. The entire length of the same route can now be traversed by a vessel of burthen, by the aid of artificial channels. But a single mile separates the head-waters of the Missouri from those of the Columbia river. From the mouth of that stream on the Pacific to the Bay of New-York, with the exception of this one mile, there is an unbroken silver chain of water. The hand of the Almighty foretold the destruction of one power in letters of fire upon the walls of its palaces. Has it not written across this broad continent, in a long line of rivers, lakes, and floods, that we, who are bound together by this wonderful channel of commerce, should remain one people, living under one government? * * * * *

"But to show more clearly its commanding position, I must call your attention to another remarkable fact in the geography of New-York. The hills on either side of the Mohawk gradually rise up to elevations which pour from their outward, or northern and southern slopes, the sources of great rivers which traverse other States. The waters which drain from our territories, flow by the principal commercial cities of the Union. From Northern New-York they run into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, pass-

Digitized by Google

ing by Montreal and Quebec; by the Hudson, which is exclusively a river of our State, into the harbor of New-York; from its south-east section into the Delaware, past Philadelphia into the Delaware Bay; by the Susquehanna, past Baltimore into the Chesapeake; by the sources of the Alleghany, into the Ohio, past Cincinnati and New-Orleans, into the Gulf of Mexico. Thus our State enjoys the apparently inconsistent advantages of having the deepest channels for commerce with the West, and at the same time, of being at the head of the great valleys of the United States. This is not a fact of mere geographical interest. It gives us substantial advantages. It enables us to penetrate with our canals and railroads into all parts of the country, by following the easy and natural routes of rivers. We can go into twenty States, and into two thirds of the territories of the Union, without leaving the courses of valleys. No other Atlantic State can make a communication between its eastern and western borders, without overcoming one or more mountain ridges. Thus, then, are we situated. One angle of New-York rests upon the Atlantic, another reaches north to the St. Lawrence, while the third stretches west to the great lakes and the valleys and streams connected with the Mississippi. We are placed at the heads of the great valleys, while the Mohawk and Hudson unite them all, and give us command of the commerce of our country."

Having thus exhibited the peculiar geographical features which give New-York the control of the commerce between the twenty thousand miles of lake and river navigation on the west, and the Atlantic ocean on the east, Governor Seymour proceeds to show how full of historical interest these "pathways of great events" have been in early times:

"When our continent was discovered, the plains of the Mohawk and of Western New-York, were held by a confederacy of Indians, who had subdued the country from north of the great lakes to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. While their conquests were due in some degree to their bravery in war, yet they owed much to the geographical peculiarities I have described, which gave them easy communications between themselves and avenues which led into the countries of their enemies. Mountain ranges divided their foes into different communities, while they were able to pour their united forces through the valleys I have mentioned. They held in subjection numbers far greater than their own, because they could attack and subdue isolated tribes. Their war-paths led along the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Alleghany, and the margins of the great lakes. Nature marked out for them the same strategy which Napoleon used with such wonderful success, that of maintaining a compact force, of dividing his enemies and bringing the greater power to bear upon the point of attack. That the Iroquois understood the value of union, is shown by their confederacy; that they appreciated the importance of their geographical position is proved by the figure of speech by which it was designated. It was called the 'long house' or castle, and the different tribes were made guardians of its outlets and defenses. The Senecas in Western New-York were the keepers of the great western gate which led into the valley of the Mississippi, and the Mohawks, the fiercest and most powerful clan, the keepers of the eastern door or gate from which they issued to conquer the Algonquins in Canada, or the Mohicans and other tribes of New-England.

Digitized by Google

"After the discovery of this continent and its settlement by Europeans, the wars and national animosities of France and England were transferred to America. In this remote part of the earth, far away from the observation of the world, in the deep recesses of the forests, a bloody and protracted warfare was waged. In its struggles, some of the most heroic spirits of the day were engaged. We find that armies followed the track of the war-path, and the Mohawk and Upper Hudson were the scenes of their conflicts. The ferocity of this contest, and the numbers engaged, in a region so sequestered and wild, were remarkable. Both nations, looking upon these valleys as the keys to the whole country, strove for their possession. Every effort of diplomacy was made to gain the alliance of the Five Nations, and for a long time with varied success. The French established a colony at Onondaga. In 1690, a party of French and Indians burned Schenectady. In 1755, a bloody battle was fought at Lake George, between the French under Baron Dieskau, and the Indians and Colonists, under Sir William Johnson. In 1756, Montcalm with nine thousand men captured Fort William Henry on the same lake, and his savage allies massacred fifteen hundred of its garrison. General Abercrombie, with an army of sixteen thousand men, passed through Lake George with a fleet of more than one thousand boats, and made a desperate but unsuccessful attack on the French at Ticonderoga. His loss was more than two thousand killed, among whom was Lord Howe, one of the most chivalrous and heroic men of the British army. As a part of the same campaign, Fort Stanwix was built at Rome, and an expedition was planned against Canada by way of Oswego. In 1757, Lord Chatham, determined to expel the French from this continent, placed Lord Amherst at the head of an army of fifty thousand men, a greater force than was employed against us at any time during the revolutionary war. One division under Prideaux, was sent up the valley of the Mohawk to Western New-York, another under Wolfe up the St. Lawrence, while the main body under Amherst, moved through the valley of the Upper Hudson, through Lake George and Lake Champlain, to Canada, where the concentration of forces was to complete the conquest of that province. This campaign ended in the capture of Quebec, the dramatic deaths of the rival heroes Wolfe and Montcalm, and the extinction of the French power on this portion of the continent. The expenses of that war constitute a large item in the present national debt of Great Britain. More than ten millions of dollars were spent in fortifying Crown Point, although that fortress was never completed."

New-York was, indeed, the "Pivot Province," on which hinged the fortunes of war and peace during the century intervening between the surrender of New-Netherland to England in 1664, and the cession of Canada by France in 1763. Being a frontier province, she was the chief sufferer in the long contest for supremacy which left Great Britain the mistress, in name at least, of the Atlantic seaboard of North-America. Again the home of the imperial Iroquois became a mightier battle-ground.

"When the Revolutionary contest began, these valleys, which had been the scenes of Indian warfare, and the equally savage contest between the British and the French, immediately became the theatre of a continued and bloody struggle. The whole region of the Mohawk was plunged into a civil

Digitized by Google

war of the most ruthless character. The first capture of British arms and prisoners was made by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, and the first naval battle of the Revolution, fought by Arnold on Lake Champlain. Knowing that the control of the Hudson would divide and destroy the power of the patriots, our enemies attempted to secure its possession. General Burgoyne, with his disciplined army, came down the valley of the Upper Hudson. Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, with a fleet, were to sail up that river, while St. Leger, with Indian forces, entered the valley of the Mohawk at Rome. Through these accustomed pathways of war, our State was assailed at once by the naval power, the disciplined armies, and the savage allies of the British empire. The defeat of the latter at Rome, and the surrender of Burgoyne, baffled this great combined movement, the most formidable made against our liberties. The battle of Saratoga achieved the freedom of our country. It gained us the alliance of France, and substantially terminated the contest. In our last war with Great Britain, she acted upon the same idea of getting possession of these great avenues of this State, and thus dividing the power of our country. It was hoped, if thus separated from the rest of the Union, the inhabitants of New-England would not be unwilling to renew their allegiance to the British Crown. Her army, aided by her fleet, entered Northern New-York by Lake Champlain. Attacks were made upon Sacketts Harbor, designed to reach the valley of the Mohawk. The victories of Macomb and McDonough defeated the hopes of our enemies at home and abroad, and terminated this last effort to concentrate hostile armies at the capital of our State.

"Since the invasion of the French from Canada, in 1665, under De Courcelles, that part of New-York lying along Lake Champlain and the Upper Hudson has been the field of strife and blood in fifteen campaigns. An equal if not greater number of military expeditions or savage forays have been directed against its Western and Ontario borders, the valley of the Mohawk, and the head-waters of the Susquehanna. The Lower Hudson was the perpetual seat of war, during the Revolution. There is no part of our State which has not suffered from the contests of disciplined armies, or from the horrors of the torch and the scalping-knife, in the hands of infuriated savages. New-York has been the battle-field of our country."

In strong contrast to these scenes and events of war, Governor Seymour eloquently describes the same valleys of New-York, now the peaceful abodes of industry, and the busy avenues of trade—the hunting-grounds of the far-conquering Iroquois turned into fields of waving corn, and producing food for the armies of Europe.

"These occurrences have thus followed in the same channels, not for casual but for enduring causes. The influences of these valleys have not been confined to guiding the tracks of war. Where war-paths led through deep forests; where the standards of France were borne by chivalrous warriors; where armies marched in their assaults upon our liberties; where, at a later day, our own citizens went forth to meet the enemies of our country, you will now find the great avenues of commerce. They are crowded with vessels laden with the fruits of our soil; supplying the wants not only of our own, but foreign lands. France and England are now looking to this country, which they have enriched with their blood, for the bread to feed their

Digitized by Google

armies in the remote Crimea. Through these valleys greater armies than Europe can send forth to battle, are borne, not to violent deaths or lingering disease, but to homes on the fertile plains of the West. Once they were the paths of war; to-day they are trod by the armies of peace. Look at the products carried though these channels of commerce; trace back their transportation through great lakes, up winding rivers, or across vast plains, to the fields upon which they were tilled; think of the toil bestowed upon them, the thousand hopes and fears, of pleasures and of sorrows, with which they are associated, and which yet cling to them in their course through our State; and you will feel that the drama of life as here presented in emigration or commerce, is not of less dignity than the pomp and circumstance of war."

The circumstances and characteristics of the first colonization of New-York by the liberal-minded Hollanders, and others attracted by them, are sketched in the Lecture as follows:

"The physical peculiarities of our State have had much to do with the first settlement of New-York; with the character of its people; with the foundations of its society; with the development of statutory and constitutional law, and its influence over the policy of our whole country. Our commercial advantages brought us a cosmopolitan population from the outset. Commerce, the great agent of civilization, gave us, from the first, the best principles of government and of social and religious liberty then known to the world. The report by Hendrick Hudson of the character of the bay and river he had discovered, led to its immediate settlement by the most heroic, intelligent, and enterprising people of the age. The principles of the Dutch made Holland the asylum of those who fled from religious or political persecution. Their liberal views were imparted to the colonies they founded. By drawing to their settlements here, all nationalities and creeds, they made that toleration a law of necessity, which at first was a measure of wise and humane policy. The world has never witnessed a scene of greater moral beauty than the Bay of New-York presented under the Dutch government, and at a later day, while its just views of liberty continued to influence the community it had founded. At a period when rights of conscience were not recognized in Europe, save in the limited territories of Holland, there were clustering around the beautiful harbor of New-Amsterdam communities representing different nationalities and creeds, living in peaceful intercourse. The Hollanders and Swedes at Manhattan, the Waldenses upon Staten Island, the Walloons and English upon Long Island, and the Huguenots upon the banks of the Hudson, found here a refuge from religious persecution. What civilized Europe denied them, they sought on this spot, still shaded by primeval forests, and still made picturesque by the gliding canoe of the savage. These exiles from Piedmont, from France, from the banks of the Rhine, and from Britain, lived here in peaceful concord as strongly in contrast with the bigotry and intolerance which prevailed elsewhere, as was their civilization and refinement to the wild scenes and savage tribes who surrounded them. At a later day, the persecuted Germans from the Palatinate were settled on the Mohawk. A colony of Scotch Highlanders, banished for their attachment to the Catholic religion, and to the romantic fortunes of Charles Edward, found a home, not unlike their native hills and lakes, in the northern part of Montgomery county. The Protestant Irish established themselves in Otsego county, and there were settlements of

Digitized by Google

French in Northern and Western New-York. A small colony of Spaniards once existed near Onondaga Lake, but were destroyed by the Indians. The Welsh came to this country soon after the Revolution. Almost every European tongue has ever been spoken at the firesides of our State, and used on each returning Sabbath in offerings of prayer and praise to the God of all languages and all climes."

It is undoubtedly true, that the State of New-York owes much of its present grandeur to the Batavian element, which formed so large a proportion of its earliest population. Governor Seymour very clearly sets this forth:

"As this was originally a Dutch colony, the character of that people, and their influence upon our institutions, demand particular notice. These colonists came here in the heroic age of Holland. She had then asserted and maintained her national independence in an unequal contest of eighty years' duration against the colossal power of Spain, which, under Charles the Fifth and his immediate successors, overshadowed and threatened the liberties of all Europe. This war with Spain excited the admiration of the world. It should also excite its gratitude. It was a contest for civil and religious liberty in behalf of mankind. After the close of the struggle, Holland battled single-handed against the combined powers of France and England. It was the age in which she produced Maurice, the greatest warrior of his times; De Ruyter and Tromp, the ablest naval commanders; Grotius, who is yet authority on international law; and Barnevelt and the De Witts, the purest and most skillful statesmen. Twice in a century her people let the sea cover their land rather than it should be occupied by tyrannical oppressors. Such was their love for knowledge, that when the Republic wished to reward the citizens of Leyden for their heroic defense of their town, they chose an institution of learning rather than commercial advantages, to perpetuate the remembrance of their patriotism. We should be proud that we derive so many of our political principles from this people. Nor is the debt of gratitude a local one. Holland was the asylum for the persecuted Puritans. It taught them the advantages of a republican form of government. Our obligations are broader than this—they are national. Constitutional liberty was introduced into Great Britain by the revolution which placed upon the British throne the Prince of Orange, who had recently commanded the armies of Holland against those of England. The accession of the Dutch monarch essentially modified the character of the British government, and invigorated sentiments of freedom in all of her colonies."

This tribute to the Dutch character comes with peculiar grace from a descendant of the Puritan Pilgrim Fathers; and his remarks upon the contrasts presented by the two leading nationalities in the colonization of the Northern States, are both philosophical and just. Our historical writers are too prone to misapprehend the real merits of Puritanism; and are very apt to claim credit for what certainly never was due to that element. Governor Seymour, we think, sets this point in a true light:

"The influences exerted by the first American colonists upon the history

Digitized by Google

and character of our people, involve inquiries of great interest, which throw light upon the principles of our institutions, and upon questions which even at this time agitate the public mind. Their discussion at times has excited feeling where there should be none. As a descendant of the Pilgrims, and a native of New-York, I can speak upon this subject without partialities. We can clearly trace the influence of the Hollander and the Puritan upon the course of public affairs in our country. I select these two emigrations, for they represent conflicting views of constitutional and legislative policies. The Puritan colonists have been the objects of indiscriminate ridicule, and of equally indiscriminate praise; yet their characters and views are clearly defined in their own transactions and histories. They had been engaged in long and bitter controversies. Those who came after the execution of Charles the First, had been involved in a civil war envenomed by religious prejudices. It was a contest in which there were no compromisers. In their successes, they had conceded no toleration—in their defeats, they received none. They fought to establish a religious power not only for their own advantage, but for the control of others. Defeated in this struggle, they withdrew to the wilderness on this side of the Atlantic, sternly brooding over their defeats. They were made gloomy by the belief that they were contending not only against men, but against spiritual foes in bodily forms, and they fenced themselves round with a charmed circle of austerities. They wished to be let alone in their remote retreats, and they resisted what they deemed the intrusions of heresy. They made no pretenses to the views of religious toleration now claimed for them. Their government was partially a theocracy. They believed the Quakers were heretics, and they were banished; they believed that some were in intercourse with the evil spirits, and they were burned; they could not understand the principles of religious freedom advocated by Roger Williams, and they drove him out of the land. They persecuted others as they had been persecuted. They were made harsh by suffering and sacrifices. But this is the dark side of their character. They were vigorous and self-reliant. A common poverty destroyed distinctions of rank. None were rich enough to establish the manorial estates or privileges which were created in New-York. They were industrious and enterprising. Their religious doctrines led them to value education as a means of spiritual and intellectual improvement. As they spoke a common language, education was rapidly spread throughout the community. Under these influences the individuals became superior to the spirit of their laws. None do so much injury to their characters as those who, with bad taste, try to soften their stern aspects with inconsistent adornments and graces, or, with still worse logic, insist that they had principles of toleration with practices of persecution. Let them alone, in their clear and decided characters, as men of robust virtues and grave faults. Let the circumstances of their history excuse their wrong doings. From them we get many virtues and advantages; we get elsewhere our best conceptions of civil and religious liberty."

Toleration, in fact, was peculiarly a Dutch characteristic; and it was transplanted to America by the early colonists of New-York.

"The colony of New-York, in its leading features, was the reverse of that of Massachusetts. I have alluded to the character of the Dutch people of the seventeenth century. The Hollanders not only tolerated but invited

Digitized by Google

different nationalities and creeds to their new settlement. More enlightened than their age, they had made great advances in civil and religious liberty. They rejoiced in the cosmopolitan character of their inhabitants. The rebuke given by the Directors to one of their Governors, who was inclined to persecute the Quakers, is a clear and beautiful illustration of their sentiments: 'Let every one remain free as long as he is modest, moderate, his political conduct irreproachable, and as long as he does not offend others or oppose the government. This maxim of moderation has always been the guide of our magistrates in this city, (Amsterdam,) and the consequence has been that people have flocked from every land to this asylum. Tread, then, in their steps, and we doubt not you will be blest.'

"It needs no argument to show where religious freedom was most respected. The Walloons, the Waldenses, the Huguenots, and many from the eastern colonies, flying from persecution, and clustering around the harbor of New-York, mark the spot where liberty and toleration were presented in their most attractive aspects. It requires no discussion to prove whence we get our best ideas of constitutional and commercial law and municipal freedom. Not from England, depressed by the tyranny of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, for long centuries down to the period of the settlement of this country; but from republican Holland, the 'Venice of the North,' the 'Queen of the Seas,' who, while struggling against the power of Spain, 'grasped the commerce of the world, and made it to supply the means to wage her unequal war with tyranny and wrong.' On the other hand, the vigor of character, the appreciation of education and religion derived from the Puritans, are manifested in every quarter of our land; in public and private enterprises. Our people required and possess the characteristics derived from both of these sources. He who would seek to deprive the Hollanders or the Puritans of their just share of veneration, is unworthy to be the descendant of either."

The municipal system which now prevails in New-York was derived from Holland. But while the political principles of its Dutch founders were much more admirable than those of the neighboring governments, these principles were developed under circumstances in some respects unfavorable. These circumstances are alluded to in the following paragraph, to which we the more especially call attention, as the most profound ignorance prevails, among otherwise well-informed men, with regard to the vastly superior claim to the national gratitude of the first Dutch settlers of the State of New-York over, without exception, all other colonists from Europe:

"The Dutch had, then, a republican government. Our great political maxims were recognized there. 'Unity makes might,' was a motto; and 'taxation only by consent,' a principle. They originated the vital principles of our institutions—municipal and township organizations, and the great conception of local self-government. While the views and practices of government of the first settlers of this State were so superior to those of the New-England colonies, there were causes which made the former less intelligent as a people. Their clergy and teachers were learned men, and academies were established at an early day; but this learning was lost when

Digitized by Google

the English language was generally used. The diversities of nationalities and tongues in this colony, were unfavorable to the dissemination of learning, as each people required distinct teachers and systems of education. The most unfavorable influence was the creation of large estates by grants from the government, which were commenced by the Dutch, and continued by the English authorities. This practice created a class of tenants, or compelled the colonists to buy their lands of the large owners; it also made great social distinctions, and was injurious to the people. Although their principles of government were superior to those of New-England, the mass of the people were thus made less active and enterprising. It is remarkable how enduring the influences of these facts have been. The population of New-York and New-England are about equal. If you go to the Western States, you will find a large share of its enterprises in the hands of emigrants from New-England, while the political institutions are moulded after New-York; you will find the enterprise and mechanical skill with the former, while the judiciary of this State is everywhere recognized as controlling in legal questions. Our judges settle principles of jurisprudence for two thirds of the Union."

As a consequence, it is logically shown that New-York, having superior political principles, necessarily exercised a very commanding influence during the contest between the colonists and the British crown, which ended in the independence of the United States.

"The influence New-York has exercised over the constitutional history of our country, is owing to the superiority of its political principles during the colonial and revolutionary eras. The United States of the Netherlands presented all the leading features of the United States of America, although their adjustments were less perfect. It was a Republic made up of several distinct communities, united for common defense, but retaining rights of separate self-government—its government was representative. Its great leading feature was its municipal corporations and subdivisions in the nature of townships, with rights of local legislation. Acting upon this principle in our own State, the several towns manage their own affairs: our boards of Supervisors transact the business of the counties, the Legislatures make laws concerning the Sovereign States, while the General Government is invested with powers, and restrained by limitations, which only give it jurisdiction in matters of national defense, dignity, or importance. It is this system which secures the good government of every part of our country. It has been the growing appreciation of its value which has constantly carried jurisdiction from general to local tribunals. The higher governments have been made less powerful and less liable to become injurious from corruption or ambition, by giving legislative rights to the more humble, economical, and safer control of town and county officers. The germ of this principle existed in the government of the United Provinces; its full exposition has only been seen in this country; and its value and importance shown on the broad theatre of our land, where it has preserved the integrity of our Union, and disappointed the hopes or predictions of those who foretold its early dissolution as a necessary consequence of its expansion. The Dutch principle of 'No taxation without consent,' lay at the foundation of our Revolution; and their motto that 'Unity makes might,' taught us how to uphold that

Digitized by Google

principle; and its municipal corporations and its local legislatures were the types of our political institutions.

"Not only were the colonists of New-York imbued with sentiments of freedom, but they had the earliest and most urgent occasions to assert them. Living without the protection of a charter, for a long time under the control of the private ownership of the Dutch West-India Company and the Duke of York, amid the unfavorable influences of great seigniories, as early as 1690 they boldly claimed their legislative rights, and resisted 'Taxation without consent.' The contests with the Royal Governor were conducted on the part of the colonists with signal ability, and their protests and arguments were pronounced by Attorney-General Randolph of Virginia, to be the ablest expositions of the rights of popular representatives. These controversies involved a wide range of discussion, and thoroughly instructed the people of the colony in the principles of constitutional liberty. The contest which commenced in New-York between its legislatures and the Royal Governors, extended to other colonies, and excited the public mind from time to time, until the era of the Revolution. The whole of the American people were then united against the aggressions of the Crown. The resolutions of the New-York Assembly against the Stamp Act were drawn up with consummate ability, and, to use the language of Pitkin, 'breathed a spirit more bold and decided than those from any other colony.' In 1754, a convention of delegates from the several colonies, held in the capital of our State, which was attended by Benjamin Franklin and other eminent men, drew up a plan for colonial union for protection against the French and Indians. This proposition prepared the minds of the American people for a similar measure to resist British tyranny, and most appropriately the motto of Holland that 'Unity makes might,' was first acted upon in the city she had founded. In 1775, a Provincial Congress assembled in the city of New-York, and was the first of those illustrious councils which, in the language of Lord Chatham, 'With solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, ascertained, vindicated, and established the liberties of America.'

"I shall not dwell upon the Revolutionary contest. In its progress, it carried war and desolation into different sections of our country. Elsewhere, it swept like the tornado in its course; but its visitations, while destructive, were temporary. In this State its thunderings never ceased, its baleful fires were never quenched, during the whole struggle. On the Mohawk it was attended with all the horrors of civil war, made more revolting and terrible by savage barbarities. The whole length of this gentle valley was desolated by the sword and bayonet, the torch and tomahawk.

"When it was determined to sever our connection with Great Britain, Congress recommended the formation of governments in all the colonies, equal to the demands of their new independence. All of the States save two followed the recommendation. The constitution formed in New-York, amid the confusion of the Revolution, is a proof of the profound knowledge of its leading men in the principles of civil liberty, good government, and constitutional law. Its superiority was universally admitted, and it was received with great favor, not only in the State, but elsewhere. 'Our constitution,' says Jay, in a letter to the President of the Convention, 'is universally approved, even in New-England, where few New-York productions have credit.'

"All of the State constitutions recognized in express terms the natural and absolute right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his

Digitized by Google

own conscience, yet the constitutions of New-York and Virginia alone were free from provisions repugnant to these declarations."

Governor Seymour also exhibits very forcibly, and, we think, very justly, the ignorance and misapprehension which have prevailed in respect to the real influence which New-York and her statesmen exerted in maturing the great fabric of the American Republic. He says:

"Great injustice has been done to the early instrumentality of New-York in the cause of American Independence. The peculiar situation of the Province—without a charter; the arbitrary conduct of many of the Royal Governors; the questions growing out of their acts and pretensions—compelled the people of this State to place themselves, from the beginning, on the high grounds of natural and inherent rights. Elsewhere these contests frequently grew out of questions about the construction of charters.

"Still greater injustice has been done to the services of the early statesmen of New-York in the formation of our national constitution, and in the tone of construction given to that instrument, when our government was first organized. I have shown why they were well trained in the great principles of government; that they drew their sentiments from the best sources, the only free and republican government then existing. When the independence of the colonies was achieved by the common patriotism of our countrymen, a greater task remained to be done. The confederation was temporary in its character, and insufficient for a bond of union when the outward pressure of war was withdrawn. We occupied a vast country, which presented a great variety of climate and condition. There was no power to coerce these conflicting interests. To reconcile them appeared impossible. To dissolve again into the original separate communities involved wars, standing armies, and the weakness which would make us a prey to European nations. It was then almost universally assumed that the strength of a government depended upon the amount of its privileges and the extent of its jurisdiction. The European statesmen declared we could not create a government with power enough to make it stable, which would not in its action, trample on some of the varied interests of our land. Out of Holland, there were no clear conceptions of a government which was not the source of power, instead of being its recipient from the mass of the people. The United Provinces of the Netherlands were so limited in extent and so homogeneous in character, that they afforded no clear rule for our action. Under these circumstances, the duty of forming a government was entered upon by the patriots of our country. In the convention which framed it, two great antagonistic ideas were at once developed, and they have, under different phases, divided the public mind from that day to this. On the one hand it was held, that to make a government strong and enduring, it should have a large amount of jurisdiction; that its strength and endurance would be determined by the extent of its power. The opposing party held, that the strength and permanency of government grew out of limitations of authority, restraining it from acting upon questions which would bring it into conflict with the views of different sections of our broad land. They also held that the most beneficent legislation would be secured by such distribution of political power, that different localities should direct those affairs which most concerned their own interests and happiness. These considerations were connected with the principle of representation. If it was to be a government

Digitized by Google

of great jurisdiction, it was a matter of deep concern to know who would direct it. It was urged by some that representation should be graduated by population. This would give control to a few large States. It was contended by others that the several States were sovereignties standing upon equal grounds, and therefore entitled to equal voices in the common government. That this was the only security against the centralization of political power. The three great States of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, insisted upon representations in the Senate and House of Representatives in proportion to population. New-York, alone, of the large States, declared that she did not ask nor would she take a representation in either branch of the National Legislature beyond what was allowed to the feeblest member in the confederacy. To my mind, this forms the noblest passage in the history of our State. Her future greatness was then apparent, yet she had the magnanimity to rise above the temptations of power, and the superior wisdom to see the necessity of forming a government of limited jurisdiction, and of upholding local sovereignties. When this principle of perfect equality was invaded in the formation of the House of Representatives, the majority of her delegates withdrew from the Convention; and this State, for a long time, refused to ratify the Constitution, and only yielded her ultimate assent upon the express understanding that it should be so amended that doubtful or implied powers would be cut off. The noble and resolute stand taken by New-York induced the National Convention to limit the authority of Congress. It also did much to secure amendments to the Constitution which contain guarantees of the rights of the States and the liberties of the citizen. It was New-York that took the foremost stand in favor of State rights and local self-government—those vital principles of our political system which baffled the predictions of European statesmen, that the original thirteen States could not be held together under one government—principles which to this day bind together our land, although it has extended three-fold, until it is as broad as all Europe."

The principle of local self-government is traced from its origin in Holland, to its full and beneficent maturity in this country. Governor Seymour's remarks on the theory, as well as the practical workings of the system, appear to us as eminently sound and statesmanlike:

"Questions relative to the authority which governments ought to possess, have entered largely into our political discussions. I can say, without touching upon partisan grounds, that the policy of decentralization of political power has constantly gained favor with the American people. It is generally supposed this doctrine had its origin in Virginia. The delegates from that State in the National Convention, contended for large grants of authority to the general government.

"It has been truthfully said that the wisdom of our institutions exceeds the wisdom of their founders. They established principles of more scope and influence than their authors foresaw. The germ of the Township system existed in Holland, was introduced from there, and perfected here by causes independent of the political sagacity of our fathers. The condition of our country is rapidly developing this policy. Equality of rank and the necessities of a thin population on the borders of a boundless wilderness, made all other arrangements unsuitable. It was most rapidly spread in New-England, for the growth of her colonies was the most rapid. For this reason it has

Digitized by Google

been supposed by many historians to be of New-England origin. More correct investigations into governmental history, show that it was a feature in the government of Holland long before the settlement of America. The relationships which that country bore to New-Netherland and to the Pilgrims, entitle it to the honor of its introduction here. It is undoubtedly true that at first it was regarded merely as a convenient mode of conducting public affairs, and that it had no higher value in the minds of the early colonists. None foresaw its future importance. This system of local self-government keeps at home the mass of political power. It yields it to the remoter legislative bodies in diminishing proportion as they recede from the direct influence and action of the people; it does not regard the central government as the source of authority, from which it percolates in limited measures to the lower jurisdictions. The vital principle of self-government is not the mere demagogical idea that the people, in their collective capacity, are endowed with a wisdom, patriotism, and virtue superior to their individual characters. On the contrary, the people as a society are as virtuous or as vicious, as intelligent or as ignorant, as brave or as cowardly, as the persons who compose it, and will always be viewed accordingly, by every straightforward man. The great theory of local self-government under which our country is expanding itself over our continent, without becoming weak by its extension, is founded upon these propositions. That government is most wise, which is in the hands of those best informed about the particular questions on which they legislate; most economical and honest, when in the hands of those most interested in preserving frugality and virtue; most strong, when it only exercises authority which is beneficial in its action to the governed. These are obvious truths, but how are they to be made available for practical purposes? It is in this that the wisdom of our institutions consists. In their progress, they are developing truths in government which have not only disappointed the hopes of our enemies and dissipated the fears of our friends, but give promise in the future of such greatness and civilization as the world has never seen.

"The legislation which most affects us is local in its character. The good order of society, the protection of our lives and our property, the promotion of religion and learning, the enforcement of statutes, or the upholding of the unwritten laws of just moral restraints, mainly depend upon the virtue and wisdom of the inhabitants of townships. Upon such questions, so far as they particularly concern themselves, the people of the town of Kirkland, in the county of Oneida, are more intelligent and more interested, than those outside of their limits can be for them. The wisest statesmen, living and acting at the city of Washington, can not understand these affairs, nor can they conduct them as well as the citizens upon the ground. What is true of Kirkland, is true of the other ten thousand towns in the United States. When we shall have fifty thousand towns, this system of government will in no degree become overloaded nor complicated. There will be no more for each citizen to do than now. Our town officers in the aggregate are more important than congressmen or senators. Hence the importance to our government of religion, morality, and education, which enlighten and purify the governed and the governor at the same time, and which must ever constitute the best securities, both for the advancement and happiness of our country. The next organizations, in order and in importance, are boards of county officers, who control questions of a local character, but affecting more than the inhabitants of single towns. The people of the county of Oneida are more intelligent, and more interested in what concerns their own affairs,

Digitized by Google

than any amount of wisdom or of patriotism outside of it. The aggregate transactions of our supervisors are more important than those of our State Legislature. When we have secured good government in towns and counties, most of the objects of good government are gained. In the ascending scale of rank, and in the descending scale of importance, is the Legislature, which is, or should be, limited to State affairs. Its greatest wisdom is shown by the smallest amount of legislation, and its strongest claim upon our gratitude grows out of what it does not do. Our general government is remarkable for being the reverse of every other system. Instead of being the source of authority, it only receives the remnant of power after all that concerns town, county, and state jurisdictions has been distributed. Its jurisdiction, although confined within narrow limits, is of great dignity, for it concerns our national honor, and provides for the national defense. We make this head of our system strong, by confining its action to those objects which are of general interest and value, and by preventing its interference with subjects upon which it can not act with a due degree of intelligence. If our general government had the legislative power, which is now divided between town, county, and state jurisdiction, its attempts at their exercise would shiver it into atoms. If it was composed of the wisest and purest men the world ever saw, it could not understand all the varied interests of a land as wide as all Europe, and with as great a diversity of climate, soil, and social condition. The welfare of the several communities would be constantly sacrificed to the ignorance, the interests, or prejudices of those who had no direct interest in the laws they imposed upon others. Under our system of government, the right to interfere is less than the disposition many show to meddle with what they do not understand; and over every section of our great country, there are local jurisdictions, familiar with their wants, and interested in doing what is for the right. It required seven centuries to reform palpable wrongs in enlightened Britian, simply because the powers of its government, concentrated in Parliament, were far removed from the sufferings and injuries those wrongs occasioned. Under our institutions, evils are at once removed, when intelligence and virtue have shown them in their true light to the communities in which they exist. As intelligence, virtue, and religion, are thus potential, let us rely upon them as the genial influences which will induce men to throw off the evils which encumber them, and not resort to impertinent meddling, howling denunciations, and bitter taunts, which prompt individuals and communities to draw the folds of wrong more closely about them.

"The theory of local self-government, is not founded upon the idea that the people are necessarily virtuous and intelligent, but it attempts to distribute each particular power to those who have the greatest interest in its wise and faithful exercise. It gives to townships and counties and states, the right to direct their local affairs, because they are most intelligent about their own concerns. We know there are individuals wiser and better than the mass of these communities, but it acts upon the principle which governs us in private matters. When we are sick, we do not seek the wisest or the best man, but the wisest physician. If we wish to build, we do not look after the most learned man, but the most skillful mechanic. In the selection of agents, we choose those who are most interested in serving us faithfully. Acting upon these simple principles, the tendency of public opinion has constantly been in favor of taking power from central points, and distributing it to those who have the strongest motives and the best intelligence for its judicious exercise.

Digitized by Google

"This system not only secures good government for each locality, but it also brings home to each individual a sense of his rights and responsibilities; it elevates his character as a man; he is taught self-reliance; he learns that the performance of his duty as a citizen is the best corrective for the evils of society, and is not led to place a vague, unfounded dependence upon legislative wisdom or inspirations. The principle of local and distributed jurisdiction not only makes good government, but it also makes good manhood. Under European governments, but few feel that they can exert any influence upon public morals or affairs, but here, every one knows that his character and conduct will at least affect the character and interests of the town in which he lives.

"The conviction gains ground that the general government is strengthened and made most enduring, by lifting it above invidious duties, and making it the point, about which rally the affections and pride of the American people, as the exponent to the world at large, of our common power, dignity, and nationality."

We can not better end our notice of Governor Seymour's admirable Lecture, than by adopting his own words, in which, with burning eloquence, he exhorts his fellow-citizens to be more just to the claims of their own State history, and, above all, to be faithful to the Union and the Constitution:

"Heretofore, our citizens have been unjust to the history of their State. While our brethren, in other portions of the Union, have, with becoming and patriotic pride, recorded the services of their ancestors, and have erected monuments to commemorate the great events which have occurred within their territories, we have been indifferent to the glorious annals of our past. We are more familiar with the early history of New-England or Virginia than with our own. Their citizens have, with pious care, recorded the patriotic services of their fathers, and have rendered them familiar to the entire population of our Union. While I have, on this occasion, briefly attempted to present to your consideration, some of the prominent features in the history of our State, it must not be supposed that I desire to institute any invidious comparisons between New-York and the other members of this glorious confederacy. I only wish to induce you to follow their example of proper reverence for the memory of their fathers. While a monument towers upon Bunker's Hill, exciting a just pride in the hearts of the citizens of Massachusetts, and respect in the minds of strangers, for the State where Freedom's battle was begun, why is it that no stone marks the spot upon the plains of Saratoga, where Freedom's fight was won? Every school-boy in our land is taught that the first blood in the Revolutionary struggle was shed at Concord; how many of our citizens know that the first surrender of a British flag or weapon was made at Ticonderoga? The traveller who sails through Long Island Sound, sees on the shores of Connecticut, the monument which tells of the massacre of brave patriots on the Heights of Groton. But what is there to remind him who passes through the valley of the Mohawk, of the thousands who were slaughtered by ruthless savages, during the French war and the Revolutionary contest? We have all been made familiar with the services which the statesmen of Virginia have rendered to the cause of civil liberty or constitutional law; while few are instructed that the earliest contests between the rights of the people and the pretended prerogatives of

Digitized by Google

the crown, were commenced and most strenuously maintained by the popular delegates, in the colonial Legislatures of this State. The statesmen and the poets of New-England strive to perpetuate the memories of the Pilgrim Fathers, to record their sufferings, and to hallow the very spots upon which they trod. Plymouth Rock has been made a sacred shrine where they annually pour forth their gratitude for the civil and political blessings which they enjoy. But how little is known of the more varied and more interesting emigration to the shores of our own State. While we honor the Pilgrim Fathers, let us not forget the Hollanders, who made earlier settlements upon our shores, who made the harbor of New-York a place of refuge from bigotry, intolerance, and wrong.

"The past is full of noble examples animating us with patriotic love of our State and nation, but we must not confine our attention to the past. The present and the future have their obligations. Our geographical position imposes upon us peculiar duties in our relations to the rest of the Union. The progress of our nation will lessen the comparative importance of other States, however important they may be. It will be otherwise with us. Commanding the great avenues of commerce, of intercourse, and of events, we grow with the growth of our country. It is our duty to emulate the patriotism of our Fathers; to maintain the rights of the several States; to preserve their Union, by confining the central government to the exercise of powers designed for the common dignity, defense, and welfare; and to restrain those sectional passions and prejudices, which are apt to grow up in States, whose isolated positions do not give them the advantages we enjoy, of constant intercourse with the citizens of every part of our broad land."

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

As we are about to consider a gloomy question, we have a fancy to open the *dark lantern* of antiquity, and throw a ray or two into the "lodge" before we cross the threshold. Hearken unto the ancient gentlemen:

"We *know nothing:* for truth lies hid from us in depth and distance."—*Democritus, as reported by Aristotle.*

"Nihil scire omnia scire est."—*Tertullian adversus Hæreticos. N. IV.*

"Nothing is wiser than ignorance."—*St. Chrysostom.*

"The beginning of science is the science of nescience."—*Theodoret—Sermon I.*

"Nolle omnia scire, summa scientiæ est."—*St. Peter Chrysologue—Sermo LI.*

"Quanto in hac ignorantia profundius docti fuerimus, tanto

Digitized by Google

magis ad ipsam accedemus veritatem."—*Cardinal de Cusa—De Docta Ignorantia.*

A whole book-case full of patristic Greek and Latin is looking gloomily down on us from one side of our study. We can see at least fifty fine old saints, straight-waistcoated in vellum, winking and leering at us, as much as to say, Don't overlook us. Open us anywhere and you will find something of the same sort. Those miserable impostors, the Know-Nothings, stole the whole idea from the Fathers of the Church, and botched it in the stealing, just as they have the splendid militia system of Ignatius Loyola. How could such idiots ever have reached so far as they have? That is the miracle. Jesuitism concealed its constitutions from 1521 to 1761, when M. M. Lionée and Father La Valette lighted upon the mysterious volume, and all the fears of Aquiviva were realized. Know-Nothingism could not conceal its constitution a single year. It attempted to imitate the Jesuits; but its Loyola was named Scroggs. What a magnificent treatise on the Bathos! Poor Know-Nothingism!

We have before us a copy of Father John Polancus' translation of the "Constitutions" from the Spanish of Loyola. This book was first printed by the college of the Society, at Rome. We do not say *published:* we say printed. The Society were not such Know-Nothings as to print it. We have read them, from the Spiritual Exercises at Manresa, and that too, as perfected by Lainez and Aquiviva, even to the end. Whereupon we repeat it, as our opinion, that if the Know-Nothings had known any thing, they would have studied their model before they attempted a copy. Especially they should have gotten by heart that famous letter, written by Aquaviva in 1584, to the Peruvians, when sending them the Litteræ Apostolicæ, wherein he strictly charges them, that in communicating them to the Superiors they should strictly observe the 38th rule.

And that brings us to consider the book on which this profound treatise is to be hung.

A pamphlet bearing the title which will be found at the bottom of this page,* was placed in our hands last month. We promised a more extended notice of it than we were then able to afford space for. It seems to us that we can not redeem this promise better than by giving our own view of the subject. Let us premise, however, that the pamphlet spoken of is well worth the careful perusal of every man in the country. It is dry

* "*Remarks upon the Majority and Minority Reports of the Select Committee on Secret Societies of the Maryland House of Delegates.*"

Digitized by Google

and a little heavy, but carefully written, argumentative, and full of facts. It consists of thirty-seven pages of large type, well leaded, and being agreeable to the eye, and sound in doctrine, deserves to be heard for its cause, if not for its eloquence. There is also a slightly professional scent about it, which smacks of the "propaganda fide;" but as the statute of Edward III., forbidding all ecclesiastical persons to purchase provisions at Rome, does not obtain here, we take it, that healthy victuals from that market will digest as soon as any other "strong meat," and may be vended without special license. Know-Nothingism is a bastard Jesuitism, with all the ferocious meanness of the original, and nothing of its power except its secresy. They are fit antagonists for each other. Jesuitism may be said to have been the original Hamlet, No. 1, and Know-Nothingism to be Claudius. Hamlet No. 1 was a fine personable fellow, a kingly figure—a great scoundrel, no doubt, as all kings must be—but a well-dressed, insinuating royal rascal; Claudius is a low-lived villain, whose only idea is to poison him in the garden for his estate, and for ever after "drain his draughts of Rhenish down" until drunkenness bring oblivion of crime, and swinish sleep hold all. But to our pamphlet. From whatever hand it may come, it comes in such a shape that we will speak to it. We will also shake hands with it, and welcome it as a very honest and brave out-spoken fellow, though something pompous and dogmatically instructive. Be that as it may, however, it tells the simple unvarnished truth, and that is all we ask for. It deals with the facts of Know-Nothingism as they have been developed in the different State elections, and the point of the *brochure* is to show that the Northern lodges of the order are completely "*Sewardized*," and that the Southern Know-Nothings are thus placed in the singular position, that "*every two votes they shall cast for Mr. Fillmore, will be equivalent to one direct vote for the candidate of the Pittsburgh Convention.*" But our purpose in this article is to go a little farther, and probe the subject deeper. Our purpose is to trace the evil to its original, and see out of what natural human weakness grows its power. For it has a power, and that power springs from some inherent vice of human nature.

What, then, is this hybrid which nowadays men call by the cabalistic fool-name, KNOW-NOTHINGISM? Tell us, good Autolycus, by what spell came all these into thy circle? What is it? What are its causes? Of what is it born? What its object? Do not fancy that we are about to conduct you, O public! eager always to be an actor in the romance of history,

Digitized by Google

into a Know-Nothing lodge-room: that we will lead you through dark passages, up creaking, crazy stairs, into a china closet, improvised for the nonce into a mysterious ante-room, or bandage your eyes, or murmur strange abracadabras in your ears, or rehearse to you tremendous oaths, whereby you shall be bound to conceal from Mrs. Penelope Pry, your inquisitive better half, and all others in authority, what you shall see, hear, smell, taste, feel, or knock that unfortunate nose of yours, by which you are led, against. Dismiss your fears. We ask your company on a better errand, and will conduct you along a more profitable journey. To us the common machinery and ordinary clap-trap of Know-Nothingism is as unknown as to yourself; perhaps, in sober sadness, more so. We never touched the unclean thing. Its bare idea has always been abhorrent to us. Nature, too, has blessed us with a void in that part of our being where curiosity inhabits. There is too much to be done hourly, for us to go about manufacturing business for ourselves out of nothing. The divine command, "work whilst it is called day," rings so constantly in our ears, that we can not stop to listen to the suggestions of idleness. Would it were so with you, honest but weak man, and weak through nothing so much as want of soul-work in God's glorious world. Would to heaven you dare not be idle; but, "living ever as in your great Task-Master's eye," counted each grain of time dishonored that was not balanced by some act of worth in scales of his high providence. Eternal Justice! what punishment hast thou hidden, what terrible revenge held back for men, who, in the nineteenth century, and on this soil, from every clod of which exhales, beneath "the former and the latter rain," of thy beneficence, the gracious perfume of regenerating freedom for thy noblest work: what sad reverse and bitter humiliation for him who seeks to curse it with reäction, and turn the holyday of Liberty into a tyrant's festival? What for him who would

> "On this fair mountain leave to feed
> And batten on a moor?"

Stop, thou foolish seeker after novelty. Your step is turned towards a secret conclave of conspirators without a cause; plotters without a wrong. Stop; some cunning man, under the cloak of friendship, is whiling you along. Be deaf to the proffers of his dissimulated friendship. He is fastening a hand of ice upon your heart. He is preparing a pitfall for your feet. He is teaching you the devil's precept, to do evil that good may

Digitized by Google

come of it. False and fatal delusion. There is no good thing can come out of an evil thing. "Figs will not grow upon thistles."

He hath made of one blood all the nations which dwell upon the face of the whole earth. The sublime principle of human fraternity is the soul of true Americanism. As in the religious world of the Reformation, so in the political world of America, he is, for us, a freeman, worthy of a freeman's rights, and brotherhood, and love, whom the truth makes free.

Republican souls, Democratic hearts, are native to our soil, and heirs to all the blessings which inhabit it, by a higher title, an earlier right than accident of birth. The principle of Democracy is the parent of real Americanism; the sentiment which warms it into a living, active agent is the Promethean fire, turning the frozen statue of humanity into a breathing, thinking man. Thus, those whose natural right it is to share the patrimony of freedom, are not, like plants, which neither think nor act, the product of a particular soil, but men manumitted and enfranchised from the slavery of despotic principles, by the force of intellect and virtue. The breath of freedom is as "the casing air," broad and general. Who shall set a limit to it? Will you, most worthy Grand K. N. I. O. U. A.? Shall this breath, by which the Sovereign of the universe inspires the chosen of freedom with lofty aspirations, with pure desires, with indomitable courage, with the patience of a divine hope, inflate nothing but the bellows of your two-penny patriotism? You insist upon narrowing the circle of its blessing, and bidding all beyond remain in hopeless exile. Do you not know that it is the nature of all moral good to augment in proportion to the number with whom it is divided? Is it not so with Christianity? And what is true political freedom? what is ours but a logical development of Republican Christianity? For Christianity is Republican. "There is but one King, even God;" below him all are equals.

It is not, therefore, as a natural offspring of our institutions, or of their spirit, that this strange delusion of Know-Nothingism springs up. A plant of evil properties and poisonous influence, its seed has been sown by the enemies of Republican freedom. But it will be objected, it springs from the very soil of the Republic, and native hands have planted it. Therefore the cause must exist within ourselves. We can not deny it.

What, then, is this Know-Nothingism?—must be the first question. It is pride of race simply, nothing more. It is English vanity in an American dress. Up to the date of the

Digitized by Google

Crimean Campaign we know how certain John Bull was that Johnny Crapeau, compared to himself was a whiffet dog to a full-grown mastiff; and one Englishman, therefore, equal to three Frenchmen. Out of the same kind of vanity grows American Know-Nothingism. The native American is assumed to be worth more than any man born under a different sky; and this value accrues to him, *per se*, by the accident of birth. It is the assertion of an order of nobility, in fact the highest rank amongst orders of nobility—a creation, as one might say, by God himself, by the act of his providence, of Grand Dukes of Liberty, and American Princes of Freedom.

Know-Nothing-Ism is, then, the pride of race, heightened by individualism into an aggressive principle. It is next in order to inquire into its cause or causes. These are two—apparent and pretended, or latent and real.

The pretended or apparent are, danger to our social structure from the influx of ignorant foreigners, and their too early acquirement of a "status" as American citizens. It is asserted that these foreigners being, for the most part, Catholics, their form of church-government exerts an influence hostile to the stability of republican institutions, and that its hierarchy intrigues to overthrow them. As these are mere pretense, and have, moreover, been long since driven by argument, to the "reductio ad absurdum," we shall not waste powder on them. Our simple answer to it all is, if our Protestantism lacks vitality, which we do not believe, to resist the antagonistic religious element of Catholicism, it can not be strengthened by infusing into its veins the vitiated blood of Jesuitism. Its motto is, "Light for the sake of truth; truth for the sake of right." False to that motto, it would not only deserve but court defeat. It can not, therefore, borrow the arms of falsehood without wounding itself worse than its enemy. What is its latent and real cause?

The charm of mystery enveloping the lust of power. Mystery is, then, still reverend to the vulgar eye? Alas! yes.

The road to power through the gloomy regions of mystery is no new one. On the contrary, it has been the chosen path of all intriguing, and restless, and disappointed men of talent in every age and nation. The character of time and place has differently colored the event, but all such have endeavored at power by the use of the same means. Nor would it be true to gauge the probabilities of their success by the wisdom or ignorance, barbarism or civilization of the times and nations sought to be acted upon. An ignorant and barbarous people,

Digitized by Google

we know are an easy prey to "medicine men" and jugglers. Superior genius amongst such a people has no possible development except in charlatanism and imposture. It is, however, in Greece, in an enlightened age, and under a high state of civilization, that we see the mysteries of Eleusis still more venerated than the altars of the gods. In Athens, the point of largest and most elegant refinement, the "Eleusinia" were so superstitiously observed, that if any revealed their mysteries he was supposed to have called divine vengeance upon his head. It was thought dangerous to dwell in the same house with him, and he was put to an ignominious death. Before Eleusis, however, the Egyptian "Isis" had her mysteries, so dread and sacred that no common foot could enter their penetralia. The priesthood of Isis were, clearly, the original Know-Nothings. Their power grew altogether out of the mystery which surrounded them. Behind the throne, and superior to it by force of knowledge and combination, they governed ignorance by its fears, and power by its superstitions. The idea of a mysterious combination, of plans matured in darkness, and carried out in a silence which imitates Fate, and awes, by the imitation, into a blind obedience; of a system of oaths and terror is essentially a system of priestcraft. By this system priestcraft, up to a very late period of its history, had the government of the world of fools all to itself. Perfected by the gloomy imagination, and executed by the ferocious zeal of Loyola, it culminated during the last century in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The strain, however, was too severe even for the patience and faith of fools, and the reaction found its natural development in the excesses of the revolutionary spirit of 1798, and the national atheism of France. It is curious, however, to observe, that this revulsion was prepared by the adoption of the same means relied upon by priestcraft for the maintenance of its own power.

To overthrow monarchy and destroy the power of the priesthood, a professor of the canon law in the University of Ingoldstadt, named Weishaupt, elaborated a system of secret combination which resulted in the formation of the order of the ILLUMINATI. "Brought up by the Jesuits, he hoped to combat and conquer them with their own arms." His principle was, that to obtain noble results, the good must have recourse to the means which the bad use to obtain an injurious control. He did human nature the injury to believe that it could be freed only by deceiving it. "Every secret engagement," said

Digitized by Google

Weishaupt, "is a source of enthusiasm. It is useless to seek for the causes; the fact exists, that is enough."

Thus the Illuminati became a fraternity of mystics. Divided into different grades and orders, the members were slowly, and at long intervals, carried up, from step to step, and gradually admitted to a knowledge of the secrets of the order. The highest grade in the order, and those who were alone admitted to the confidence of the Chief, were styled *Areopagites.* The grades below these were: 1. Novices; 2. Minerval; 3. Illuminated Minor; 4. Illuminated Major. This was the preparatory stage. In the next were: 1. The Priest; 2. Regent; 3. Philosopher; 4. Man-king.

The imagination of the adept was constantly excited by something mysterious beyond, and expectation and distance lent a powerful enchantment to the anticipation of the hour when his apprenticeship should be fulfilled, and the mystery of mystery unfolded to his view.

After a *novice* had been carefully tested, he was placed under the guidance of a *directing Illuminati*, who skillfully filled his mind with doubts of the propriety of all existing governments and forms of religious faith, and at the same time, with a vague and restless yearning after the grand secret of the order, which was mysteriously represented to be capable of taking their place.

Each grade knew only the members of its own grade, but was known to all above it. Thus their actions were under a terrible espionage, and the order was secure from the danger of treachery. "When the time came for him to pass to the rank of an *Illuminated Major*, he was conducted into a dark room, decorated according to the prescriptions of the Masonic ritual, and filled with emblems suitable to move his heart. There he was initiated, after having taken a formidable oath to expose the concealed history of his life. They immediately opened a book, called the *Code Searcher;* they compared its contents with the general confession made by the adept, and they proved to him that all that concerned him was known to the brethren. The most hidden faults of the candidate, his favorite habits, his prejudices, his family affairs, his hatreds, his friendships, his loves. What the *insinuating brothers* (a peculiar grade) had wrenched from his confidence, what he allowed to appear, in the grades of Minerval and Illuminated Minor, the anguishes of his mind, or the secret revolutions of his soul—the *Code Searcher* contained all."*

* Lettre de Spartacus à Caton, February 6th, 1778.

Digitized by Google

The Illuminati pushed their triumphs to the very foot of the throne. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and Louis Egalité were members of the sect. They were, however, admitted only into the inferior grades, and, flattered with the idea that they knew every thing, when in fact, they were simply royal Know-Nothings. A crowd of great people, nobles and church dignitaries, were similarly bamboozled, and the security of the order assured. Fancying they had seen the very heart of the mystery, they permitted the Illuminati to go on unchecked, when in fact they had but touched the tips of the terrible fingers of the hand destined to clutch their throats in the death-grip of revolution.

With the cunning of a monk, and the patience of the devil, the *Areopagites* undermined by means of this universal enginery of mysticism the moral structure of society. It fell at last, and crushed the sappers and miners among the rest. Powerful to destroy, they were impotent to construct. God, the great builder, was not in all their thoughts. Their political system was a philosophical phantasy, their religious a barren deism.

Know-Nothingism in America is a clumsy copy of the Illuminati. Aping its mysticism without its motive, it has created, instead of the daring enthusiasm of burning souls—of men of genius crushed by the ignorant power of a debauched aristocracy—a treacherous band of mean and malicious aspirants after two-penny offices, a crowd of vicious seekers after excitement, and worshippers of the loaves and fishes. As suspicious of each other as of their opponents, and without confidence in the very league they form a part of, their oaths fly up to heaven like a boy's kite. One strong puff of an Anti-Slavery blast, the string breaks, and away goes the kite, circling, and swaying, and turning over and over, to settle at last on the top of Mr. Senator Seward's chimney, or in the middle of Gerrit Smith's mud-puddle.

The *Illuminati* were held together by a single aim—the destruction of monarchy. The Know-Nothings are held together simply by the hope of office. The first was powerful enough to convulse Europe and dethrone kings; the second too weak to arrive at any thing except, perhaps, the moral suicide of its members. In one thing, however, they are wonderfully alike—both aim to overthrow and destroy the governing principle of the country in which they exist. In Europe the Illuminati attacked monarchy. In America Know-Nothingism attacks Democracy. It is worthy to be borne constantly in mind, that it

Digitized by Google

strikes at nothing else. Consider its construction and the fact is glaring. It is made up of Whigs, Abolitionists, Orange Irishmen, discarded servants of the Democratic party, tavern-brawlers, and pot-house politicians of desperate character and defeated hopes, and such like admirable material—all birds of a feather.

To these the Democratic party is a perpetual rock ahead. "It is a stone they must o'erleap" or else be crushed by. Its principles being sovereign in the hearts of a vast majority of the American people, it would be hopeless to attempt its defeat before undermining those principles; and it would be hopeless to attempt to undermine them by any meaner engine than fanaticism. Religious bigotry, that bane of human society, is therefore invoked. The battle-cry of the "Pope, the devil, and wooden shoes" is raised, and the world of Protestantism called to arm against John Hughes and Pio Nino. Poor gentlemen, how surprised they must be at their own power to alarm the swelling souls of a race of men whose constant boast is their indomitable courage. Now, the writer being a Virginian by birth, and an old-fashioned high Calvinistic particular Baptist by inheritance and mental conviction, as well as a Democrat of the same sort, professes no love for either of those individuals, and most heartily despises the system they represent, but he certainly never felt severely frightened at them, nor disposed to do that violence to the memory of Roger Williams or Lord Baltimore, to attempt the disfranchisement of an American citizen because he—the said citizen—fancied the well-served mass of Catholicism, or the badly-served mass of Episcopalianism, instead of a plain hymn and sound sermon on faith or predestination. Nor will he do his fellow-citizens the discredit to believe them, many of them, in earnest in their political no-popery hue and cry. Neither he nor the Democracy are much imposed upon by it. We all see pretty well through it, and are quite aware that not Papacy but Democracy is the direct object of attack: because Democracy early set up, has long maintained, and has also enjoyed office and power by means of these cardinal doctrines:

Freedom to worship God;

The absence of any recognition, by the Constitution, of any religious belief as test or qualification for citizenship or office;

The right of every man to be an American who is American in heart, and chooses to reside on American soil;

The principle of the capacity of the people for self-government;

Digitized by Google

The restriction of all government to its legitimate office as a mere conservator of the peace of society—for which the least possible governing the better.

And in short, the "voluntary principle" in all things—struck boldly for by Luther in Germany, and long before him, by Arnold of Brescia and the Albigeois, by the Independents under Cromwell with the sword, and John Milton with the pen, and finally triumphantly vindicated and accomplished in the Constitution of the United States of North America. This is the informing soul, the animating principle of American Democracy. To maintain its ascendency in the national councils; to insure its pervading influence upon the moral tone of American thought; to establish it as the "ultima ratio" of Republican logic is the mission of the Democratic party of these States. Foul fall the day, foul fall the hour, when at the altar or the shrine, at the ballot-box or in the forum, in the public assembly or the sacred circle of home, in their designs toward their fellow-citizens, or their prayers to the God of their country's salvation and their own, they conceal, forget, or abandon one shade, or jot, or tittle of that glorious system of Democracy, in which truth and honor, frankness, friendship, and virtue—in which all that can constitute a practicable and wholesome system of human fraternity, cemented by love to God and love for man—combine and mingle in one majestic and peaceful river of human happiness and progress.

O foolish KNOW-NOTHING! put thyself a little while to school, and learn *Democracy* for thy soul's health, and thy country's good.

Digitized by Google

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

REVIEW OF A REVIEW OF WEBSTER'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

[We open our columns to the following "Review of a Review," neither as a matter of justice nor a matter of favor, but simply because the question is one in which every scholar, and indeed every man who writes or speaks the English language, has a direct and peculiar interest. For ourselves, we frankly admit, that our sympathies are rather anti-Websterian than otherwise. At the same time, we admit with equal frankness, that the subject is beset by grave difficulties, and that no man has a right to form a hasty judgment. We owe it to the importance of the issue raised between the contestants, to examine the arguments urged upon either side with a calm impartiality. The ability displayed by the distinguished philologists engaged in the discussion will undoubtedly afford the public an opportunity of making for themselves a complete digest of the reasons *pro* and *con*, and so come to a wise and liberal decision.—Ed. Dem. Rev.]

The *Democratic Review* for March, contains several pages of somewhat bitter animadversion on the orthography of Noah Webster. A tone of disparagement is assumed towards this eminent man, which neither the force of the Reviewer's objections, nor his display of philological qualification, appears to warrant. He who would "judge the judges" might be expected to bring to his self-imposed task some little acquaintance with the law. Whether our Reviewer's expressions of contempt for an illustrious and venerable name, proceed from superior knowledge or from the temerity of ignorance and ill-will, we propose to put it in the reader's power to decide.

The English language being derived from various and discordant sources, its orthography was for a long period confused and unsettled. Even later than the time of Cromwell, every man might be said to be "his own speller." Gradually, however, during the last two hundred years, our language has been undergoing a process of simplification. It has been working out important analogies, and tending steadily towards increased uniformity. But this progress, like that of civil liberty in England, has never been regular or systematic. Every gain has been made at the expense of much remaining irregularity; and there have always been persons ready to object to all reforms on this account.

In the last century, for example, when men grew weary of writing *fabrick*, *musick*, *stoick*, *physick*, etc., and began to drop the *k*, the cry of "innovation" and "inconsistency" was loudly raised. Johnson condemned the change as a gross corruption of our language; and one of the "reviewers" of the day, undertook to overwhelm it with ridicule by framing sentences

Digitized by Google

like the following: "Dic gave Jac a kic, when Jac gave Dic a knoc on the face with a thic stic."

In like manner, when the *u* was first omitted in such words as *authour*, *governour*, *mediatour*, etc., (for nearly every word of this kind came with a *u* into our language from the French,) there was a similar outcry against those who ventured on the change. Dr. Webster was denounced throughout our country for adopting these "monstrous innovations." So far was the feeling carried in respect to the letter *k*, which had so long figured as a supernumerary in a large class of words, that two of Roscoe's works—Lorenzo di Medici, and Leo the Tenth—which had been printed by the author in England with the new spelling, were actually altered in 1803–5 throughout the whole eight volumes, by the Philadelphia publisher, who restored the *k* in every word where it had been omitted!

This "clutter of superfluous" letters has at last been swept away; and we may ask: Is there a man in the United States who doubts the expediency of these changes? We had not imagined that such an individual could be found; but it seems there *is* one, and that man is our Reviewer. Whether another exists in our country, remains to be determined. But this Reviewer tells us in plain terms that these changes were made "probably without good reason"! Now we submit it to the reader, whether it is possible for such a man to be a fair critic in a case like this. One whose mind is so shut in by an ultra conservatism, is totally disqualified for taking large and liberal views of such a subject. His real feeling is, (and this is the principle which underlies all his objections,) "Do nothing, unless you can do every thing." This it is which leads him, the moment any case is mentioned where a change in a few words would make an analogy complete, to look out for some other and more remote case, and bring the charge of inconsistency because the change is not proposed *there* also!

Opposition like this would have been quite as justifiable in the days of Henry the Eighth or of Queen Elizabeth as at present; and if such objections had then prevailed, we should now be writing, with our ancestors of those days, *fygge*, *schyppe*, *schmalle*, *onely*, *aire*, *uprore*, *sunne*, *veray*, etc. It is because the public paid no regard to such objections, that we have been steadily advancing towards greater simplicity and uniformity in our spelling. Men saw that the resort to such objections was mere *evasion*—a changing of the issue for the sake of finding fault. We shall endeavor to show that nearly all the Reviewer has said is of this character, intermingled with bold assertions, and expressions of contempt towards Dr. Webster, such as we rarely meet with at the present day in the pages of a scholar and a gentleman.

Our distinguished countryman is represented as "priding himself most on what he was least fitted for;" as "every way unequal to his task;" as "aspiring to a Newtonian law that would reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies;" as, "with all his p'odding," not being able "to hit upon the

Digitized by Google

really weak points of the language." Intimations against his good faith are also thrown out.

It is unnecessary to reply to aspersions like these. The fame of Noah Webster is in the keeping of the nation, beyond the reach of cavil and question. Born in 1758, he graduated at Yale College in 1778, and entered upon those philological studies which he prosecuted to a late period of his life. In his spelling-book, published in 1785, he made an important reform in the syllabication of words—a reform which may now be found adopted in nine tenths of the English dictionaries and spelling-books in use. In his grammar, published about the same time, he proposed new rules for the use of the subjunctive mood; and these have now the force of grammatical law, as well in England as in the United States. In 1789, Franklin wrote to him: "I can not but applaud your zeal for preserving the purity of our language." In 1807 Webster commenced the great work of his life—his "American Dictionary of the English Language." His labors on this work extended to the year 1825, a period of eighteen years. They were years of unintermitted study and research. Several of them he devoted to an examination of the vocabularies of twenty of the principal languages of the world, with a view to tracing the genealogies and affinities of words. Eight months he passed at the University of Cambridge, in England, where he had free access to the libraries. He spent some time in Paris, always intent on his great work; and he afterwards visited London and the principal cities of Great Britain, to satisfy himself more thoroughly as to the existing state of the English language and pronunciation in that country. He at length returned home, and at the age of seventy brought his life-long labors to a close with the publication of his Dictionary.

Such were the qualifications, the self-sacrificing zeal, the faithful career of a man, of whom it is now said, "He was *every way* unequal to his task." The charge that he aspired to a "Newtonian law" which should reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies, is a mere impertinence. No man was better aware of the impossibility of any such law, applied to a composite language like the English. In his Introduction, he says: "It is important that the same *written words* and the same *oral sounds* to express the same ideas, should be used by the whole nation. When any man, therefore, attempts to change the established orthography or pronunciation, except to correct palpable errors and produce uniformity, by recalling wanderers into the pale of regular analogies, he offers an indignity to the nation." Again he says: "In many cases, when a false orthography has been long established, I have noticed the fact, without making any alteration in the common spelling." Is this the language of one whose rules are "bare assertions of his opinions," and who hoped to "reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies"?

The amplitude of Webster's vocabulary is regarded by common people as adding to its value; but in this the Reviewer finds new cause for a supercilious depreciation of the "plodding" lexicographer; quoting the following

Digitized by Google

words from Webster's Dictionary, as suggesting a doubt whether its value "increases in the direct ratio of its voluminousness":

irremovability	*irrepealability*	*irrenowned*
irremovably	*irrepealableness*	*irreparable*
irremunerable	*irrepentance*	*irreparably*
irreparability	*irremovable*	*irrepealable*
irreparableness	*irremoval*	*irrepealably*

Of these words, some are used by Shakspeare, Milton, and Spenser; and the majority of them are in every good dictionary of modern date, including Smart's and Reid's. All but three of them—the first, seventh, and tenth—may be found in another American dictionary, which, if we mistake not, has met with great favor in our Reviewer's eyes, and the publishers of which have been busily giving circulation to his defamation of Webster. If the scrutiny of the critic had been directed to the vocabulary of the competing lexicographer whose publishers have been thus engaged, he might have detected the following choice words, not one of which can be found in Webster's Dictionary:

cocknefy	*sapientize*	*squeezable*
dandify	*scranky*	*thundery*
dandyize	*scribblement*	*transmogrification*
dirt pie	*scriggle*	*unindifferency*
fiddlefaddler	*scrimption*	*unleisuredness*
jiygumbob	*shopocracy*	*wegotism*
pish-pash	*soberize*	*weism*

What precious contributions have we here to the "well of English undefiled"! What purity and legitimacy, contrasted with the character of those words quoted against Webster, as "recruits from all creditable and discreditable sources"!

Let us now examine some of the Reviewer's orthographical objections.

I. The word *woe*. Webster gives this as the true spelling; so do Smart, Reid, Worcester, and other lexicographers. The word is so spelled by the translators of the Bible, by Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and by Wordsworth, the most accurate of the English poets. It is the prevalent spelling both in England and this country. Webster states a simple fact, and deduces its reason: "Woe takes the final *e*, like *doe*, *foe*, *hoe*, *sloe*, *toe*, and all similar *nouns* of one syllable." The other parts of speech reject the *e*. The word in question being a noun should take it, making the analogy without exception. But our Reviewer magisterially exclaims: "Webster's reason is entirely arbitrary." Arbitrary? It is in fact one of the strongest of all reasons in a question of language, namely, a *complete analogy;* and the Reviewer's comment is mere ignorant assertion. However, he kindly assures us that "this is a small matter." It certainly is so; and there are other specimens of his criticism quite as "small," if not smaller, in store for the reader.

Digitized by Google

II. The words *mold* and *molt*. A pretty large class of monosyllables, bound together by having the long sound of *o*, as *bolt*, *bold*, etc., had an old form, as *gould*, *bould*, *ould*, *tould*, in which the *u* was finally dropped. There seemed an equally good reason for dropping the *u* in the two remaining words of the class, namely, *mould* and *moult*. Indeed this was done by Spenser, South, and many other old English writers. There is also an etymological reason for the omission of the *u*. The Reviewer turns off to *port* and *fort*, a totally different class of words, and gives it *as his simple assertion*, that *court* ought to be made like them by dropping the *u*, if we are to admit Webster's reasons for *mold* and *molt*. But *port* and *fort* never had a *u*; and no similar reason exists for a change at the same time that all etymological reasons are against it. Here is one of those cases of *changing the issue*, in which the Reviewer exhibits a sort of harlequin dexterity.

III. *Defense*, *offense*, *pretense*, etc. Nouns of this kind are of two classes. *First*, a number in *ence* from Latin nouns in *tia*, as *sentence* from *sententia*; *reverence* from *reverentia*; *confidence* from *confidentia*, etc., which have their derivatives in *t*, as *sententious*, etc. *Second*, a small class of five or six words only, like *expense*, etc., derived from Latin nouns, perfect participles, or verbs. These have their derivatives in *s*. They stand thus according to Johnson: *expense* from *expensum*; *defence* from *defensio*; *offence* from *offensa*; *pretence* from *prætensus*; *suspense* from *suspensus*; *recompense* from *recompenso*. This latter class of words, although thus differing from the preceding class, came into our language with the spelling *ence*. *Expence* and *recompence* were spelled with a *c* from the time of Chaucer through all the versions of the Bible down to Bailey's Dictionary in the middle of the last century. *Licence* was also spelled with a *c*. But a separation now commenced; and Johnson wrote *expense*, *recompense*, *suspense*, and *license* with an *s*. It was unfortunate that he did so in *license*, because this word properly belongs to the first of the two classes, being derived from *licentia*, and hence some of its derivatives have the *t*, as *licentious*. But this word can not be recalled. As to *expense*, *recompense*, etc., no one ever doubted that Johnson was right. But if he *was* right, Webster says he ought to have added the other three words of this class, all being derived from words in *s*, and all having their derivatives spelled with an *s*. How does the Reviewer meet this plain argument? By the following series of evasions:

Evasion first. He flourishes before us the fact that *license* has derivatives in both the forms, namely, *s* and *t*. Be it so. What does this prove, as to the point before us? The words in question (*defense*, *offense*, *etc.*) are unlike *license* in this respect. They have only *one* form, and that the same with *expense*. And does it therefore follow that they should be spelled *differently* from *expense*? The true inference (if there is any) from the Reviewer's premises is this: that *license* should reassume the *c*, like *sentence*, because

Digitized by Google

its derivatives are a majority of them in *t*, as *licentious*. But what kind of logic is it, which insists that *license* should retain the *s*, (while thus differing from *expense* as to derivatives,) but that *defense*, *offense*, *pretense*, should *not* take the *s* like *expense*, while they perfectly agree with it in respect to the very point brought forward by the Reviewer!

Evasion second. The Reviewer asks, with an affectation of surprise: "What does Webster mean by saying that *pretense*, *offense*, *defense*, are the only three words that remain, terminating in *ence?*" The context will show that Webster never said any thing of this kind, in the broad, unqualified terms here imputed to him; but that he is speaking of the second class of words mentioned above, derived from words in *s*. These three words *are* all that remain *in that class*. What he says is, those words which thus remain ought to take the *s*, in common with *expense* and *recompense*, etc. The Reviewer utterly misrepresents him, as though Webster was speaking with reference to the other class. Is it possible that the Reviewer could have innocently misconceived a meaning so obvious?

Evasion third. The Reviewer says, in regard to conforming primitives to derivatives: "If this *rule* has any force, it must be general in its application." Now Webster never laid it down as a *rule;* and here is another attempt to misrepresent him. It is a great convenience to have primitives and derivatives conformed in their spelling; but surely Webster's endeavor to produce this uniformity in a few proper instances is not fairly liable to so sweeping a misconstruction. No general "*rule*" can be deduced, either from Webster's practice or principles, on this subject; he simply shows that this conformity is to be studied and secured when it can be conveniently done. He found the words *catechise* and *exorcise* spelled with an *s* by Walker, Jameson, Knowles, Todd, and the majority of lexicographers. In this case, the words conformed to their derivatives—*catechist*, *exorcism*, etc.—although they departed from Webster's general rule as to verbs from the Greek *izo*. He allowed them to remain as exceptions, in consideration of the other advantage gained. But he found *baptize* spelled by Johnson, Walker, and others with a *z;* and, notwithstanding the derivatives of this word require an *s*, the argument of usage and of conformity with the Greek *baptizo*, was sufficient to induce him to attempt no change. All that he has done therefore, has been to let *catechise*, *exorcise*, and *baptize*, retain the form which the leading lexicographers had given to them. Webster's general rule was this: "Verbs from the Greek *izo*, and *others formed in analogy with them*, have the termination in *ize*, as *baptize*, *legalize*." Mark the unjustifiable construction which the Reviewer gives to this simple statement. "The assertion," he says, "that *baptize* and *legalize* are derived directly from the Greek, needs confirmation." He would make it appear that Webster is chargeable with the blunder of deriving *legalize* directly from the Greek! Here we have—*first*, an attempt to prove inconsistency against Webster, in departing from a rule which he never laid down or admitted;

Digitized by Google

and *secondly*, an attempt to prove a blunder against him, which no ingenuity can extort from the plain meaning of his words. What shall we say of the candor of the critic who resorts to subterfuges like these?

Evasion fourth. This has reference to *fence*, as derived from *fend*. Now the words which Webster proposed to change are all derived, according to Johnson, *directly* from a noun, participle, or verb, containing an *s;* and so their derivatives were in *s*. But *fence*, according to the Reviewer's own showing, is not derived from a verb containing an *s*, and its derivatives are not in *s*. Therefore, as stated by Webster, it does not fall under the same category with the words in question. All that the Reviewer has said about it therefore, is *mere evasion.*

While under this head, we may make a remark on the word *pretensed*, in respect to which our Reviewer talks in an *ex cathedra* style, and says "*Rule it out*"! He more than insinuates that Webster was guilty of an imposture in admitting it, and that he did so in order to favor his own views in regard to the spelling of derivatives. "What sort of modern English word is *pretensed?*" asks our critic; "Webster cites the encyclopædia. What encyclopædia?" The critic is not to be taken in—not he—by a sham word. Well, we refer him to any respectable dictionary of modern date for the satisfaction of his sagacious doubts. In Todd's Johnson he will find: "*Pretensed*, (prætensus, Lat.,) pretended, feigned. Pretensed right is a term of law.—*Stapleton.*" If Todd is too modern, we refer the critic to Bailey, or to Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic Words. If these are too ancient, we refer him to Smart's Abridged London Dictionary, (1854,) or to Alexander Reid's Edinburgh Dictionary for Schools, (republished by the Messrs. Appleton, New-York.) By the critic's leave we will, therefore, *rule back* the word *pretensed.* It is a matter of little consequence, except as showing the ignorance of the man who undertakes to put down Dr. Webster for his ignorance. But there is one word, *pretentious* (from the French *pretentieux*,) which Webster, it seems, has omitted. This he has done, in common with the authorities cited above, and all the standard lexicographers. We are sorry for it. The critic's own style is a proof that the epithet may be sometimes convenient and apt.

IV. The words *dullness*, *fullness*, etc. The Reviewer suggests that "as *dulness* should be written *dullness* because its primitive is written *dull*, *skilful* should be written *skillfull* to 'complete the analogy' with *stiffness.*" Walker, in his Introduction to his Rhyming Dictionary, Aphorism VII., instances the following words, namely: *smalness*, *talness*, *chilness*, *dulness*, *fulness*, as spelled according to the mode then prevalent, and pertinently asks, "Since there is no hope of restoring the lost *l* to these words, why should we write *illness*, *fellness*, *shrillness*, and *stillness*, unless we are determined to have no rule for our orthography, good or bad?" But the good sense of the public came to the rescue, and the *l was* restored to *smallness*, *tallness*,

Digitized by Google

and *chillness*. Why not then to *dullness* and *fullness?* It was in this connection that Webster, in No. 6 of his rules, gave his verdict for *dullness* and *fullness*. How does the Reviewer meet the combined authority and arguments of Webster and Walker? Why, after his old fashion of *evasion*. He tells us that under Webster's principle, we ought to write "*skillfull*." Now every child knows, that *ful* (though derived from *full*) has become a regular English formative as much as *ly*, (from *lic*, *like*,) in *wisely*, *likely*, etc. It by no means follows, because the spelling of the primitive *skill* ought to be retained in *skillful* that, therefore, the affix *ful* ought not to have its legitimate contracted form. As well might it be said, that in the derivative *likely*, because we retain the whole of the primitive in the first syllable, the formative *ly* ought also to take the form of *like*, making the word *like-like*. With regard to the affixes *less* and *ness*, Webster himself says that one *s* in these syllables is useless; but as there is no irregularity in the spelling of them in the large number of words to which they are attached, we may certainly accept the formative *ful* as it exists, and at the same time omit to strike out the superfluous *s* in *ness*, without inconsistency. A man may consistently adopt one reform which he finds already in vogue, even though he may not think it expedient to venture upon another for which the public is unprepared. The Reviewer has here not only *shifted the issue*, but exhibited his ignorance of one of the commonest laws regulating the formation of English words.

V. Words like *traveler*, *worshiper*, etc. We come now to the most extensive class of words affected by the rules adopted by Webster. The following rule, laid down by Lowth and other grammarians, is one of the best established in English orthography:

All words of more than one syllable, ending with one consonant preceded by one vowel, *and accented on the last syllable*, always double that consonant on adding *ed*, *eth*, *ing*, etc. But if such words are *not* accented on the last syllable, they do not double the last consonant. EXAMPLES: (Case first,) *Allot*, *allotted*, *allotting*; (Case second,) *reason*, *reasoned*, *reasoning*; *worship*, *worshiped*, *worshiping*.

Of the doubling of the *p*, as in *worshipping*, and of the *l*, as in *counselling*, Lowth says it is a "fault in the spelling, which neither analogy nor pronunciation justifies."

From inattention to this rule we have such inconsistencies as *novelist* with one *l*, and *duellist* with two; *bigotted*, *rivetted*, etc., with two *t's*; and *pocketed*, *vomited*, etc., with one. Indeed the exceptions to the rule have been so purely arbitrary and capricious, that the same writer would double the unaccented consonant at one time, and omit to do it at another. The exceptions might be indefinitely extended at the whim of any one; for no one could decide what the best usage really was in regard to many of the words.

Walker says: "An ignorance of this rule has led many to write *bigotted* for *bigoted*, etc., and from this spelling has frequently arisen a false pro-

Digitized by Google

nunciation; but no letter seems to be more frequently doubled improperly than *l*. Why we should write *libelling*, *levelling*, *revelling*, and yet *offering*, *suffering*, *reasoning*, I am totally at a loss to determine."

Perry, Ashe, and other English writers expressed themselves in favor of Lowth's rule, and Perry introduced it to a great extent in his dictionary. Among American writers, Worcester says: "It evidently better accords with the analogy of the language." And he adds: "This form (*traveling*, etc.) only wants the sanction of prevailing usage to render it the preferable orthography."

Mr. C. Vines, author of "The Dictionary Appendix," (London, 1854,) adopts Webster's reform, and says of the "deviations" condemned by Lowth: "They are liberties that ought not to be sanctioned, being directly opposed to orthographical rule and to proper accentuation—they are deviations without a reason . . . . All consistent writers should give their decided opposition to this devious current in orthography."

Webster simply carried out the recommendations of Lowth, Walker, Perry, and other authorities. Since the appearance of the revised edition of Webster's Dictionary in 1847, the American public have taken up the reform in the spirit of men who mean to see it through. Editors and publishers who follow Webster in nothing else, take a strong hold here. Practical printers, compositors, and proof-readers, a class exercising great influence in introducing improvements in orthography, despairing of keeping in the memory the many arbitrary deviations from a general rule, feel the importance of carrying out so broad an analogy as this. It is prevailing everywhere with a rapidity wholly unexpected by the warmest Websterian.

But how has the Reviewer met the argument of Lowth and Walker? What has he said to invalidate the force of their reasons, or to show that Lowth's rule, recommended by Webster, should not be at once adopted in our orthography? Not a syllable! He darts off to another subject, and seeks to find fault with Webster as "inconsistent," because he does not bring certain other words under the same rule. Now this applies as much to Lowth and Walker as it does to Webster; but the Reviewer says nothing about *them*. His abuse is directed solely against the American lexicographer, as if he alone was responsible for whatever difficulties may exist in the case.

We have already intimated that in every stage of improvement in our spelling, there will arise some point of difficulty. It is impossible to do every thing at once. The good sense of the English race has kept them from attempting it; and at the same time has led them to go on widening their analogies, even though there might be a point where some inconsistency, real or apparent, would occur. The inconsistencies in the old spelling were, in many instances, far greater than in the reformed. In the present case there is a class of words like *tranquillity*, which do not fall properly under Lowth's rule. This rule relates, as all know, to *English* formatives. Take

Digitized by Google

now the word *tranquillity*. We have no English formative here. The word is not made up of *tranquil* and *ity;* it is directly derived from the Latin *tranquillitas*. So we have *civility* from *civilitas; frugality* from *frugalitas;* while *legality*, according to Todd's Johnson, is from the French *legalité*. From the Latin *cancello* we have *cancellatus, cancellatio;* and from these the English words *cancellate, cancellated, cancellation*. So also we have the Latin word *lamella*, from which Dr. Webster deduces the English word *lamel*, and through this, going back to *lamella*, he derives *lamellar* and the other derivatives. We have the same kind of warrant for *crystallography, crystalline, metallurgy*, etc. So also for *chancellor*. Every body knows that this word is not compounded of the English word *chancel*, with the formative *or*. So also in regard to *chapellany*, now an obsolete word. It is not a compound of *chapel* and *any*, but derived from *capellanus*, a Latin term of the middle ages. In regard to *excellence:* this word is not formed from the English word *excel*, and *ence* as a formative, but directly from the Latin *excellentia*. So of *excellent*. Now in respect to all these words, one thing is certain: they do not fall under Lowth's rule—they are not English derivatives. But how does the Reviewer turn aside from the real question? What room does he here find for cavil? Let us see.

Evasion first. Webster has confined the rule to English formatives. This was plainly the whole intent of his observations under rule No. 3, as quoted by the Reviewer. Webster very briefly alludes to the other class of words, as derived *directly* from the Latin and Greek—his plain and sole object being to show, that *they did not come from the English*. The Reviewer has laid hold of the word "*directly*," to give us the important information that the word *chancellor* came into our language through the French from the Latin, and not *directly* from the Latin, and so to raise a shout of victory over Webster's self-contradiction. He also gives us, in his style of delicate humor, the additional information that Webster's "great-grandfather was not *there* when the word was adopted"! But what has all this to do with the real question at issue: that respecting Lowth's rule, or the propriety of its being established as recommended by Webster? The Reviewer resorts to his old game. He dodges the real issue, draws off the reader's attention to a new side-issue, and quibbles because Webster, in his necessarily brief rule, did not (as he does under the proper head in his dictionary,) trace the pedigree of *chancellor* through the French *chancelier* to *cancellarius*, but made mention of the Latin original only! The attempt to fix upon Webster "*inferentially*" the absurd rule, that "words directly derived always retain the *ll* of their originals," falls with the rest of these frivolous charges. Emboldened by practice, the Reviewer seems now to have attained a facility in his "changes of the issue" which Herr Alexander might envy.

Evasion second. The Reviewer endeavors to mystify the subject by charging Webster with doing something wholly "arbitrary" in dividing the words *shaveling* and *starveling* into two syllables, while he divides *shoveling*

Digitized by Google

and *traveling* into three. He says "Webster ordains" this; and also, "Here then is arbitrary rule the second in direct conflict with arbitrary rule the first." Let us see. *Shave* is a word of one syllable, and *ling* an English formative of another syllable. Is there any thing "arbitrary" in making them, when united, a word of *two* syllables? All the lexicographers have done the same, and what else could be made of such a compound? On the other hand, *shovel* and *travel* are words of two syllables. Is there any thing "arbitrary" in making them words of three syllables, when the formative *ing* is added? What else could Webster possibly make them? The intentional point of the Reviewer's evasion seems to be this: that the formative termination is the *same* in these two classes of words! Unless this be admitted, there is plainly not a shadow of pretense for the objection made. Now we put the question: Did the Reviewer believe when he wrote this, that the words *shaveling* and *shoveling* have the same formative termination? If he did believe it, he is too ignorant as to the structure of our language to justify his meddling. He has put himself *hors du combat* on such a subject. If he did *not* believe it, if he knew better, then has he used false reasoning in order to bring reproach on Webster. There is no escape from this dilemma.

Evasion third. This is of the same nature with the preceding. The Reviewer gives *gravel* as the primitive, and *gravelly* under it, as a case in which Webster is inconsistent in doubling the *l*. Now in the adjective *gravelly*, the formative termination is not *y* but *ly*, being an abbreviation of *lic*, (*like*,) and denoting *gravel-like*. Webster is therefore consistent in writing *gravelly* with two *l's*, as he is in writing *woolly* with two, and *woolen* with one. We again put the question: Did the Reviewer know that *ly* was the formative? If he did *not* know, his ignorance of a fact familiar to school-boys, is somewhat remarkable in one who undertakes to pronounce majesterially on the qualifications of Dr. Webster. If he *did* know, then has he endeavored to mislead his readers and produce an injurious impression, by wantonly false reasoning.

VI. Words in *er*, like *theater*, etc. In judging of the propriety of Webster's proposed mode of spelling these words, one should be fully aware to how wide an extent the French form of *re* prevailed in the time of Chaucer, and even much later, in our early versions of the Bible. Not only such words as *chamber*, *cider*, *tiger*, *enter*, *fever*, *tender*, *charter*, *number*, etc., once written *chambre*, *cidre*, *tigre*, *entre*, *fevre*, *tendre*, etc., had the French form; but it was even applied to words of Saxon origin, out of deference to the fashion of the court. Hence we find *mordre* and *murthre* for *murder*, and other cases of the same kind. But the English form rapidly prevailed. It is idle to say, as the Reviewer has done, that "*re* is as consistent with any admitted or fixed principle of English orthography as *er*." Every school-boy knows better than this. Our English ancestors who reversed the form knew better. How, then, has the Reviewer met Webster's argument from this steady tendency towards the termination *er*? By still

Digitized by Google

Another evasion. He turns off, as usual, to a side-issue, at the same time adopting a contumelious tone. Adverting to Webster's remark, that some fifteen or twenty words, with their derivatives, had retained the spelling in *er*, he takes airs upon himself in the following characteristic manner: "The reason why these fifteen or twenty words retain their original termination, and why Webster should have let them alone, is *obvious to every one but himself* (!) namely, that their *derivatives required it.*"

Let us look for a moment at this instance of Noah Webster's stupidity. All the world, it seems, knew (though he did not) that if we write *theater*, *luster*, etc., we must carry the *e* into their derivatives, and write *theaterical*, *lusterous*, etc. Indeed? Why, then, have all the world changed *wondre* into *wonder*, while they yet write *wondrous*, and not *wonderous?* Why have they changed *monstre* into *monster*, while they still write *monstrous*, and not *monsterous?* Why have they changed *entre* into *enter*, and yet been so stupid as to write *entrance?* Why have they changed *disastre* into *disaster*, and yet written *disastrous*, and not *disasterous?* The fact is, the Reviewer has *supposed* a rule on this subject, which does not exist, namely, that if a word ends in *er*, and has a formative, the *e* must enter into the formative. But we have numerous cases in which words ending in *er*, *or*, etc., do not retain the vowel in composition; as, for example, *huntress* from *hunter*, *actress* from *actor*, *ancestress* from *ancestor*, and a multitude of others. We could go on, adducing case after case directly in the teeth of our critic's principle. And yet this is the man who affects such contempt for Dr. Webster as to say, he was ignorant of what every one but himself knew."

The Reviewer talks as though he supposed Webster was the only lexicographer who had ever put these fifteen or twenty words into a dictionary with the termination *er*. But this was done more than two centuries ago, by John Minsheu, in his great folio dictionary, entitled, "The Guide to Tongues." In this work, printed in the year 1617, the words in question are reduced to the English spelling in *er*, and this was also done in a number of dictionaries of foreign languages, about the same period. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, did the same in his "New World of English Words," in 1658. *Sepulcher*, *theater*, *miter*, etc., was the general spelling of the dictionaries of that day. It is a somewhat curious fact, that the word *scepter* came into our language from the first with the spelling *ter*, while almost every other word of the kind took the French form. In Wickliffe's Bible it was spelled *cepter*, and it retained its termination in *er* through all the versions to that of King James inclusive; nor was it altered therein until a comparatively late period. Even Bailey gives *scepter* as the only proper spelling, while many of the other words stand in his pages in the same double form as in Dr. Webster's. The influence of French literature, after the restoration of Charles the Second, brought back the French form, which was adopted by Johnson. At the present day German literature is becom-

Digitized by Google

ing more and more familiar to the English eye, and with it the Teutonic spelling in *er*, which belongs equally to the genius of that language and of ours.

The Reviewer exultingly produces the word *ogre*, as a "contradiction." This word came into our language from the East through the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and was so purely a foreign word as hardly to justify a change.

With regard to *acre*, *massacre*, and *lucre*, which are necessary exceptions, because of the liability of *c* before *e* to be pronounced like *s*, if this is an objection to *theater*, etc., where there is no such liability, it is equally an objection to *cider*, *tender*, etc. Shall we do nothing because we can not do every thing?

We may remark, while on this subject, that the derivatives of *center*, etc., proceed much more conveniently from the English form than from the French. Under the latter, we have such awkward derivatives as *centred*, *sceptred*, *sepulchred*, *reconnoitring*, etc., words which are certainly more likely to be misunderstood and mispronounced than *centered*, *sceptered*, *sepulchered*, *reconnoitering*, etc. Milton and Pope seem to have been aware of this, and wrote *sceptered*, *centered*, etc. Sir Isaac Newton, Camden, Selden, and many of their cotemporaries wrote *center*, *scepter*, etc. We have changed *diametre* to *diameter*. Why should we not write *meter* as well?

VII. *Foretell*, *fulfill*, *distill*, *instill*. The Reviewer gives as Webster's reason for this mode of spelling, that "the derivatives require the double *ll*." "Then, certainly," adds the Reviewer, "*forget*, *submit*, *begin*, *refer*, *concur*, *repel*, and so on, should be written, *forgett*, *submitt*," etc. Here by suppressing a portion of Webster's language, an erroneous impression is conveyed. The reason for the spelling is given in the following passage, which the critic ignores: "These words retain the *ll* of their primitives." And to show what primitives he means, Webster adds: "In this case it is only necessary to remember the rule, that the spelling of the original words *tell*, *still*, *fill*, is retained in all the derivatives." But what English primitives are there, ending in a double consonant, which bear the same relation to *forget*, *submit*, etc., that *tell*, *still*, and *fill* do to *foretell*, *fulfill*, *distill*, *instill*? The two cases are not analogous, and we have here another misrepresentation of Webster's actual language.

VIII. "*Practise*, the verb, should be spelled *practice*, because the noun is so spelled. *Drought* should be spelled *drouth*, because it is extensively so pronounced. *Height* should be spelled *hight*, because it was so spelled by Milton. *Ton* should be spelled *tun*, and *molasses*, *melasses*, because that spelling is more consistent with the etymologies. *Contemporary* should be spelled *cotemporary*, because it is more easily pronounced. *Plough* should

Digitized by Google

be spelled *plow*, because that spelling more naturally represents the sound." These are not Webster's reasons, but the critic's disingenuous abstract of them. In regard to *practise*, Webster's "*because*" is clear and conclusive; the critic makes it weak and ridiculous. Webster says: "The distinction in spelling between the noun and the verb properly belongs only to words which are accented on the last syllable, as *device* and *devise*, where the verb has the sound of *ize*. The spelling *practise* tends to give it the same sound." He might have added that, the pronunciation being alike in noun and verb, persons who try to observe the distinction in writing, are often puzzled to recollect which ought to have the *c* and which the *s*. By abolishing the unnecessary and misleading distinction, Webster has established a genuine reform.

Webster gives both *drought* and *drouth*. Under the former, he says: "The spelling *drought* is after the Belgic dialect; but the regular word, *drouth* or *drowth*, is still considerably used."

Webster approves *hight* because it is desirable that the noun should be thus regularly formed from the adjective *high*. If Milton, (who wrote *highth*,) may not be quoted in favor of the simpler form, because he wrote *ruine*, *onely*, etc., then Johnson ought not to be quoted as authority for any word, inasmuch as he wrote *physick*, *honour*, etc.

Tun is so spelled by Todd, Walker, Smart, Reid, and many other lexicographers. Both forms (*ton* and *tun*) are given by Webster. *Melasses* is given by Webster as the etymological spelling; *molasses* as that which usage has sanctioned. The word is defined only under the latter form; and, in Webster's smaller dictionaries, *melasses* is not to be found.

Usage has long been equally divided between *contemporary* and *cotemporary*. They are both allowed by Johnson. Webster favors the latter form because it is more easily pronounced. But both spellings are found in their places.

Plow is a restoration of what was the original and preferable spelling. The termination *ow* has this advantage over *ough*: the latter has five different sounds, the former only two. *Plow*, *plowman* are the spelling of the English Bible, from the day of King James to that of the last issue from the Oxford press. By spelling *plow* instead of *plough* we get rid of two superfluous letters. It is an economical change. In the United States it is rapidly prevailing.

Those tendencies which Webster saw in our language to greater simplicity and broader analogies, are set down by our critic to be such as "it would puzzle any other philologist to discover." Yet this writer, so lavish in his charges of inconsistency and "reciprocal contradiction," has previously said, of the period between Johnson's and Webster's day, that "orthography was in a state of progress." Then what sort of progress was it? A progress to *less* simplicity and *narrower* analogies?

Digitized by Google

After telling us that, "Webster, with all his plodding, could not hit upon the really weak points of the language," the Reviewer undertakes to enlighten us as to what really *are* some of the weak points. We need give but one specimen of his qualifications. He tells us that, "*Episode* and *epitome* have *the same etymology*, yet one has three syllables and the other four." He might with just as much propriety say that *recipe* and *reside*, or that *chalk* and *cheese* have "the same etymology." *Epitome* is from the same word (ἐπιτομή) in Greek, the final vowel being *eta*, and sufficiently indicating that the word has four syllables. *Episode* is from *epeisodion*, (ἐπεισόδιον,) and by the natural law of formation takes but three syllables. And yet this is the man who talks of Webster's "tampering with the language," and who throws out intimations against the "genuineness of his etymologies."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this subject farther. The Reviewer says, that "Webster's much-vaunted reform is limited to about *eighty words* in a dictionary containing *eighty thousand* words; being the proportion of one to a thousand." At one moment, we have a sneer at Webster's "radicalism" and his "Newtonian law," and the next at his conservatism, and the insignificant number of his changes. We have seen that there is not one of Webster's rules, stigmatized as "arbitrary rules of his own creation," by the Reviewer, for which Webster did not find ample authority in the past, and did not give philosophical reasons. We have seen that in no one instance has the Reviewer established his charge, that these rules "are ridiculous from their reciprocal contradictions." We have seen that in respect to the rule covering most of Webster's changes, (that regulating such words as *traveling*, *worshiping*, etc.,) so far from venturing upon an "arbitrary rule," Webster simply protested against an arbitrary departure from rule. We have seen that the vague sneers at Webster's "ignorance," recoil with fatal precision, transformed into *unequivocal proofs*, on their utterer. We have seen that the critic's superciliousness becomes simply absurd, when we put his right of judgment to the test. If there is ever a show of speciousness in his objections, it is on the surface merely. It will not bear the probe.

It is easy, by garbling and misquoting language, to impart an appearance of inconsistency to rules which the entire context would explain. It is easy, by arguments thus based on premises made to suit the objection, and by the cheap rhetoric of sneers, to play the sagacious critic, and create a distrust of the truth. It is easy to assail a well-earned reputation; to represent a self-sacrificing diligence as mere "plodding," and to stigmatize as "assumption," that conscious mastery of a subject, gained by years of exclusive study and devotion; but we have no fear that the fame of Noah Webster will be affected by such attacks. It has gone on increasing from year to year, wherever the English language is spoken. It illumines the first gropings in knowledge of many millions of children. It has received

Digitized by Google

from the cumulative testimony of the first intellects of the age, continual accessions of strength and honor. It has dignified American scholarship, and made American authority in the republic of letters more felt and respected. It is imperishably associated with the English language, and with the glory of the American people.

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

"THE best beloved night" of diplomatic "peace" has descended upon Europe one more. They made such an one with the first Napoleon two or three times. It did not last, however. Will this? John Bull growls at it. He has paid exceedingly dear for his whistle, and had never a chance of playing, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves" for his money. John is wrong in that. He has been ruling them all along, but not the *fish* in them. His navy—his two hundred and forty war-steamers are a kind of modern Canute in that way. But after all, Canute, the story-book says, had to take to his heels, and scamper for a dry place when the tide came in. Or rather, John's navy is a great steam scare-crow, kept up at great expense of coal and bunting, to frighten such birds as the bald eagle from neighboring cornfields. "Look at it!" exclaims the English press, swelling with exultation; "look at it, you Yankees, and behave yourselves. It is true, it has done nothing in the late war with Russia; but that was because we couldn't get at her, on account of some forts and batteries she was so mean as to build along her coast, but it's quite another affair with you. You have nothing of the sort, and in case you prove foolish, we shall put you through by steam in a jiffey." A foolish piece of bravado. It is high time all this buncombe bow-wowing was laid away with on both sides the Atlantic. It is equally out of place on either. England and America have grave responsibilities resting upon them. Those responsibilities are to be met. They should be met by both in a frank and noble way. Let us, at any rate, meet them so, and discard the follies of the braggart and the bully. We are both brave and stubborn nations, and capable of vast effort. What a curse to the world, whenever those qualities are exhibited, or that effort exerted in a bad cause—a false direction. On the Continent of Europe England has to-day the chance of turning the scale in favor of liberty. What hinders her? The continued occupation of Italy by Austrian troops does more to disturb Europe

Digitized by Google

than all the mad schemes of ultra-revolutionists. It is the splinter in the flesh, from which comes a perpetual fester. A decided word from England will relieve Italy from that incubus. What hinders? The Palmerston Cabinet! Looking nearer home, we see that it is the manifest destiny of North-Americans to colonize and control this continent. We feel that the Isthmus of Panama especially is necessary to us, as the connecting link between our Atlantic and Pacific Empire. This necessity is of so imperious a nature as to override all minor considerations of policy, and even of right. The destinies of thirty millions of people, and such a people, must not and can not be jeopardied for the sake of a handful of mongrel half-breeds. If the isthmus be indispensable to us as a means of national *cohesion*, we must occupy it—and we will. But what hinders? The Palmerston Cabinet. Thus this Cabinet, which represents only the violent prejudices of an aristocratic class, and violates the sentiments of the whole mass of Englishmen, is equally false to the true interests of the world in both hemispheres. How long shall we permit it to stand in the way of our duty? It fails every way of its own. Shall it be allowed to turn us quite away from ours? We do not talk in the interest of filibusterism. That is a mere accident of the time. It has nothing to do with the real issue. The true point is this—that Central America lies in such a relation to the two extremes of this Union, that our own interests and safety impose it upon us as a national necessity—a simple law of self-preservation—to exercise exclusive control over the right of transit. The murder of our citizens by a crowd of drunken negroes, monkeyfied with uniforms, and, as in studied derision of the common-sense of the world, called police, is merely an added proof of the necessity. We want a stationary United States force at both ends of the inter-oceanic communication by way of the Isthmus; and we shall have to have it, whether England acquiesce or whether she oppose. This question must be looked to at Cincinnati! Yet, in spite of the Palmerston Cabinet, and of all the former policy of Great Britain, the great principle for which the United States waged war in 1812—the principle, that the flag covers the cargo—has found at last a lodgment in maritime law, and we have the following as the result of the stupendous farce of folly, murder, waste, and wickedness played by France and England for two years past:

"Declaration respecting maritime law, signed by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in Congress at Paris, April 16, 1856:

"The Plenipotentiaries who signed the treaty of Paris, of the 30th March, 1856, assembled in conference,

"Considering,

"That maritime law, in time of war, has long been the subject of deplorable disputes;

"That the uncertainty of the law and of the duties in such a matter, gives rise to differences of opinion between neutrals and belligerents which may occasion serious difficulties, and even conflicts;

Digitized by Google

"That it is consequently advantageous to establish a uniform doctrine on so important a point;

"That the Plenipotentiaries assembled in Congress at Paris can not better respond to the intentions by which their governments are animated, than by seeking to introduce into international relations fixed principles in this respect;

"The above-mentioned Plenipotentiaries being duly authorized, resolved to concert among themselves as to the means of attaining this object; and, having come to an agreement, have adopted the following solemn declaration:

"1. Privateering is, and remains abolished.

"2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

"3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under enemy's flag.

"4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

"The governments of the undersigned Plenipotentiaries engage to bring the present declaration to the knowledge of the States which have not taken part in the Congress of Paris, and to invite them to accede to it.

"Convinced that the maxims which they now proclaim can not but be received with gratitude by the whole world, the undersigned Plenipotentiaries doubt not that the efforts of their governments to obtain the general adoption thereof will be crowned with full success.

"The present declaration is not, and shall not be binding except between those Powers who have acceded, or shall accede, to it.

"Done at Paris, the 16th of April, 1856."

This is the only result which has any importance to us, or to the world in general. It is a matter of supreme indifference to us, whether the Black Sea be neutralized or not, or who fills the Grand Turk's pipe—Russia or the Allies. Whichever it may be, the "*Tchibouchiere*" is bound to burn his fingers. But the four general principles of maritime law laid down are of vital interest to the whole civilized world. The second, third, and fourth are taken from our American copy-book. Hooted at, snubbed, growled at, jeered, bullied for promulgating them, we have continued to do so from almost the dawn of our national existence, and behold the three greatest of great powers—as they delight to think themselves—wage a war of unexampled violence and sacrifice—and the sole result of the whole thing is to establish, in some sort, as the law of nations, three "Yankee notions!" How absurd, then, for the "haut noblesse," represented by Palmerston of England, to fret out their proud hearts for fear that something may be conceded to the progressive spirit of American Democracy. The concession is inevitable. It is made to, and compelled by, the spirit of the age, which America

Digitized by Google

represents. England represents the past—traditional—dead—fast lapsing into mere oblivion: America, the future in the present—full of life, of promise, of hope. Already the Palmerston Cabinet has been rudely shaken. It can with difficulty survive a peace which has brought England no honor; nor does it seem as if its vitality would sustain it against the danger of a war with America, from which she could, under any Cabinet, issue with either honor or profit. The signs of the times are ominous. Before the ink with which these suggestions is printed shall be dry, the Palmerston Cabinet may have fallen, and the whole policy of Great Britain be changed.

DOMESTIC.

Speaking of Cincinnati brings us at once, and no doubt our readers with us, to the centre of all interest for this month. We shall go to press ten days before the momentous question of "Who is the nominee?" will be decided. To that question, therefore, we can give no better answer than any other disinterested individual. We use the word advisedly. We can lay our hands upon our hearts, and profess with unequivocating honesty, that we are wholly disinterested. We have worked for no candidate in advance. It has seemed to us, that the battle was to be fought on more momentous questions than that of *men*. The whole tenor of this Review to-day, as for the whole time it has been under our charge, now six months, has pointed to this. We have labored to show, what we most earnestly believe, that the true intent and meaning of the Constitution is to find its sole honest exponent at this time in the Democratic party, and that the coming battle will be between it and every form of "ism" and disloyalty to the Union. To enable us to conquer gloriously in this fight, we ask of the Cincinnati Convention a noble standard-bearer. We care nothing for his birth-place. He may be a Northern man or a Southern man. We ask only that such a man may be selected as can stand before the country upon unquestionable antecedents. We want no man for whom we shall have to apologize and split hairs. We want a man to swear by—a great man! A great crisis is upon us. Let us meet it with great measures and great men. Do not let us deceive ourselves with the cant of availability. The temper of the times is such that he who is a *really* great man will prove the really available man. It will not do for mere politicians and wire-pullers to manage this thing. The people of the United States are a party to the action. We are going before the grandest of all juries to try our cause. They are judges as well of the law as of the facts. We are to plead for State rights; for national unity; for peace at home, and honor abroad; and our leading counsel will be the *Nominee*. In his person confidence and respect must centre, or resolutions, platforms, speeches, and meetings will be merely frivolous. Upon the verdict of this jury depends the reintegration of the Democracy, and the incorporation into it of all true and loyal adherents of the Constitution and the laws. The line of division must be made by it between Constitutionalists and anti-Con-

Digitized by Google

stitutionalists, under whatever name they may have heretofore been known. Give us, gentlemen of the Convention, an honored and illustrious name to inscribe upon the banners of the Democracy, and the country—the whole country—will respond with enthusiasm. Our platform is already before the country. We stand up boldly as the only constitutional and conservative party. We fought many years for a strict construction of the Constitution. We were victorious. Defeated in every indirect effort to destroy its efficacy, the enemy now attempt to batter in breach, and hope to carry it by assault. After teaching how to construe it, we must now teach them how to respect it. After fortifying the citadel, providence grants us the high honor to be its garrison, and we are ready to repel the enemy or die at our post as God pleases; for to him, who has so wonderfully led us as a people hitherto, we look for help even unto the end. Already we believe the course and consistent firmness of the Democracy has begun to have its effect, and we feel assured that it requires but one united effort more to scatter the enemies of the Republic, and secure a long period of renewed confidence and repose.

We have nowhere seen the feelings of our own hearts, and the happier convictions of our judgment more appropriately expressed than in the portion of Mr. Buchanan's speech, delivered at Baltimore, May 12th, which we quote, namely:

"Disunion is a word which ought not to be breathed amongst us, even in a whisper. The word ought to be considered one of direful omen, and our children should be taught that it is sacrilege to pronounce it. Let the time ever arrive when faction or fanaticism shall drive the people of any State to the brink of the precipice, let them have a full view of the yawning gulf beneath, and they will recoil with instinctive horror from the abyss.

"In regard to the future destiny of my country, I confess I am an optimist; and I have an abiding faith, that a majority of the States and of the people will always eventually redress every wrong which may be committed against any portion of the country. Strange as it may seem, my faith was never stronger in this belief than at the present moment. We have already reached, and almost passed, the dangerous crisis on the subject of domestic slavery. The volcano is nearly exhausted. The material for continued agitation no longer exists. And why? Because I hold it to be quite impossible that any considerable portion of our people can long continue to contest the elementary republican principles recognized in the territorial legislation of Congress.

"This is nothing more than the power possessed by the people of every free State since the world began. It is the foundation—the elementary principle of a democratic republic. Without a cheerful submission to the will of the majority no democratic government can exist. We have thus reached the end, or to use an expressive Americanism, the finality of our legislation on this subject.

"What man in the United States who values his character, will rise

Digitized by Google

among his fellow-citizens and seriously urge the repeal of a law declaring that the majority shall govern? None; not one. I repeat, we have reached the finality of the question. We have arrived at the elementary principle of freedom, that the majority shall govern—a principle essential to liberty, and as unchangeable as liberty itself.

"After the tempest has passed away, it requires some days for the waves of the ocean to subside, so after the agitation in the public mind for many years on the slavery question, it will require some time before this shall cease. That it will do so, except among those fanatics who are governed by a higher law than the Constitution, I feel an abiding confidence.

"And is it not high time that the agitation on this question should subside, and the intellect and energy of the American people be directed to other objects? Our foreign relations demand their serious attention. Our mercantile marine is now the largest in the world, and our merchant-vessels cover every sea; but where is the navy to protect them?

"To be sure what we have is composed of the best and bravest materials; but we have too little of it, although we do not require any thing like so large a navy as that of Great Britain or France. The first commercial people in the world, we are but a third or fourth-rate naval power. Never have I been so convinced as during my residence abroad of the wisdom of the maxim of the Father of his Country, that the best mode of preserving peace is to be prepared for war."

In domestic politics one of the most important events of the month is the Manifesto issued by the discontented Free-Soilers of the State of New-York. These gentlemen are placed in the most curious position. They are the veritable Mohammed's coffin of the 19th century. They cry aloud by day, and groan out in their dreams by night the words of Webster: "Where shall we go?" With happy unanimity of sentiment, and after mature consideration, the Democratic party of the State of New-York, both "*Hard*" and "*Soft*," adopted the same platform of principles, and ranged themselves on the side of the National Democracy. The reception of either one or other of the delegations by the Cincinnati Convention could not be made, therefore, to turn upon the question of principle. It must rest solely upon the question of regularity of appointment. The "Soft" Convention which assembled at Syracuse Jan. 10th, 1856, for the appointment of delegates to the National Convention, took plain, bold ground in favor of Southern rights. It repudiated every thing like "free-soilism." In doing so it honestly represented the sentiment of the Conservative Democracy of the State. By this action it of course placed the "Free-Soilers" proper, who had clung like burrs to its skirts, in a singularly uncomfortable position. They were driven to ask themselves the questions: "Shall we keep silence, or shall we speak out in meeting?" The fact stared them in the face, that the Democracy of the State of New-York, as a mass, was sound and heart-whole in its attachment to the Union, the Constitution, and the reserved rights of the States. What, there-

Digitized by Google

fore, must they (the Free-Soilers) do? Traitors in heart, could they smile, and smile, and wait for a chance to murder as they smiled: or should they put a bold front upon their treason, and strike in open day? If they did the former they had a chance to work on a little longer under the cloak and name of Democracy. If the latter, they must throw away the cloak, and appear naked; but without even the grace of shame to cover their ugliness from common contempt and loathing. Thanks be to that high Providence which has ever watched our dear country with a loving eye, their madness and folly has prevailed above their cunning; and for once they stand out b r e the country and say what they mean without subterfuge or gloss. They sever the bonds, if any ever existed, between them and the Democratic party of the State of New-York. The whole *Van-Buren Clique*, leaders, rank and file, organ-grinders, bear-wards, monkey-dancers, and camp-followers, has deserted with bag and baggage to the Black Republican party, and William H. Seward. They have gone to their own place, and we reverently thank God for so merciful a riddance, and the signal interposition of divine providence in putting away this wicked thing from amongst us.

Now no man North or South, East or West, can say that either section of the Democratic party of the State of New-York is tainted by the presence of a single traitor. Now it will be the height of folly and wickedness if "Hards" and "Softs" do not fling those foolish names to the winds, and combine like brothers against the common foe. Hards! and Softs! What babyism! what puerility! There are no such things left. There is nothing left but the old-line Democratic party. Free-Soilism, which so long stole a piece of the name of Democracy to hide its ugliness, has thrown away even that piece, and stands confessed a monster

> "So hideous of mien
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

There is nothing remaining in the Empire State under the name of Democracy but the old Jackson and Cass battalion; and to call one wing of that "Soft," and the other "Hard," is simply the most disgusting piece of inane tomfoolery sensible men could be guilty of. Gentlemen, you must be a *unit*. There is nothing else left for you. Whichever of you hesitates evinces a want of common-sense as well as patriotism. The hint in our leader this month, which is from the hand of a very eminent Southern gentlemen, is fit to be pondered. Look to it; and thank Heaven that, under whichever name you have been latterly arrayed, whether "Hard" or "Soft," both sections are finally delivered from every questionable adherent, and form a solid regiment of veteran Democrats, ready to fight for the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention under the glorious old banner of the National Democracy!

Digitized by Google

LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

The Sparrowgrass Papers; or, Living in the Country. By Frederic S. Cozzens. New-York: Derby & Jackson.

"PLEASANT it were when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,"

to lie idly on a woodland bank and read the "Sparrowgrass," on grassy couch, to the accompaniment of gentle woodland noises—the trees sighing, the brook rippling, the chipmonk nibbling, the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree, the breezy hum and incense of the summer morn floating around on golden lights serene. Pleasant it were—ah! me, and happy man be his dole who can do it. For us, whom the fiend of city life possesses merely, and whose fancy only has leave to roam in such sweet places, there is nothing left but to read Mr. Sparrowgrass by the false glare of gas, and in the dusty den wherein our fortune cribs us. So we read it there, and, having read, impart to the outer world, not the pleasure we have had in reading, but the thoughts which, as critics, it is our miserable fate to have to think.

The Sparrowgrass Papers, like all Mr. Cozzens' writing, are highly finished, and full of a delicate and gentle humor. He has affinity with all sweet things in nature, and a cultivated appreciation of every nicety of art. We can figure him to ourselves as a man upon whom no influence of form, or scent, or sound is lost. We can see that a thousand times a day the quaint lines of some old versifier come dropping on his ear, over and over, like the echo of a distant song, whether he will or no. Nay, we should be no whit astonished to know that he had walked through the Park, and, by a happy trick of fancy, turned it for the nonce into the gardens of Gul. Wretched gold pen, what have you written? To what execrable pun committed your nib? Let it be the bower of Armida. Our gardens of Gul bloom all the year round in that neighborhood, and it is no compliment to charge on fancy what but refers us to all things of sense for demonstration dire.

But the "Sparrowgrass!" It is a little book to put in your pocket, and enjoy—in the rail-car, on the steamer, in a corner, under a tree—anywhere you please. Story enough, bless you, to keep you at it, and quiet humor a plenty to hold your brow relaxed, and your lips pursed into the prologue of a smile, even though you be on your way to Philadelphia, per Camden and Amboy Railroad, and have no insurance on your life. You shall find a thousand books of more pretentious character, more praised and plastered, more daubed with the common whitewash of puffery, but never a one more genial or of happier influence.

SOFTS THE TRUE DEMOCRACY.

THIS pamphlet — eminently valuable as a thorough history — has been handed to us as we are going to press. It ought to be read and pondered

Digitized by Google

by every Democrat who desires to know the truth. The Delegates to the Cincinnati Convention will find it invaluable as a text-book with regard to the party divisions in the State of New-York.

Some Account of the Life of Spencer Houghton Cone, a Baptist Preacher in America. New-York: Livermore & Rudd.

It would scarce become us to play the critic upon this volume. The life of one, however, who possessed great influence, and who always used that influence to maintain and strengthen the harmony of action and feeling between his brethren of the North and South; who, by a wise conservatism, long aided, in an eminent manner, to repress every feeling else; whose heart, whether in civil or religious matters, knew no North, no South, no East, no West, nothing but a common and glorious country, a common and glorious heritage of freedom, and above all, a common and glorious Gospel; the life of such a man, however plainly and poorly told, can not fail to exert a beneficial influence upon the minds of those who read it, especially at this time, when so many are preaching malice and all uncharitableness, rather than peace on earth and good will to men.

The Bunsby Papers: Second Series. Irish Echoes. By John Brougham. New-York: Derby & Jackson.

A happy title. But is not Master John happy in every thing? Simply the greatest pet of the greatest number, does he not realize the wildest Utopia of Utilitarianism in his own good-looking person? The public are equally tickled, whether they listen to the rich unctuous roll of his voice delivering his own wit, or the wit of others; or whether they kindle the evening fire with his "Basket of Chips" and spread their hands with a comfortable chuckle over the genial blaze. In sooth, we are happy, too, this month. The kindly lobe of our critical heart is the only one called into action. Doesticks and Brougham are before us, and we can not fetch a sneer, or set a frown, or utter a "pish!" for our lives. We are for the nonce, therefore, truly happy. The Bunsby Papers before us are a collection of Irish stories told with admirable point, and colored with the warm hues of Irish genius. They are all interesting—all lively. There is not so much of the sparkling wit, and rollicking mastery of words as one who had listened to "Pocahontas" might be led to expect; but in place of those, we have what the great world and the little world will better appreciate—romance, life, passion, variety, and interest; something which every body can understand, and something which every body will probably read.

The press of matter upon our pages compels us to postpone until next month Reviews and Notices of "The Modern Revolutionary History of Ireland—Savage;" "Ruskin's Modern Painters;" Quarterly Law Journal, Nos. 1, and 2—Randolph, Richmond, Va; "Vagabond Life in Mexico;" "Pluri-bus-tah;" Humboldt's Island of Cuba; Wau-Bun and others.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Sam'l. Colt.

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

UNITED STATES

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

JULY, 1856.

THE CONVENTION—THE CANDIDATES.

It was time that something should be done to rescue the system of nominations, by the machinery of conventions, from the odium and contempt which were fast and deservedly gathering around it. The people of the United States had seen, for a long time, men coming together in every district of the country, self-elected, to control and overawe the minds of the people. They had seen them everywhere, with words of patriotism frothing on their lips, and purposes of treason festering in their hearts, setting up joint-stock companies for the manufacture of public opinion, and stunning the common ear, and paralyzing the common heart with great swelling words, whereof the burden was, like that of the prophet, only and for ever—Wo! wo! upon the land and all the inhabitants thereof. It had come to that pass, that these things called conventions were nothing better than councils of conspirators against the peace, happiness, and dignity of the country—schools of cursing, where a throng of disappointed office-seekers, "a shock of landless resolutes" met together to spur on each other to brave devices and the glorious enterprise of destroying the Con-

Digitized by Google

stitution, and dismembering the confederacy. A little more and the common-sense and common virtue of the people would have rebelled. A little more, and the very name of "Convention" would have stunk in the nostrils of all decent, God-fearing, and law-abiding citizens. It would have carried with it no idea but that of a traitorous assemblage of fools or fanatics —madly bent upon the destruction of every constitutional check and barrier which rose between them and the success of their frenzied schemes for the instant perfection of human government and human beings.

It was happily reserved for the Democratic party to give a new and striking example of its purity and power, and to rescue from contempt a system admirable in itself, and dangerous only when turned awry and perverted from its natural tendency and effect; and to reïnstate a national convention in its proper and legitimate place, by exhibiting it as the true and practical exponent of the real will of the people of the United States. That man must be truly blind, or hopelessly obtuse who does not see and acknowledge that the Convention which met at Cincinatti on the second day of last June has afforded that example, and has reïnstated that kind of assembly in the confidence and affection of the Democracy. It was our privilege to attend that Convention. We sat through its sessions. We mingled with its members. We enjoyed peculiar opportunities of forming a judgment of their character. And we say it honestly, with our hand upon our heart, that a nobler, more earnest, or more dignified body of men never assembled together in one place for a political purpose, in any country or at any time. It was evident at a glance, as you threw your eye over the assemblage, and marked the distinguished carriage, the strong, thoughtful heads, the quiet, determined eyes of its members, that few common or ordinary men had found a place upon that floor. It was not necessary to read the roll to learn that the majority of the men before you wore names already famous in their country's story. You read that by a single glance at their faces. We looked over that goodly company, and our heart throbbed with pride. God forgive us if the emotion was one of overweening confidence in the might of human strength or wisdom. But we felt that the same thought, the same sentiment which had, for many months, been working in our brain and heart, had animated also every mind and heart amongst the myriad numbers of the great Democratic family. They had felt, as we had, the magnitude of the interests about to be committed to their charge by the hands of their representatives. They had

Digitized by Google

felt that, in the inscrutable but all-wise providence of their heavenly Father, the land upon which his smile had so long rested, and which he had blessed more abundantly than any other under the face of the whole heaven, was falling away, and like Israel of old waxing fat and tempting him by its ingratitude. They had felt that a great crisis was come upon us—that one of those periods in the history of nations had arrived from which must be after-dated the story of national grandeur or decline. They had felt that it was no time for mean men; no occasion for second-rate politicians and twopenny county court lawyers to mouth and flourish over. Chastened and sobered by this pervading and controlling sentiment, from every quarter of our mighty land the Democracy sent up its best and noblest—saying to them, Go, take counsel together, and choose ye from amongst us the right men. Lay aside every selfish feeling. Divest yourselves of every prejudice; abandon every sentiment of personal hostility, or sectional favor. Cast away far from you every weight of interest, every local hindrance, every individual restraint; and act as men to whom the destinies of a great nation are intrusted, and the memory of whose deeds must be carried far down into the future as a blessing or a curse. Into your hands we commit the Republic. The trust is one of fearful magnitude and responsibility. See to it that ye quit yourselves like men—and God defend the right!

We pretend to no second-sight, no power of prophecy. It is only an humble and it may be very fallible opinion which we give; but it is very strong upon us, and we therefore say boldly, and without a thought of reservation, that the men of that Convention discharged their trust in the spirit of brave, wise, and earnest patriots; and both in the nominees whom they have presented for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, and the platform they have placed them on—have done all which the sentiment of their constituencies and the exigencies of the time required at their hands.

What name more illustrious, or linked with memories dearest to the Democracy, could they have offered than that of—James Buchanan of Pennsylvania?

Born on the 23d day of April, 1791, near Mercerberg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, the son of an honest, industrious farmer, his childhood was passed under the most favorable auspices for the development of the physical and mental powers. It is evident that his father was a thriving man, for we find him entering Dickinson College at the usual age, and graduat-

Digitized by Google

ing from that institution in 1819. He immediately enters upon the study of the law in the office of James Hopkins. After his admission to the Bar he rapidly attains to uncommon eminence in his profession. Five years after leaving college, and at the age of twenty-three, he is elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania. He no sooner takes his seat in that body than, with a burning and patriotic zeal, he advocates the war we were then waging against Great Britain, and so lends aid and comfort to the Democratic administration which was conducting it. In 1821 the district, composed of the counties of Lancaster, Chester, and Delaware, elected him to Congress by a large majority. He was reëlected for five consecutive terms. In 1824 he pronounced himself the friend and follower of Andrew Jackson, who was then a candidate for the Presidency. James Buchanan espoused his cause warmly, ardently, and from that period to the hour of the Hero's death he continued to be his devoted personal friend, and unwavering political supporter. Through all the stirring scenes of that eventful period he stood like a rock beside Jackson, and by his conduct and eloquence largely contributed to sustain his administration, and repel the bitter and malignant assaults directed against it by the enemies of the Democratic party and its Hero chief. His reputation as an orator and a statesman increased daily during his congressional career, and he took high rank among that band of remarkable men who rallied to the support of Jackson, and before whose untiring zeal and courage the combined forces of Mammon, Secession, and their whole anti-Democratic kindred, finally retired broken and discomfited. Retiring from the House of Representatives in 1831, he was allowed but a brief interval of rest from public duty, being appointed January 4th, 1832, by Jackson, Minister to Russia. Here he gave a striking proof of his capacity as a diplomatist, and though he remained in the Russian Mission but a short time, succeeded in negotiating the most important commercial treaty subsisting between the two countries. It is worthy of remark that the entire efforts of our Government and its Ministers at that Court had been directed, without success, to the same end for more than twenty years preceding.

On the 8th of December, 1834, he took his seat in the Senate of the United States, and continued in that position until the year 1845, having been reëlected by the *unanimous* vote of the Democratic members of the Assembly of Pennsylvania.

In 1845 James K. Polk called him into his cabinet as its leader, and he continued to discharge the duties of Secretary

Digitized by Google

of State until the close of that noble Democratic administration. In all these relationships his admirable manners, weight of character, and unsullied reputation gave him great influence with all parties. The Democratic party relied upon him as a champion always ready and able to do battle for it, careless whether his opponent were a Webster or a Clay, and secure in the justice of his quarrel. It will be remembered indeed that it was against these intellectual giants he was usually pitted, and that he seldom left them to boast a victory. Indeed, his great qualities developed themselves at a very early period of his public career, for both Madison and Monroe recognized them, and the latter offered him an important foreign mission so early as the year 1823.

At the opening of his administration Mr. Pierce called him from his temporary retirement to assume the responsible position of Minister to the Court of St. James. How ably he has represented American interests at that court, under circumstances the most trying, and at a period when questions big with the future of the two nations were daily to be considered and acted upon, is matter so recent and notorious that we need not dwell upon it. Its record is before the country, and their judgment upon it has already been partially pronounced. The 9th of November, 1856, will, we doubt not, affix to that as well as the whole record of his life the seal of a nation's gratitude and approbation.

In 1840 he began first to be prominently presented by his friends in the Democratic party as a candidate for the Presidency. The wish was, we believe, first formally expressed by the Lancaster County Convention, held in September, 1842, in the following words: "The Hon. James Buchanan, whose merits, strength in the hearts of the people, well-tried and valuable public services, able statesmanship, true Democratic course and purity of character, unmistakably point to him as the prominent candidate to be presented to the next National Convention, etc., etc." In 1844 he peremptorily withdrew his name from the list of presidential candidates, although vehemently urged by his friends to adopt a different course. With that firmness, however, for which he is notorious, he refused their solicitations, and modestly replied that there were those already before the country whose claims were superior to his own, and he *would not* interfere with them. In 1848 and 1852 he was again prominently presented, and on the latter occasion the delegates from his native State clung to him for forty-nine successive ballots, and only yielded when it was evident that

Digitized by Google

success at that time was hopeless. A large majority of the Democratic States stood shoulder to shoulder with Pennsylvania in that contest of 1852, proving that his fame was national, and the desire to reward his long and arduous services by no means confined to the Democracy of his native State.

The year 1856 beholds him presented, by the unanimous voice of one of the most weighty, able, and dignified Conventions ever assembled in the United States, as the first choice of the Democratic party of the whole Union. What earthly monarch ever occupied as proud a place? The accident of birth may set upon an idiot's brow the round and top of sovereignty. The blood of thousands slain may bear, upon its gory tide, some brutal soldier—some heartless adventurer to a throne; but as he treads over the necks of prostrate millions to his seat of power, who does not see mingling with the proud pageantry which surrounds him, the sad faces of the widow and the orphan he has made; who does not hear, above the blare of the victorious trumpet, the mournful wail and shriek of outraged and despairing humanity. But when after a long career of peaceful labor in his country's cause—after the discharge of every duty which marks a man as the worthy servant of the best interests of his race and epoch; after a calm and noble contest for the rights of man; after a life spent in the service of truth and virtue—such an one as JAMES BUCHANAN is called to receive the suffrages of his fellow-countrymen for the highest office in their gift, as the reward of all these things, does it not place him upon such a pinnacle of moral grandeur and elevation, as to dwarf "blood-boltered heroes," and monarchs "by the grace of God," into the veriest pigmies beside him?

Young as he is, too, we can be equally proud of the gentleman placed upon the ticket beside him, for Vice-President of the United States.

John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, is a man of extraordinary character and ability; and his early attainment to so high a place offers the most convincing proof of the fact. In native genius and personal energy he has never been surpassed by any man in the country. Our space warns us that we must refuse ourselves, in this connection, the pleasure of tracing his private history, and that of his public life is so fresh in the minds of all as to render it unnecessary for us to repeat it. It is sufficient to remark that he has long been the pride and idol of his native State, and that his character and talents have gained such an ascendant in Kentucky as to conquer even the politi-

Digitized by Google

cal hatreds and antagonisms of party warfare, nowhere more violent than in that State. It is said that Henry Clay, himself voted for him when he ran first for Congress, and on the different occasions when his name has been presented he has beaten the two most popular Whigs in Kentucky. With such a record his success in November can not be doubtful.

But were the men, thus presented, less illustrious for public services and private virtues, than, even their enemies themselves being judges, they confessedly are, who can doubt for a moment their success, when they consider the platform upon which the Convention has placed them? Let it be remembered also that that platform is simply the echo of the life-long opinions of the nominees. Not a principle put forth in it; not a purpose declared by it but agrees perfectly with the entire record of their lives. It is not presented for their approval. It is not submitted as a thing to be weighed, and pondered, and considered by them. It is a simple and concise reäction and formalization of those grand fundamental Democratic rules and principles which have guided and controlled their lives, as they have that of the great and *only national party* which has preferred them to the post of generals in this its ultimate campaign against every form of fanaticism, treason, and disunion. And with what a frank outspoken bravery that platform meets every issue tendered to the Democratic party by its opponents? How gloriously it contrasts with the quibbling, shuffling subterfuges of the hybrid crew, Abolitionists, Black Republicans, and Know-Nothings whose only common bond and tie is hatred of the great cardinal Democratic principle of the right and capacity of man for self-government! It seeks no shelter behind compromises or concessions. It evades nothing; it conceals nothing; it grants nothing to fanaticism or error. It stands like the Angel of the flaming sword at the portals of the Constitution, and waves away every foolish aggressor. Having reaffirmed the Baltimore platform of 1852, it proceeds to brand with words of calm but fervid scorn the wicked folly of Know-Nothingism, and resolves that it is an insult to America and a desecration of her name to apply it to a party "which bases its exclusive organization upon religious opinions and accidental birth-place." It pronounces the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act to be the fundamental principles of American Democracy, as in his speech at Baltimore, May 12th, Mr. Buchanan had already pronounced them "the elementary principle of a Democratic republic." "I hold it," he says, "to be quite impossible that any considerable portion of our people can long

Digitized by Google

continue to contest the elementary republican principles recognized in the territorial legislation of Congress. This is nothing more than the power possessed by the people of every free State since the world began. It is the foundation—the elementary principle of a Democratic Republic."

"Without a cheerful submission to the will of the majority no democratic government can exist. We have thus reached the end, or to use an expressive Americanism, the finality of our legislation on this subject." The right of man to govern himself, and cheerful submission to the will of the majority—here rests the corner-stone of Democracy. And against this stone, this terrible rock of offense, surge and foam and roar the waves of the opposition. Call themselves by what name they may: invoke what deity soever they will to receive their worship—the single principle animating and combining all the diverse and hetereogenous elements of the opposition is opposition to the will of the majority. They erect a certain rule and standard of right. They assume it to be an infallible guide to all the actions of men. Within its pale is safety; beyond it hopeless damnation. Whoever accept it, are by that act constituted a species of elect people to govern all other people. Whoever reject it are to be given over straightway to the uncovenanted mercies. Thus their "higher law" rises not only above the Constitution, but superior to the will of the majority; it not only offers a reward to treason, but clearly proposes to constitute the government of the United States on a new principle, and replace a general Democracy by a special anti-slavery oligarchy.

Such, in few words, is the whole aim and purpose of all the various factions opposed to the Democracy. Can it be possible that the thinking men of the United States will remain any longer blind to these aims of a few daring and unscrupulous fanatics? Here are the words of the platform:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the right of the people of all the territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the fairly-expressed will of the majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a Constitution, with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States."

In the name of reason, of justice, of every principle of free government and natural right, what other rule could be applied to an inchoate political association, organized upon territory of the United States? What other prospect held out to a

Digitized by Google

potential State? Is not the bare supposition of any other the very error of the moon? Ought not all men who have opposed and traduced us, for very shame be silent henceforth and for ever? For what have we asserted: to what pledged ourselves? To nothing but to leave the decision to the people themselves, and to accept without a murmur the will of the majority.

Our platform next recognizes the necessity of a safe and speedy means of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards of the Republic. This, to our mind, is a necessity so self-evident as to need no argument—it is patent to all men's eyes. With an imperfect and difficult means of communication, we might worry and struggle on in time of peace; but the moment war declared itself between us and either of the great powers of the world, in how lame and wretched a position should we be placed! The Isthmus blockaded, and a pathless desert lying between the eastern and western extremities of the Republic; our internal trade cut off; our harvest of gold unreaped; our Pacific empire exposed, and left to bear unsupported the weight of whatever attack might be directed against it by way of Mexico or the ocean which laves its shores. Words need not be multiplied on the subject. The necessity of the road contemplated by the resolution in the platform, is self-evident; and it will be the appropriate work of the next Democratic administration and Congress to develop in action the self-evident proposition of the Democratic platform.

Our platform next enunciates and enforces the great Democratic doctrine of State Rights, as the only sure guarantee of the continued and happy union of the States. It has been our chief business, since we assumed the direction of this Review, to argue and present this great and holy principle with whatever force our ability enabled us to use. It is the sheet-anchor of the Republic, and the party which veers its cable to it must ultimately outride in safety every storm of popular violence and sectional fanaticism. This Review is preëminently a States Rights publication, and on that head the platform simply condenses into a paragraph the points at the illustration and enforcement of which it has long and ardently labored. God send that the American people may once more enforce them by such an overwhelming expression of opinion as shall leave their opponents without a rag of public favor, or public folly, to cover the nakedness of their falsehood to the Constitution and the best interests of the thirty-one sovereign and independent States confederated under it.

Nor can the resolutions of the Convention with regard to the

Digitized by Google

foreign policy of the country, fail to elicit the warmest expression of approbation from every true Democrat and honest lover of his country. Let them be read, and re-read, for in them lies wrapped the destiny of America:

"1. *Resolved*, That the questions connected with the foreign policy of the country are inferior to no domestic question whatever. The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free seas and progressive free trade throughout the world, and, by solemn manifestations, place their moral influence by the side of their successful example.

"2. *Resolved*, That our geographical and political position in reference to other States on this continent, no less than the interest of our commerce, and the development of our growing power, requires that we hold sacred the principles involved in the Monroe doctrine, and their binding import, which admits of no misconstruction, and should be applied with unbending rigidity.

"3. *Resolved*, That which the great highway of nature as well as the assent of the States most immediately interested in its maintenance has marked out for free communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, constitutes one of the most important achievements realized by the spirit of modern times, and the unconquerable energy of our people—that result should be secured by timely, efficient exertion and control with the government of the States within whose dominions it lies. We can, under no circumstances, surrender our preponderance to the adjustment of all questions arising out of it.

"4. *Resolved*, That in view of such commanding interest, the people of the United States can not but sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the continent which covers a passage across the oceanic Isthmus.

"5. *Resolved*, That the Democratic party will expect of the next administration that every effort be made to insure an ascendency in the Gulf of Mexico—to maintain a permanent protection of the great outlets through which is emptied into its waters the products raised upon our soil, and the commodities created by the industry of the people in our Western valleys and the Union at large."

Here is a plain, a significant declaration in favor of freedom of trade throughout the civilized world; of a determination to enforce the application of the Monroe doctrine to this continent, and, if necessary, to compel all foreign powers to recognize and

Digitized by Google

respect it; of the necessity—the immediate and paramount necessity of our acquiring and maintaining the undivided possession and control of the transit across the Isthmus of Panama; of honest and unequivocal sympathy with the people of Central America, in their efforts after regulated freedom; and, finally, a direction to the next Democratic Administration to make the Gulf of Mexico what it should long since have been, and what hereafter it *must* be—let who will say nay!—an *American Lake!*

Here, then, is our platform—bold, plain, comprehensive, national! And upon it we have placed two of the foremost men of all the time and nation: men capable of carrying it out into successful action; men determined to carry it out; men whose yea is yea, and whose nay, nay! and who, superior to fear or favor; neither to be awed by danger, seduced by flattery, nor intoxicated by power, will keep right on, and fearlessly discharge their duty to the whole country.

Is there a sane man from Maine to San Francisco; is there a lover of the Constitution of the United States; is there one who has any stake in the country, who has any thing to lose by the disturbance of those happy relationships which now subsist between the different States; is there one who reveres the wisdom and goodness of our fathers, the wise and patriotic framers of our system of Government—is there, in short, any good citizen who, in this crisis, will refuse to vote for

JAMES BUCHANAN
and
JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE?

Every sentiment of our hearts, every conviction of our judgment forbid us to believe that any good man, and real patriot, can hesitate for an instant in his support of this, the only national and conservative ticket offered to the people of the United States.

Digitized by Google

BERANGER ON THE SECOND EMPIRE.

NAPOLEON the Third, by the grace of bribery, brains, and bayonets, Emperor of France, controller of the destinies of Europe, and special assignee of the fame, influence, and authority once owned by John Bull, (a bankrupt,)—the Third Napoleon, we say, not content with the adulations and genuflexions of the salaried apes who surround that prodigious infant, the King of All-jeers, (we mean to secure that pun by copyright,) recently attempted to debauch the staunchest, bravest, and most brilliant muse of liberty, in favor of the Imperial brat. Beranger was requested by the Emperor to write an ode in honor of the blessed baby; and, if he would comply, was told that he might name his own reward; he might demand the post of Inspector-General of Daily Diapers, or claim the *baton* as Grand-Marshal of the monarcho-infantile pap! What more could the extreme ambition of an octogenarian poet desire? And yet, the offer was refused with something of a quiet sneer: "I am too old—too unrefined. Ah! pardon an old ballad-singer!"

These last unlucky words suggested the refrain, or chorus of a very different ode, for the full understanding of which some explanation will be necessary.

The students of the *Ecole Militaire*, formerly the most devoted Bonapartists, are now in disgrace, and under heavy suspicions of disaffection. They had the hardihood to cry *Vive la liberté* at the funeral of a distinguished Republican *savan;* and, since reproved for this utterance, have steadily refused to cry *Vive l'Empereur!* upon any of the stipulated occasions. Even when the Emperor rode in front of them at a grand Review, they stood like dumb dogs, and opened not their mouths. For this they are now undergoing various grades of punishment; but such disaffection in the ranks of his future officers, is too alarming and fatal a sign to be publicly confessed.

They were Bonapartists when M. Louis Napoleon made his *coup d'état*, because that slippery-tongued gentleman had constantly avowed his intention of carrying out and completing

Digitized by Google

that policy which the infamy of St. Helena prevented his uncle's accomplishing. In other words, they expected (as did all the world) that the first act of Prince Louis would be, to declare war against *perfide Albion*, and wipe out the stain of Waterloo for ever. They thought that "the times" of the "First Empire" were about to be "revived"—indeed it was so proclaimed to them in the official journals! They read the glorious pictures drawn by Beranger of Napoleon's victories, and were, for some short while, seduced from the creed of the republic. But they have now returned to their faith, and it is partly to confirm them, and partly to apologize for the praises bestowed on "the great captain" by him—a democrat—that Beranger now addresses them. A literal translation would be utterly unintelligible to the English reader—indeed a journal, as distinguished for its literary talent as for its political heresies, declared that any translation was impossible, and, therefore, gave the lines in the original French: but the subjoined paraphrase preserves the spirit, and may be taken as a fair and favorable example of the poet's style:

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE ECOLE MILITAIRE.

Poor youths! and think you that the gag
  Hath been removed from Freedom's lips?
Or that the old tricolored flag
  Is now revived from its eclipse?
My rhymes, I fear, are much to blame;
  Forget them! I their tones discard:
If this they teach, I curse my fame—
  Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

What "times" are these they now "revive,"
  Were such the days I once did sing?
I who have never ceased to strive
With flunkey, flatterer, bigot, King!
  A Soldier *once* inspired my songs—
A prisoner, crownless, under guard:
  When St. Helene avenged our wrongs—
Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

Can Nisard's eloquence please mine ears?
  Leverrier fill Arago's place?
Am I the friend of dumb, dark fears?
  Or what shall Hugo's love efface?
And doth my God—so kind, so good!
  Require the spy's, the jailor's guard?
And is't for HIM Rome reeks with blood?
  Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

Digitized by Google

Aye! I have sometimes sung the sword,
  The azure robes that Victory brings;
But 'twas when Freedom's first-born poured
  Their blood to break the League of Kings.
But HIM—this cut-throat, bandit, spy,
  Whose knife God's shrine could not retard—
With him hob-nobbing, what were I?
  Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

To Poland's—to Italia's cause
  France owes a debt that blood must clear;
The cannon roars—let's on! But, pause!
  Let Freedom not approach so near!
Go, bear her further—further yet—
  The Turk! should we his prayer discard?
Behold! the League of Tyrants met!
  Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

Passy, March 29.

THE CHRONICLES OF PERSEPOLIS;

OR FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER IN THE KINGDOM OF NEW-JERSEY.

BY MR. QUIGG.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

BIVINS *VS.* SMITHERS; MY FIRST CASE OF COUNTRY PRACTICE.

THE "saloons" of fashion and the bosom of "good society" had hardly yet ceased to throb with the hated remembrance of Miss Waddle and her "beau ideal," or the hearts of politicians begun to beat at the ordinary rate, when, I flatter myself, an equal sensation was produced in another portion of the body politic by my appearance at the bar of Persepolis, in the great case of Bivins *vs.* Smithers.

One morning our butcher, who used to come round in a little covered cart, three times a week, and always brought us that same identical piece of lamb — till indeed, I thought it quite a farce for him to pretend to weigh it, although my wife insisted on his doing so, and insinuated that even then he smoused her out of a good half-pound every time, *the villain*—(the italics are Mrs. Quigg's.) One morning the little man—he was a short,

Digitized by Google

thick-set, little cross-eyed fellow, with a very small pug-nose, and an intense expression of subdued ferocity — turned into our lane. It was on a Tuesday morning. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, were his regular lamb-days. I was surprised to see him out of his routine, and my first idea was that *that* lamb had committed suicide, or died of some sudden disease, and he was come to present me with a choice piece. The terror I felt at such a possibility was not dispelled by the first view I caught of his face. His nose had entirely disappeared, turned round and buried itself between his eyes, and the ferocity of his general appearance was no longer subdued. I had not long to puzzle myself with conjectures as to the reason of the intensification of his general characteristics. Smithers, a blacksmith in the village, had first knocked his dog down with a bar of iron, and then with unheard-of cruelty, cut his throat from ear to ear with a corn-knife, almost severing his head from his body, by a single blow of that truculent weapon. The dog was a favorite of Sam Bivins, the butcher, and as Smithers was too big to thrash "fistically," he was bent upon giving him as much law as could be had for "mutton;" making me, in the intensity of his first ebullition of passion, magnificent assurances of the tit-bits, tenderloins, etc., etc., I should receive if I only made mince-meat of Smithers. I rubbed my hands, thrust my thumbs into the arm-holes of my waistcoat, tapped my left palm with the fore-finger of my right hand, and looked superciliously self-sufficient with all my might. Here was an opening. The county should ring with it. A corn-knife! Diabolical weapon! A bar of iron. My way at the bar was assured. Bivins *vs.* Smithers should be an epoch in the existence of the county court. I bade Bivins go his way and, rest assured that his revenge should have "ample scope and verge enough," and Smithers be annihilated. Bivins went away prospectively happy, and I set to work getting up a speech.

I went away to the barn, which was about a hundred yards from the house, and for the space of two days ceased not to deliver impassioned appeals to the hay-mow and the cattle-rack, in behalf of the injured Bivins. Burke's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, would have been brief to mine, if I could only have had a month or so to practice in the barn; but the case came on the third day, and I was forced to go into court, in a manner cheated of my proper limits. The cause was to be tried before Mr. Justice Squiggs, in the court for the trial of small causes. Squiggs had a very large nose, kept a grocery, was a Dutchman, and a great old scoundrel to boot,

Digitized by Google

and did a good deal of business both ways. There was an open place at the back of the store where the oil-casks stood, and here a small table was placed with the Bible, and the "Justice's Companion" on it. The jury took their seats, some on half-bushels turned upside down, some on flour-barrels, and some on the window-sill. The audience consisted of the constable, a small red-headed girl, belonging to nobody in particular, and a very large gray cat, which sat on the top of an oil-cask, and appeared to be possessed with the idea that we were all met there for her especial amusement — probably she smelt a rat. The jury being duly sworn, the assembly, brick-top, grimalkin, and all, turned their eyes on me in expectation. I am of the opinion to this day, that if I felt any doubt as to the issue of the trial, or any trepidation in opening the case before that large and attentive audience, the feelings were wholly inspired by the imperturbable, passionless, unsympathizing stare of that cat. Her eyes haunted me for weeks afterwards, and I was perpetually waking up at night in cold sweats, struggling to relieve myself from her fiendish weight. The Judge, however, having served a customer with a spool of cotton, and another with a pitch-fork, intimated that the court was ready to proceed. My opponent was a matter-of-fact young fellow, sufficiently uncouth and awkward to inspire me with an entire contempt for his legal capabilities. The examination of the witnesses in the cause having been concluded, I arose to address the jury, the defendant's counsel, as I thought, with sublime folly, waiving his right to speak first, and only stipulating for "a matter of ten words" after I had done. Irregular as this arrangement was, you may be sure I was too eager to get at my work to stop to consider of it; and with the concurrence of that good easy soul, the Judge, it was accordingly entered into and acted upon. A happy idea had seized upon my mind. The place was altogether common and unideal; it was, in fact, as far removed from the sphere of the imagination as any place could be. The case was in the same predicament. The evidence had established beyond controversy that my client was the aggressor. I determined to rise superior to the evidence, the case, the place — in short, to soar above the whole thing, go away into the etherial cloud-land of fancy, and carry Judge, jury, grocery, cat, oil-cans, and all, away with me by the magic of impassioned and picturesque rhetoric.

"Gentlemen of the Jury" — said I, with a majestic sweep of the right arm, which comprehended them all in a single gesture, and, as it were, clutched and held them firmly to me:

Digitized by Google

"Gentlemen of the Jury—Brevity has been defined by a sage of antiquity to be the soul of wit; but as wit will have little to do with the case before us, brevity will of course be altogether out of the question. I beseech you, gentlemen, to remember that upon you this day, not only Persepolis, not only your native town—dear to you by a thousand ties—not only the rising generation, the aged, tottering to that bourne from whence no traveller ever returns, the strong in manhood, and the high in heart and hope—are looking; but this continent, over which the stars and stripes wave as the emblem of exalted freedom, and the eagle of liberty expands his tireless wing—all—all—who reverence law—in whose bosoms the love of constitutional, and regulated happiness and security is not extinguished by passions as violent as the unfortunate and abandoned defendant, Smithers—are gazing upon you with their eyes starting from their sockets, and waiting your decision with breathless suspense. You, gentlemen of the jury, are to decide upon the law, and his honor, in imitation of the new code of proceeding in the neighboring State of New-York, will state to you the facts. The case, may it please the court, and you, gentlemen of the jury, is one so aggravated that language stands appalled before it, and loses its utterance in horrified contemplation of its atrocity. My client is that noblest work of Providence, an honest man. He is more—he is a butcher—a fellow-townsman, and one of the road-masters of the township. My client, gentlemen, to adopt a simile from that profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments, combines in his character and disposition the tenderness of the lamb, the stateliness of the ox, and the indomitable courage of the bull. This man, this road-master, this butcher, Samuel Bivins, my client—had a dog. I shall not detain you by going at length into the history of the canine race. I have with me six volumes of natural history, interspersed with wood-cuts and abounding in examples of canine sagacity, fidelity, and courage. I shall not read them at this time; but if the insane obstinacy of the defendant carries this cause to a higher court, after the favorable verdict of which I feel secure at your hands, I reserve the right to read the entire work. I shall not ask you, gentlemen, to accompany me to the isle of dogs. I shall refrain from pressing into my service dog-vanes, or dog-watches, capital watch-dog, as my client's defunct canine friend often proved himself. I shall simply state the facts; but having stated them, shall adhere to them with dogged resolution. My client had a dog—a white and black spotted dog—a bull-dog. Oh! how he loved that

Digitized by Google

dog. He might not be versed in the poets, yet only verse could do justice to his affection. His affection was so intense, that his motto was 'love me, love my dog.' But my client walked among men, yet was not of them. Few loved my client; fewer loved his dog. Forgive these foolish tears, I see that old dog still. My client's dog had an antipathy to calves. Calves were his ruin. Calves bore him to an early and bloody grave. He mistook the calves of the defendant's legs for the infant offspring of the cow. 'Et calvum alterum bitum.' In the language of Salkeld, he bit the wrong calf. The defendant, having before his eyes the fear of the dog and not the fear of law, did contrary to the well-being of this commonwealth, its peace and dignity, become violently enraged. 'Ira brevis furor est,' which being translated means, Smithers was in a fury. 'Stans pede in uno.' He stood upon the other leg, and, 'multum in parvo,' doing a great deal in a short time. 'More equus insane,' like a vicious horse. 'Actione Plutonis,' he kicked like the devil. The rendering, gentlemen, is literal, and the quotations embody the whole learning of the law upon the subject, from domes-day-book to the report of the New-York codifiers. The man kicked. The dog bit. Kick Smithers, bite bull — cried my client. Noble impartiality, he gave no more encouragement to the dog than he afforded to the man. 'Taurus in aries, et scorpio, libra, et pisces.' He tore the trowsers of Smithers, and chewed his calf partly to pieces. Smithers turned with the fury of a demon, he seized a bar of iron and struck the unoffending animal with all his might upon the head. The noble beast loosed his hold and fell gasping upon the ground. Oh! then, gentlemen, you, and I, and all of us, fell down, and by that fiery blacksmith's fated forge succumbed to fury's force. Then the liberty of the citizen was invaded in the person of his dog, and the most cherished passion of his breast, torn from its sanctuary to be held quivering in the garish light of day. Then Persepolis saw its last palladium invaded, and heard a howl of anguish rising on the frightened air over its vanished security and peace. Did the wretched Smithers abandon his victim. No, no, a thousand times no! With all the devil sparkling in his eyes, and rampant in his mien — with every hellish passion of fallen man springing up, like the lava of a volcano, in his envenomed soul — resolute in evil and uncontrolled in crime — he snatched a blade, a gleaming blade, with which the peaceful agriculturalist is wont to gather the waving corn—and diverting it from the beneficent purpose for which it had been forged and wrought, struck wildly at his

Digitized by Google

prostrate foe, and with a single stroke severed his head from his body. Gentlemen, I say no more. There stands the vile assassin. Deal with him as he deserves, and you will not only give my client the damages which he has laid at the moderate sum of five dollars, but you will brand the murderer with an ineffaceable mark of your horror at his crime, and send him forth from this place to wander through the world pursued by the avenging furies of your scorn and detestation."

I sat down exhausted, and the opposite counsel arose. Quietly helping himself to a fresh quid, he thrust his hands into his pocket like a crocodile, and said: "Gents., all my worthy friend has said is moonshine on the water. Look here, and I'll tell you how this thing was. Sam Bivins and his dog were going up street. Tom Smithers was at his work in his shop. Sam said s'ketch him Bull, and sure enough Bull s'ketched him. The cussed varmit rapped his teeth into Tom's left leg, and held on and shook like grim death. 'Will you take the dog off?' said Smithers. 'See you ——— first,' said Bivins. According my client just mashed his head with a stretcher that lay nigh-hand to him, and then cut his wind-pipe with a corn-knife to put the beast out of his misery. Whereupon Bivins made tracks, or I rather think Tom would have served him the same way. Them's the facts; and we ask for a verdict."

Would you believe it, the jury gave him one? I went home by a back road that day, and was confined to the house for a week. And that was my first case of country practice.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

DESPAIR.

(STRIFE AND ENDEAVOR.)

No. 9.

He who throws him on the flood,
  Without will or wish to save him—
    Sink or swim—is fool or knave;
Bone and muscle, brain and blood,
  God as gift of value gave him—
    Life is Use; but Waste, the Grave.

Digitized by Google

He who conquers, first must fight—
  Victory is in endeavor
    Winner ever does his best—
Strong in hope is great of might;
  Faith that faints is coward's ever—
    Battle only brings us rest.

PATIENCE.

(THE GIVER.)

No. 10.

LEARN to suffer and endure—
  Triumph fails to Patience never;
Under sorrow lieth cure;
  Long to bear is mighty lever.
Like a falcon to the lure,
  Fortune stoops to Patience ever;
Summer dries thee, ford secure,
  So thou wait by winter's river;
Chain and bolt may hold thee sure;
  Link and rivet file will sever;
Keep thee patient, strong, and pure,
  Last, and God will be a giver.

PREPARATION.

(THE BATTLE.)

No. 11.

MAKE thee ready for the fray,
  While the hour delays to try thee;
Prove thy weapons day by day,
  Ere the battle cometh nigh thee;
Gird thy loins—come when it may,
  Be thou sure it goes not by thee.

Slumber with thy weapons near,
  Lest unarmed the hour should take thee
Quit thou never sword nor spear—
  Helpless else shall battle wake thee—
Let thine armorer be Fear,
  Or like glass, the hour shall break thee.

ROSENBERG.

Digitized by Google

WEBSTER'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

A REVIEW of Webster's orthography was published in the March number of this Magazine. The article was copied and commended by several editors of newspapers in New-York, Boston, and elsewhere; and subsequently, it was issued in a pamphlet by the publishers of Worcester's Dictionary—a dictionary not disfigured by Webster's peculiarities of spelling.

The June number of this Magazine contains a *review* of this Review: which *review* would have been, so far forth, more intelligible, had its writer stated the above facts: for *his* article evidently owes its existence and its want of temper to his knowledge of the success, and not to his opinion of the merits, of the previous article. If the June Reviewer had presented his whole case, his readers would have had no reason to inquire—why reply at such length to a criticism, after taking the pains to reiterate that it and its writer are unworthy of a reply? A gratuitous *fling*, on the part of the June Reviewer, seems to call for one further preliminary remark, namely: that the March review was not written by request, nor on application, nor to subserve any private interest or ulterior purpose; and that its reproduction by the several editors and publishers was spontaneous, so far as its writer is concerned. This statement has nothing to do with the matter at issue; but the imputation that renders it necessary to be made, is in keeping with the general tone of the June Reviewer's remarks. Even supposing the March Reviewer had been employed and paid, by the publishers "of a rival dictionary," to write his article: would that impeach his argument? Since the June Reviewer chooses to be so unparliamentary as to volunteer the imputation, let him abide the retort; and say whether *he* was employed and paid by the publishers "of a rival dictionary," and whether thereby his arguments are impeached? He will hardly say *no*, to both inquiries.

The June Reviewer says of Webster, in a sentence abruptly and clumsily commencing, "*Born* in 1758," that "he graduated," [not *was* graduated] "at Yale College, in 1778," etc., etc., etc. But the precise bearing of a biographical sketch of the lexicographer on certain disputed points in orthography, is not apparent.

The June Reviewer has one "notion" in common with Webster: that a man who sets about compiling a dictionary is *thereby* entitled to alter a language in accordance with his own views of expediency. Yet, more than one intelligent critic of the present day, has intimated that the duty of a lexicographer is not to legislate, but to record: not to say what language shall be, but faithfully to state what it is. Any man who has the leisure,

Digitized by Google

the means, and the inclination, may "pass eight months at the University of Cambridge, in England;" "visit London and the principal cities of Great Britain;" "spend some time in Paris, always intent on his great work;" and, on his return, write essays on philology to his heart's content. But when judicial philological decisions are to be placed on record and issued to the world as precedents, the general sanction of good writers, not the dogmatism of the individual traveller, will be necessary to sustain "the great work."

Webster's claim to be considered a standard of orthography may be estimated from the fact that he published four or five dictionaries, all orthographically differing from each other; and, if one may judge him, as he judged language—"by analogy"—he would probably have published five more, all equally diverse, had he lived long enough. His system of speculation, alteration, and experiment, if applied to metaphysics, or the mechanic arts, is full of promise: but in philology, or morals, or religion, it is better for a man to *know his own mind* before he promulgates his principles and lays down the law. No man can hope to establish a standard for others, when he is unable to give it the sanction of his own practice; nor can a vacillating reformer achieve a revolution. The assumption that a lexicographer, who has deliberately put forth *aker*, *massacer*, etc., as proper spelling, can still be regarded as authority for any spelling whatever—is preposterous. On this point, it may be well to reproduce a short communication that has already been published, and is too good to be lost:

"The following literary *morceau* I have copied from the fly-leaf of an edition of Dr. Noah Webster's folio Dictionary, where I found it in the hand-writing of a distinguished American statesman, recently deceased, and entitled 'A specimen of Webster's orthography (in part), selected from his various dictionaries, five in number, and no two alike':—

"'A *groop* of *neger wimmen*, black as *sut*, were told to *soe* and hold their *tungs*; but *insted* of *soeing*, they left their *thred*, regardless of *threts*, and went to the *theater*, where they saw as *grotesk* an exhibition as you can *imagin*, to wit, a *traveler*, a *plow*, a *porpess*, a *zeber*, and a *leperd* from an eastern *iland*; also, a *ranedeer*, a *woodchuk*, a *racoon*, a *weesel*, and a *shammy*; likewise an *ax*, a *gillotin*, a *chimist* with specimens of *granit*, and a *hucster* with his *cags* and *fassets*; and, above all, a *specter* rising from a *sepulcher*—a most *redoutable fantom*, full seven feet in *highth*—his *color* of *ocher*, a *hagard* face, eyes without *luster*, a *lether* cap *crouded* with *ribins* and *fethers*, a *somber cloke*, an *opake scepter* in one hand, a *marvelous saber* or *cimetar* in the other; and with these *accouterments* he *vanted* his *valor*, and *thretened* to *massacer* every *hypocrit* and *libertin* present: whereat the *neger wimmen* were frightened, and ran home. But for this *hainous* misbehavior their *steddy* superior, being at a loss to *determin* on the proper *disciplin*, in his *suveran* pleasure tied them up by the *thums*; and, with the *vigor requisit* to punish such *maneuvers*, denied them their *maiz* and *melasses*.'

"The above specimen of 'English undefiled,' tells the story (in a nutshell) of some of Webster's innovations. Pray, print it in the *Home Journal*, and oblige a constant reader. ENUFF."

The June Reviewer claims to have undermined the very basis of the March Reviewer's strictures by showing that the latter's rule is "Do nothing, unless you can do every thing." The March Reviewer has neither announced,

Digitized by Google

nor followed, such a rule: but such a rule has more force against Webster than the June Reviewer is aware of. "Do nothing, unless you can do every thing," addressed to a political, moral, or religious reformer would be absurd, because *their* "field is the world," their means of progress are limited, and their subjects are often refractory. But, to the orthographical reformer, whose field is his own library, whose power of writing arbitrary laws is unlimited, and whose subjects are blind, passive, unresisting words, such a rule is not at all absurd. Webster "did" just as he pleased. He did just as much as he thought proper. Who hindered him from "doing every thing"?

The Reviewer of March, speaking of the progress of the language for many preceding years, said that "the *k* of *musick*, *physick*, etc., and the *u* of *favour*, *honour*, etc., had been gradually dropped by good writers; though, probably, without good reason." The remark was introductory to the chief topics of discussion, and had no reference to Webster's peculiarities. Yet the June Reviewer makes it the ground of an appeal "to the reader whether it is possible for the author of such a remark to be a fair critic?" In *Old Mortality*, the Duke of Monmouth says to Morton: "Requests, by no means dangerous in themselves, may become so by the manner in which they are pressed and supported." The June Reviewer may happen to find that what is true of "requests" is equally true of *appeals* "to the reader;" for *his own* "fairness" is involved in the appeal. Will he, then, answer to the reader: Why should the *k* be omitted in *mimic*, *frolic*, *traffic*, when it must immediately be restored in *mimicking*, *frolicking*, *trafficking*? Why should the *k* be omitted in *music*, *physic*, *public*, and retained in *attack*, *arrack*, *gimcrack*, as well as in *deck*, *stick*, *lock*, and so on, indefinitely? Why should the *u* of *honour*, *favour*, etc., be omitted in the spelling, and retained in the pronunciation? And why should the June Reviewer declare the *u* of those words "superfluous," and thence proscribe them, when he dare not take the same course with the *o* of *serious*, *curious*, and a long list of similar terminations? Observe: all this is foreign to a discussion on Webster's orthography; but the June Reviewer has chosen to make it a part of his own case. It may also be observed, in this connection, that the June Reviewer's contemptuous reference to, and quotation from "one of the *reviewers* of Johnson's day," is any thing but felicitous. He seems strangely unconscious of the fact that the point of the quotation is directed against his own position.

I. The June Reviewer finds that some lexicographers, the translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, etc., spelled *wo* with the final *e*. And what then? Are old English writers authority for present English spelling? Webster added the *e* to *woe*, because it is a noun; and omitted the *e* in *go*, *no*, *so*, because they are other parts of speech: which is an arbitrary reason—or, if the June Reviewer prefers the expression, *no* reason. On Webster's principles of argument, and in conformity to one branch of his practice—for he is, alternately, allopathic and homœpathic—the *e* is superfluous in *all*

Digitized by Google

the monosyllables; and the true way to "complete the analogy" is, not to add the *e* to *wo*, but to expunge it from *doe*, *foe*, *hoe*, *sloe*, and *toe*. The June Reviewer might object, that striking the *e* from *toe* would "endanger its pronunciation," and confound it with *to*, the preposition. But a Websterian remedy is at hand. Add *e* to the preposition, and thus "complete the analogy" with *shoe*. A more simple method of "simplifying the language" can hardly be imagined!

II. The June Reviewer again gathers aid and comfort from the old English writers: again they are authority for present English spelling; although, strangely enough, *present* English writers seem to be no authority at all. The old English writers omitted the *u* of *mould* and *moult*. The June Reviewer does not perceive the inconsistency of accrediting these old writers for isolated words, and impeaching them for other words. They are good witnesses, so long as they confine themselves to answering the direct questions. But they don't bear cross-examination. The fact that the *u* "never was used in" *port* or *fort* is exactly in point. It is precisely Webster's argument, carried one step forward. But the June Reviewer *don't like it* when applied to any other words than those arbitrarily selected by Webster.

III. The June Reviewer is unconsciously at variance with Webster in the matter of *defence*, etc. Webster changes *defence* to *defense*, "because the derivative, *defensive*, requires the *s*." The June Reviewer defends the change because *defence* is derived from *defensio*, which *has* the *s*. One reason is as good as the other, and each is good for nothing. Webster says, in regard to one class of words, that the spelling must be altered, "because the primitive requires it;" and in regard to another class, "because the derivative requires it." Admitting that these *requirements* are matters of fact—which they are not: an orthographer who makes his own rules may just as easily change *defensive* to *defencive*, in analogy with *coercive*, as to change *defence* to *defense* in agreement with *defensive*—Webster's giving alternately arbitrary precedence to primitives and derivatives has the inevitable effect of discrediting both: hence, *his* reason is good for nothing. The June Reviewer "appeals" to etymology: *defence* should be spelled *defense*, because its root, *defensio*, is spelled with an *s*. And yet, in the same paragraph, he admits that *sentence* is properly spelled with a *c*, although its root, *sententia*, has no *c* in it. So that he, too, takes both sides of the same question; and hence *his* reason is good for nothing. The June Reviewer asserts that the March Reviewer "insists that *license* shall retain the *s*:" but the March Reviewer did not give even an opinion on the subject. The June Reviewer does not say why Webster failed to "complete the analogy" of words ending in *ise* by changing *prize* to *prise*.

IV. The June Reviewer catches at a straw and magnifies it into a separate head of his discourse. He devotes "IV." to the March Reviewer's suggestion as to the "analogy" between *skillfull* and *stiffness*. This suggestion—*vide* Dem. Rev. for March—was both incidental and parenthetical;

Digitized by Google

but the June Reviewer is welcome to make the most of it, "which," as Dickens somewhere says, "is very little." The occasion, however, serves the June Reviewer for stating, as he does on various other occasions, what "every child knows" and "every school-boy knows." He seems to be enamoured [*qu: enamored? Webster,*] of youth: but it was hardly necessary to publish what these young people are already so well aware of.

V. The June Reviewer, in the matter of the "superfluous *l*," says, in vindication of Webster, that Webster "simply carried out the recommendations of Lowth, Walker, and other authorities." The word "simply" was here well chosen. It was *simple* enough. The June Reviewer then complains that the March Reviewer "did not include Lowth and Walker in his abuse." Let the June Reviewer be content. There is a wide difference between *doing* a "simple" thing, and "recommending" it to be done. Many a theorist is "simple" enough to "recommend" what few reformers are rash enough to execute. The assumed "superfluity of the *l*," however, remains unsustained by the June Reviewer. He merely paraphrases Webster's opinions. Does he verily think that reäffirming a position is replying to an argument? He makes one point under this section V. that is quite his own. The March Reviewer said:

"For reasons satisfactory to Webster, it was necessary to strike out the 'superfluous *l*' of *travelling* and about fifty similar words. If the precept in rule number two has any force, namely, that the spelling must not be altered when altering it endangers the pronunciation, some of these fifty changes will be found hazardous. For instance, as a matter of fact, and by orthoëpical construction,

shaveling,
starveling, etc.,

are words of two syllables: yet, under this rule, Webster ordains that

shoveling,
traveling, etc.,

which have precisely the same orthoëpical construction, shall be pronounced in three syllables."

This was saying, in terms supposed to be intelligible, that by striking out the second *l* from *shovelling*, *travelling*, *grovelling*, etc., and spelling them *shoveling*, *traveling*, *groveling*, etc., Webster "endangered the pronunciation;" that is, he did what he just declared must not be done: and *shaveling*, *starveling* were cited as instances of existing words of two syllables, spelled as Webster ventured to spell words of three syllables. And how does the June Reviewer reply to this argument? He styles it "an evasion." He says:

"*Evasion second.* The Reviewer endeavors to mystify the subject by charging Webster with doing something wholly 'arbitrary' in dividing the words *shaveling* and *starveling* into two syllables, while he divides *shoveling* and *traveling* into three. He says 'Webster ordains' this; and also, 'Here then is arbitrary rule the second in direct conflict with arbitrary rule the first.' Let us see. *Shave* is a word of one syllable, and *ling* an English formative of another syllable. Is there any thing 'arbitrary' in making them, when united, a word of *two* syllables? All the lexicographers have done the same, and what else could be made out of such a compound? On the other hand, *shovel* and *travel* are words of two syllables. Is there any thing

Digitized by Google

'arbitrary' in making them words of three syllables when the formative *ing* is added? What else could Webster possibly make them? The intentional point of the Reviewer's evasion seems to be this: that the formative termination is the *same* in these two classes of words! Unless this is admitted, there is plainly not a shadow of pretence for the objection made. Now we put the question: Did the Reviewer believe when he wrote this, that the words *shaveling* and *shoveling* have the same formative termination? If he did believe it, he is too ignorant as to the structure of our language to justify his meddling. He has put himself *hors du combat* on such a subject. If he did *not* believe it, if he knew better, then has he used false reasoning in order to bring reproach on Webster. There is no escape for him from this dilemma."

This "elegant extract" needs no comment.

VI. The June Reviewer thus commences his essay on terminations in *er*. "In judging of the propriety of Webster's mode of spelling these words, one should be fully aware to how wide an extent the French form of *re* prevailed in the time of Chaucer, and even much later, in our early versions of the Bible." And in another paragraph, under the same head, he says: "These terminations in *er* were introduced by John Minsheu in his great folio dictionary, published in 1617. Philips, the nephew of Milton, did the same, in 1658." Is the June Reviewer serious in intimating that lexicographers or authors of two centuries ago are authority for present English spelling? or is he ambitious to parade his own recent researches? And the question recurs: If old English writers are such competent authority, why are contemporaneous English writers so utterly disregarded? The June Reviewer is equally felicitous in defending Webster's *theatrical* as a formative of *theater*. He says:

"Let us look for a moment at this instance of Noah Webster's stupidity. All the world, it seems, knew (though he did not) that if we write *theater*, *luster*, etc., we must carry the *e* into their derivatives, and write *theaterical*, *lusterous*, etc. Indeed? Why, then, have all the world changed *wondre* into *wonder*, while they yet write *wondrous*, and not *wonderous*? Why have they changed *monstre* into *monster*, while they still write *monstrous*, and not *monsterous*? Why have they changed *entre* into *enter*, and yet been so stupid as to write *entrance*? Why have they changed *disastre* into *disaster*, and yet written *disastrous*, and not *disasterous*? The fact is, the Reviewer has *supposed* a rule on this subject, which does not exist, namely, that if a word ends in *er*, and has a formative, the *e* must enter into the formative."

These are the June Reviewer's own words. Is, then, *monster* really derived from the French *monstre*? It certainly is. But Webster—who is such a giant in lexicography to the June Reviewer's apprehension—fails to say so: and this is an etymological blunder of Webster perhaps now, for the first time, pointed out. Is *enter* derived from the French *entre*? It certainly is not. Yet Webster, unwilling to make "an exception" of this word, equivocally affirms that it is; and this is another etymological blunder of Webster, perhaps now for the first time pointed out. Is *disaster* derived from the French *disastre*? It certainly is not, if Johnson, Webster, and other lexicographers are authorities in the case. Yet the June Re-

Digitized by Google

viewer boldly says it is so derived; and thus, without the slightest compunction, contradicts the "eminent man" whose cause he has espoused. Is *wonder* derived from the French *wondre?* The June Reviewer says it is; but he was imprudent in promulgating his discovery without first securing a patent for it. This, his achievement in etymology, *resembles* that of Le Verrier in astronomy: indeed, the only difference between the two is, that whereas the astronomer said the planet was *there*, and *found it*, the etymologist (for June) said the word was there, but *can't find it.* Probably those "school-boys" could tell the June Reviewer not only that there is no such word as *wondre* in the French language, but that even the *w* of the French alphabet, like some Latin vocatives, is "*wanting.*" [Such ignorance on the part of one attempting to write a philological criticism, is inconceivable. In fact, this "point" is so absurd, that the MS. was inquired for, in the charitable hope that the June Reviewer might be exonerated, on the plea of misprinting; but unfortunately, there the words stand, in plain, unmistakable, condemning chirography, "*disastre, wondre.*" Think, then, of the audacity of the June Reviewer, in prating of the March Reviewer's "ignorance," "temerity," "impertinence," "subterfuges," "facility of evasion," "taking airs upon himself," etc., etc. *Vide* DEM. REV. for June.] *Has* the March Reviewer "*supposed* a rule which does not exist; namely, that if a word ends in *er* and has a formative, the *e* must enter into the formative?" There may be some difference of opinion as to what constitutes "a rule;" but, so far as *usage* is authority, let the June Reviewer consider the following offsets to his own citations:

wonder,	*wondrous,*
monster,	*monstrous,*
disaster,	*disastrous,*
enter,	*entrance;*

namely:

danger,	*dangerous,*	*utter,*	*utterance,*
murder,	*murderous,*	*further,*	*furtherance,*
slander,	*slanderous,*	*suffer,*	*sufferance,*
prosper,	*prosperous,*	*temper,*	*temperance;*

and so forth. Then, for instances generally, with terminations differing from the June Reviewer's examples, see

flatter,	*ing,*	*ed,*	*er.*	*suffer,*	*ing,*	*ed,*	*er.*
water,	"	"	"	*cover,*	"	"	"
pilfer,	"	"	"	*blunder,*	"	"	"
smatter,	"	"	"	*muster,*	"	"	"
utter,	"	"	"	*whimper*	"	"	
temper,	"	"	"	*filter,*	"	"	

and so forth; to which add *character, characteristic,* and as many more words as may be needed to establish a rule against what Webster terms

Digitized by Google

"necessary exceptions." The June Reviewer defends Webster's retaining the original termination of *ogre*, by saying, "this was so purely a foreign word, that the change to *er* would not have been justifiable." What does this mean? Was not every one of the adopted words "originally ending in *re*" a foreign word? But "*purely* foreign?" Can one foreign word be *more* foreign than another foreign word?

VII. The June Reviewer thinks that Webster's spelling *distil*, "*distill*," because the derivatives require the double *l*, does not render analogically indispensable the spelling of *begin* with a double *n*, although its derivatives require double *n*. His opinion will pass for what it is worth.

VIII. The June Reviewer thinks that Webster "established a genuine reform" when he changed *practise*, the verb, to *practice;* because "persons were often puzzled to recollect between the verb and the noun, which ought to have the *c* and which the *s*." This may be a good reason. It certainly has the proverbial merit of a good rule: it "works both ways." It proves the necessity of altering the noun just as much as it proves the necessity of altering the verb. In short, it proves too much.

The June Reviewer forgets to say why Webster, after changing *enrol* to *enroll* "in order to secure the pronunciation," failed to change *control*, *patrol*, etc., in the same manner, and for the same reason. In the matter of *drouth*, *tun*, *melasses*, *cotemporary* and *hight*, the June Reviewer reäffirms Webster's positions. It suffices for him here, as elsewhere, that "great is Diana of the Ephesians." He thinks *plow* is preferable to *plough*, because the former termination has but two sounds, while the latter has five: an admirable reason, no doubt; but why confine it to *plough*, when *bough*, *slough*, etc., are in the same predicament? He says, besides, that by spelling *plow*, "we get rid of two superfluous letters," which is perhaps true; but the same "riddance" would ensue by spelling *know*, *no; tough*, *tuf;* etc. He says, also, that saving those two letters "is an economical change." What does that mean? *economical* orthography!

The June Reviewer may complain that this brief article is not a full reply to his communication. But if he wished all he said to be answered, he should have said less, and said it more to the purpose. Rambling dissertations on matters and things in general, especially when disfigured by personalities, are very apt to receive less consideration than their authors anticipate.

The June Reviewer's peroration in glorification of Webster is in the florid style. Some of the feathers that promoted that flight may be ruffled by the following quotation from a highly distinguished authority, which is not likely to be questioned by educated men on either side of the Atlantic:

"We had seen Dr. Webster's work so highly praised that we were led to orm high expectations of its merit. These expectations have, in a great

Digitized by Google

measure, been disappointed. We give the author credit for great industry, some of which is not unsuccessfully directed. He has added many words and corrected many errors, especially in terms relating to natural history and other branches of modern science. But the general execution of his work is poor enough. It contains, indeed, the words in common use, with their ordinary acceptations, but conveys no luminous or correct views of the origin and structure of the language. Indeed, as an attempt to give the derivation and primary meaning of words, it must be considered as a decided failure; and is, throughout, conducted on perverse and erroneous principles. The mere perusal of his preface is sufficient to show that he is but slenderly qualified for the undertaking. There is everywhere a great parade of erudition and a great lack of knowledge; in short, we do not recollect ever to have witnessed in the same compass a greater number of crudities and errors, or more pains taken to so little purpose. In his sketch of languages, he describes Basque as a pure dialect of the old Celtic; it is neither allied to the Celtic nor to any other European family of tongues. He states further that he 'has no particular knowledge of the Norwegian, Icelandic, and the dialects or languages spoken in Switzerland, further than that they belong to the Gothic or Teutonic family.' Could a man who professes to have spent half his life in comparing languages be ignorant that Icelandic is the venerable *parent* of the whole Scandinavian tribe, and consequently of first-rate importance in tracing the origin of words? He discovers that the prefix *a* in *awake*, *ashamed*, etc., is formed from the Anglo-Saxon *ge*, with which it has not the smallest connection; and, moreover, that the same particle, *ge*, is retained in the Danish and in *some* German and Dutch words. It is notoriously of the most extensive use in Dutch and German; and the very few Danish words in which it occurs are, one and all, borrowed from the Lower Saxon. With equal felicity, he asserts that the prefix *be* is of extensive use in Danish and Swedish. Just as much as *hyper* and *peri* are in Latin; *be*, like *ge*, is in those two languages a *borrowed* particle, and from the same quarter. He thinks the negative prefix *o* in Swedish is *probably* a contracted word, being unable to perceive its identity with the German and English *un*. As might be supposed from these specimens, Dr. Webster's application of the northern tongues to English etymologies is often erroneous and perverse enough; it is, however, upon the whole, better than we should have anticipated from one so slenderly acquainted with their structure and peculiarities. He has taken great pains in collecting and comparing synonymes from different languages, and is often sufficiently happy in the explanation of individual terms. But the ambitious attempt to develop the radical import of words was an undertaking far beyond his strength and acquirements. In nineteen instances out of twenty, his explanations are founded on a mere *petitio principii*, and frequently they are too ludicrous to deserve a serious refutation. Our readers may judge of them by the following example:

Digitized by Google

"'Heat usually implies excitement; but as the effect of heat, as well as of cold is sometimes to *contract*, I think *both* are sometimes from the *same radix*.'

We fear the Doctor had forgotten the fable of the satyr and the traveller when he penned the above choice sentence.

"The main feature of the Doctor's work, and the point on which he evidently most prides himself, is a laborious parallel between Hebrew, with its kindred dialects, and those European languages from which English is derived. We hesitate not to say that it is a waste of time and labor to attempt to establish an analogy between two classes so totally unlike in their component elements as well as their entire mechanism and grammatical structure. There are, it is true, a certain number of verbal resemblances, which, when carefully examined, generally prove more apparent than real. It is seldom that an affinity can be proved, and when a remote one does exist, the discovery of it rarely throws any light on the origin or philosophy of languages like ours. We will produce a single example of the fallacy of trusting to resemblances of this sort. In Matthew 1:2, *et seq.*, the Syriac translator renders ἐγέννησε by אוּלַד (*auled* or *avled*;) in the modern Danish version we find *avlede*, apparently so closely resembling the Syriac term in sound, spelling, and signification, that many a smatterer in etymology would jump to the conclusion of a community of origin. But an examination of the grammatical inflexions proves that there is not the smallest affinity between the two. The roots have just *one letter* in common, and the apparent similarity is, in fact, a proof of real difference, being accidentally brought about in each word by a totally opposite process of inflexion. Yet, unskilful as it would be to identify the above words with each other, it would hardly be so bad as deriving *preach* (Lat. *prædico*) from the Hebrew *barak*, to bless; or *establish*, (Lat. *sto!!!*) from *yatzab*; which Dr. Webster does without the smallest symptom of remorse, or apparent suspicion of the absurdity and impossibility of the thing. These specimens may make us thankful that the Doctor's 'Synopsis of the Principal Uncompounded Words in *twenty* Languages' is 'not published — and perhaps never will be.' It would certainly be a formidable addition to the mass of etymological trash already before the world."

Digitized by Google

THE MODERN REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF IRELAND.*

SUPPOSING—and the supposition at one time seemed unpleasantly near fulfillment—that the American Revolution had been quenched in the blood of its noblest and most devoted supporters; supposing that, after prodigies of valor and months of heroic suffering, the "rebel forces" of the Republic had been utterly annihilated and crushed by the united efforts of "The Regulars" and "Tories," can any question be entertained of the terms which the well-paid pens of British slanderers would now apply to such "cool miscreants" as George Washington; such "godless red-republican levellers" as Thomas Jefferson; such "hoary anarchists" as John Hancock; and such "frenzied fanatics" as Patrick Henry?

And yet the men would have been the same; their cause as just, their impulse as holy, their aspirations as pure, their martyrdom as sacred, whether crowned by the accident of war with victory, or scourged and branded by defeat.

It becomes us, therefore, to scrutinize most jealously, before accepting the statement of British writers with regard to a country which has had the misfortune to struggle unsuccessfully and yet unweariedly against a despotism far worse and more implacable than the broad waves of the Atlantic ever permitted to reach our shores. For, if America had been within a hundred miles of Liverpool, it does not require the second sight of a "seventh son's seventh son" to predict that the War of Independence would have had a more bloody if not wholly different termination.

With this reflection we arose from the perusal of an Irish work, in which the lives and martyrdoms of men as eminent by individual talent and social position as any figuring in the pages of our own proud history are fittingly and faithfully recorded. We owe to Mr. Savage—himself an exile, and one into whose soul the iron of British tyranny has deeply entered—our sincere acknowledgments for the errors of which he has disabused our judgment; our sincerest thanks for the sad and yet resplendent pageant which he has caused to pass before our eyes. We welcome his history of the modern politics and literature of Ireland as the fulfillment of a long-felt need; it enables us to understand a thousand things which seemed before incomprehensible enigmas; it bears the authoritative stamp of one who has been behind the scenes, and himself a participant in the drama; it is candid and

* '98 and '48. The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland. By John Savage. Redfield, New-York.

Digitized by Google

analytical in its criticism, alike of friends and foes; and, to sum up all its merits in the most important one, it seems to be fearlessly and vehemently true.

The writer is a rigid republican—a republican of the straitest sect and most self-sacrificing creed. A Democrat of both the head and heart, his ideas were evidently fashioned in the antique mould by those studies, from which he was finally aroused to lift the flag of insurrection, and strike at least one testimonial blow on behalf of his country's liberation. We must keep these facts in mind, if we would account for the passionate invective and fiery sarcasm with which he frequently interrupts the glowing eulogy which the genius of Henry Grattan or O'Connell has extorted from his pen. He pays measureless admiration to their talents; but the halting timidity which fettered both within the Upas-shade of "constitutional agitation" is the object of his unmitigated scorn. His principles—the principles of the "Young Ireland party"—if reduced to a formula, might thus be read:

1st. Ireland either is, or is not, entitled to be free.

2d. Let those who believe she is *not*, hug the fetter which confines, and kiss the lash which excoriates them.

3d. But let all who pretend to think that their country is worthy of a prouder destiny, pursue that destiny to its uttermost and only logical conclusion: let them either be wholly independent of English misrule and corruption—absolute masters of their own affairs and citizens of a free republic—or let them renounce their faith, and teach their stubborn necks to bear the yoke with meekness.

O'Connell frequently declared that "the liberty of a nation was not worth one drop of blood;" Thomas Jefferson and the fathers of American liberty thought otherwise; and Mr. Savage and the party of which he is now the recognized historian belonged and belong to the Jeffersonian school. His work, from beginning to end, may be regarded as the vindication and apotheosis of these doctrines of "physical force," for holding which the "Young Irelanders" were denounced by O'Connell, and excommunicated by O'Connell's subservient priests. The writer has a faith in liberty which long years of exile and the loss of property have in no wise dimmed; his belief in human rights seems still as ardent as when he led the armed peasantry of Waterford and Tipperary along the ridges of the Commeraghs, swooping down occasionally upon a police barrack, or harassing the flank of the forces sent to effect his capture.

The motto of his composition is, that "History is the essence of innumerable biographies;" and can a volume which contains the moral and physical daguerreotypes of such men as Grattan, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Napper Tandy, Bagenal Harvey, the brothers Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, Hamilton Rowan, John Murphy, William Putnam McCabe, O'Connell, Davis, Meagher, Mitchel, and a host of equally shining names, fail to present us with a true picture of the principles and incidents which actuated the times in which they moved?

Digitized by Google

The immense amount of reading and research so pleasantly and graphically concentrated into these pages, can only be appreciated by those who have attempted to wade to a true knowledge of the respective eras, through the floods of contradiction and misrepresentation with which the historians of the British government have surrounded and perplexed them. Born of a family in which the love of liberty was an heir-loom, the grandson of a prominent actor in the tragedy of '98, and himself a distinguished participant in the last unsuccessful attempt at Irish revolution, he has had opportunities beyond the average for forming a just opinion of the events he undertakes to chronicle, while his artistic education has conferred on him the power of dashing off, with one bold stroke, a likeness or a group which would cost others an elaborate description, and yet fail to convey the same life-like and energetic vitality. The following tribute to his fidelity and genius from the pen of his eloquent compatriot and fellow-exile, Thomas Francis Meagher, gives a better idea of the man—and through the man, of his book—than any we could hope to convey:

"Gifted with a quick intellect, full of fancy, full of wit, full of heart, with a love for all that is beautiful in art, in nature, and the destiny of a people, he was one of the brightest of that brilliant brotherhood whose genius made them the poets, as their pure patriotism would have made the martyrs or the heroes of a revolution. Late in the summer of '48 he might have been seen in the Commeraghs, an armed outlaw, banding the peasantry of Waterford and Tipperary against the foreign garrison who, by sheer force, held their soil; whilst the same season, the year previous, he might have been seen in the great hall of the Royal Dublin Society, in the presence of the most distinguished literary men and artists of the Irish capital, receiving from his Excellency, the Earl of Clarendon, the silver medal for the best painting in oil from nature." * * * * * *

"And now, with a pen which tells as truthfully, and colors as brightly as his pencil in the schools of the Dublin Society, he comes forward to vindicate the calumniated memory of two epochs, the most generous and chivalrous in the history of his country." * * * * * * "Now that Ireland appears insensible to the loftier suggestions of the past, it is truly gracious and useful to have these names revived, and the story of the gallant fight repeated, with the plot and incidents of which they are inseparably woven."

The assiduous care with which he has compiled the facts and statistics of this history, is remarkable. The carefulness of his research may be judged from the fact, that he has corrected many important errors made by all preceding historians, and added the names of more than fifty leaders of the United Irishmen, which even so conscientious a compiler as Dr. Madden had entirely overlooked and omitted. His picture of the Wexford campaign is brilliant and exciting. From the burning of Boolavogue to the last fierce stand of the insurgents on Vinegar Hill, the recital is graphic, and not unfrequently eloquent. The storming of Enniscarthy—the victories of Taghmon, Tubberneering, New-Ross, and Wexford, are painted with great freshness of coloring. The criticism of the insurgent generals appears also candid and judicious, and displays a considerable knowledge of the tactics and necessities of war.

Digitized by Google

We find ourselves necessarily confined to a brief extract. After describing the pillage and burning of the village of Boolavogue, together with its chapel, and the house of the officiating priest, by the orange yeomanry, or "tories," as they would here be called—"Ah!" exclaims the historian, "it was not alone walls and rafters they set in flames. It was the fire of revolution they kindled, and such a flame, too, as is not yet extinguished in the rebellious Irish heart. The chapel-house of Boolavogue is still flaming—still crackling and flinging up its bright embers on the dark pages of that year's history."

Of the events of '48—*quorum pars magna fuit*—Mr. Savage speaks with an earnestness and clearness which at once convince us of his truth. In the chapter headed, "Daniel O'Connell and John Mitchell," the radical difference between a mere "agitator" and true patriot is forcibly and fearlessly displayed. We feel confident that very many of Mr. Savage's conclusions, and nearly all his sentiments, will meet with the animadversion of that class of Irishmen whose love of country is subservient to the obedience which they think they owe their priests. At any rate, this volume is the broadest and boldest challenge to all the disciples of "moral force" and "conciliation," to come forward and show cause why they should not be condemned as false professors, empty blusterers, and place-hunting braggarts, and, unless the organs of the "Old Ireland party," very shortly put in a plea, they must be judged and sentenced in default. We shall conclude a notice which has already extended beyond the limits we originally designed for it, by an extract from the summary of the chapter just before alluded to. "Between O'Connell and Mitchel," says the historian, after a thorough and elaborate analysis of their characters, "there is even a greater difference than that which I have instanced in my comparison between Grattan and Wolfe Tone, inasmuch as, that while Mitchel renewed the purposes of Tone, O'Connell was far behind Grattan. Grattan incited an army of over 100,000 men with weapons in their hands. He would have used them for his purpose, though not for the separation of Ireland from England. O'Connell, for his purpose, was utterly opposed to force. To him liberty was not worth the powder—nothing when weighed against the "villainous saltpetre." Of Meagher, whose "bright, musical thoughts circled round his fallen country as spring birds round a ruin," we have a picture which not only Irishmen but Americans will be proud to recognize as the glowing portrait of a friend. A loving tribute is also paid to the memory of the late Thomas Devin Reilly, whose former connection with the Democratic Review, and the struggles of the Democratic party, entitle him to peculiar consideration.

The principal censure to which Mr. Savage's book is obnoxious is that of being "overwritten." The failure of the "Young Ireland" party, to which he belonged, was owing to an entire absence of discretion, and with all their incontestable valor, the having of Jack Falstaff's "better part" of that

Digitized by Google

quality would have been no loss to them. They lacked coolness of purpose, and judgment. Fiery patriots—they were poor revolutionists. They could storm an enemy's battery, but no two of the storming party were of the same mind as to its use after they had it. The same faults are observable in this record. They are faults, however, only of style. The words, too, often carry the subject into a dangerous proximity with bombast. The subject itself, however, and our sincere sympathy with it, disarm us of our critical knife, and we forgive these florid excrescences, which had been, indeed, better omitted, but which we can afford to let slip without injury to our conscience. Apart from mere style, the book is very valuable, and we are quite of the author's way of thinking, as to the respect due to the "Young Ireland" party. As far as we are able to judge, it is the only honest and patriotic party in that Island, and had it but the coolness of a Yankee head to guide the warm valor and generous impulses of its Irish heart, its history would not be left to the pen of the exile, nor its triumphs confined to the sad victories of true hearts broken.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS AND THEIR INFLUENCES.

"And further, by these, my son, be admonished, of making many books there is no end."
—Ecclesiastes.

"Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name Literature?"—Carlyle.

In the name of the Kaliph Omar, or, if you prefer it, Pope Gregory—both great book-demolishers in their day—what very great amount of good have books effected in the world, after all? or in what way have they helped the intellectual progress of mankind that they should be held in such esteem? We are disposed to press this question, being somewhat aggravated—to speak precisely—by the conventions and consent of writers in general who praise at such a rate the habit of reading and the literary tastes. We are somewhat aweary of their chorus, and can very well understand the mind of that old Athenian who got Aristides to put his own name on the shell. It was certainly trying to listen to that eternal epithet in conversation, and the hard-shell had probably some sound reason for thinking it improper. We have only one side of that story. We firmly believe that the common ideas about books are all wrong, and also that it is not good to be always keeping the roadway with the rest. A questioning vigilance may be the price of intellectual as well as political liberty; and in a country like ours, so full of liberty-poles, every man is free to ventilate his particular heresy. Ours, however, is good enough to be an orthodoxy—as we hope the reader will admit, by and by.

In the present stage, then, of the world's literary and critical debate, we wish to pause and inquire whereabouts we are, (as Daniel Webster said, in his speech against Hayne; though it may be observed that this exordium was first used by the gladiatorial William Pitt the elder;) we would look at the sun and take our bearings—that is, find out what the book-influences really are. If we seem to disparage book-knowledge, the belles-lettres, and so forth, it is not that we do not think highly of the intellect and its powers—not that we love literature less; but that we love the mind more.

We repeat, what has the world benefited by the multiplication of books? In a moral sense, little or nothing. Sir James Mackintosh, to say nothing of Carlyle, speaks a truth recognized by every one who looks about him in the world, when he says that no discoveries have been made in morals, and they have undergone no real improvement in the progress of ages. Christianity has not removed the vices of man's nature. Conventions and appearances are more strictly and cautiously observed; but the modern boa-constrictor is, after all, only the old original sea-serpent—"with a difference." This part of the argument, however, is not in our purpose, and we gladly

Digitized by Google

dismiss it. We confine the question to the intellect, believing that from the growth and great increase of printed matter has resulted a certain mediocrity of the mind—that the latter is enervated, so to speak, by the progress of literary luxury.

We think it will be seen that the mind put forth its finest and strongest powers long before the printing era and when rolls and volumes (distinguished from books) were few. And first as regards the sciences. The grand discovery of Copernicus was made without the help of books—just as the art of printing began to be known. But we can go back to the Greek thinkers and show how Anaxagoras, Aristarchus of Samos and Plato taught our great cosmical truths two thousand years before. Columbus found out a new world. But he was urged by the conjecture of the Bishop of Cambray —to say nothing of the Iceland sagas—while all those hints and intimations were anticipated by Aristotle, Seneca, Strabo, and others. In the domains of natural philosophy Aristotle was the precursor of Humboldt with a far grander and more soaring intellect. Faraday and the modern experimentalists show that the air we breathe is metallic—that it contains, in fact, the principle of the material world. The Greeks felt their minds glow over similar speculations. Some thought Moisture was the element of all things —others said, Water; others, Fire. It is in the empirical and exact sciences that the moderns are most independent of those who went before them. But their ideas, as Humboldt observes, were informed by the labors of the elder philosophers. Hipparchus originated Star-tables and discovered the procession of the Equinoxes. Ptolemy measured the refraction of light, and practical astronomy flourished among the Arabs, as did also the science of chemistry which we are elaborating so slowly. Those Arabs discovered *nitric acid* and *aqua regia* long before the time of Raymund Lully, to whom the finding is attributed; and Boyle, Earl of Orrery, was anticipated by Posidonius, tutor of Cicero, who made a *planetarium* for his pupil.

In the domain of metaphysics and moral disquisition our philosophies were first enounced by the Greeks. The theories of the German, and part of the French school, may be referred, in a general way, to Plato, while those of the English are derived from Aristotle's mode. Plato said, there were innate ideas. Aristotle taught, that our ideas come from experience —the two systems still dividing the world. When Bishop Berkeley said, there was no matter, he knew Zeno, Parmenides, and others, said it before him. As for Hume and the infidel school, they follow Zeno, Epicurus, Plotinus, and Pyrrho—exemplars, also, more or less, of Lucretius, Horace, Pope, Beranger, Shelley, and a crowd of the poets. If La Marck, and the author of "The Vestiges," and the rest, suppose they are safe in their originality, they mistake: for there was a Greek, Archelous, who taught that men had raised themselves from the condition of animals, and the small deer of creation.

Lord Verulam occupies, no doubt, a large space within the printing period. But his originality belongs to an anterior age. Roger was the

Digitized by Google

real instaurator Bacon, who puddered with rash gunpowder, and prophesied ships' paddles, railway cars, diving-bells, vast-leaping bridges, and other facts of our time. After Roger, Leonardo da Vinci still more confidently set forth the principles of the New Organ. From the foregoing we may gather how the human mind could work out its knowledge of science before the age of books, and with few volumes. Excellent things, no doubt, have been done in our day. Planets, safety-lamps, the appliances of steam, the chemistry of electricity and its uses have been discovered, and the geologic hammer has struck out a true theory of the earth. But these things are rather due to the perseverance than the power of the intellect, and can not, by any means, do away with the mental supremacy of the Greeks, or lessen, by comparison, that "unrivalled royalty of thought" which crowned them in the midst of their gallant and restless democracies. We also find that, in the more genial developments of mind, in poetry, eloquence, and the arts, men seem to have done nobler things before the book period than after it. The array of the elder poets of the world, including Dante and Chaucer, is more imposing and splendid than that of the moderns, who have only Shakspeare and Milton to keep their scale from flying aloft and kicking the beam. Any argument for the bards of later times—some of the best of whom have flourished within living memory—may be met by another, setting forth the vast amount of imitations and plagiarisms, which leave the latter so much indebted to "those ancient." If the mythologies and anthologies of Greece were blotted from the poetry of our language we should be much surprised by its shrivelled appearance.

If thus the discoveries and graces of the mind were originated long before printing came, we are convinced, that the latter and the increase of books, as surely have had the effect of impairing the mental energies. Maintaining this argument on a broad basis, we contend that the spread of the Greek manuscripts in the world was more of a hindrance than a help to the human intellect. Greek literature supplanted and enfeebled that of Rome, and Plato and Aristotle coming into the Christian Church, filled its early and its latter periods with theories, heresies, and tyrannies innumerable. It was fortunate for the nations of modern Europe that they had reached a certain age and stage of mental independence, in poetry and architecture, before the invasion of the classic manuscripts had come upon them from the literati of Constantinople, scattered westward before the scimetar of Mohammed II. It was lucky they were "dark" so long. After the invasion, their poetry and arts begun by degrees to show the evil influences of it. In Italy, poetry and sculpture lost all vigor of progress in presence of the classic models. Happily, none of the Greek or Roman pictures had escaped the tooth of old *Edax Rerum*. Apelles and Zeuxis were names, and nothing more, and, consequently, the world saw the Italian schools of painting rise in splendor unrivalled, under the native influences, religious and social, of their active democracies. In England, isolated from the Continent, and always shy of strangers, the influence of the new literature had

Digitized by Google

not had time to do much mischief when Shakspeare and his great cotemporaries wrote, showing the vernacular spirit and raciness which come naturally from the home intellect, and which Chaucer, Gower, and others had exhibited before. Milton's great work, though colored with something of the classic style, drew its inspiration from one of those popular old mysteries just about to die out and be forgot, in England. He seized the vulgar theme as it was vanishing.

In France, the classic spirit was received more readily. From that country it went, in due time, across the channel, "and o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles." Subsequently to that period—say the return of Charles II. to England—the muses of that island spoke in an altered tone, putting aside all the lady-love and war of the minstrels, and the chivalry and enchantment of the bards next following these, and forming their polite inspirations on the mythologies and anthologies of Greece and Rome. Chaucer, Gower, Piers Ploughman, and the rest were neglected, and Shakspeare narrowly escaped a place in the garret along with them. They praised him, and passed him by, in that age of the Roscommons, Drydens, Pitts, Popes, Akensides, Beatties, Armstrongs, Johnsons—all singing in the same style, pretty much after the canons of Horace, and thinking Helicon the only drink of your British muses. A poet of Scotland, and a poet of Ireland were the first to modulate more natural modes of verse, and the wild winds of the French Revolution helped to sweep away the fashion of a dead classicism, and direct the minds of the bards back to the old home-born inspirations. The poetry of the British isles would, at this day, possess a far more vigorous and varied character, and be far better worth the trouble the editors and publishers on both sides of the Atlantic are now taking with it, if the art of printing had never carried into them the literature of the ancient Greek people, or its copyists. We know this from those simple native utterances first shaped, and circulated without the help of type—those English and Scottish songs and ballads, rescued from oblivion by Ramsay, Percy, and others, and suggesting some of the freshest and most genuine lyrics of the modern school.

In the art of architecture, also, we find the unhappy results of the classic influences. The Grecian styles of that art fill the civilized world with stone and timber anachronisms, which, even when most gracefully set forth, are merely elegant incongruities. Germany, for instance—the learned land—is piebald with its Greecisms, Greek Valhallas, Greek choruses, Greek nomenclature, and Greek most things else. The lager-bier saloons are in the white styles of Athens, Corinth, or Doris. Much the same results appear in Russia, England, and most nations of Europe, to the neglect of the Gothic, Teutonic, and other forms indigenous to those soils. In this matter of architecture, Mr. Ruskin, the English art-critic, seems to have just ideas, and the true taste, being all for the time-honored native growths and fashions of things. As regards architecture in this country, we are more

Digitized by Google

excusable, perhaps, for our Greek imitations than our neighbors over the way, seeing we have nothing indigenous to fall back upon, except the wigwam, or that pillared shade of the forest, "high-overarched and echoing walks between." Still, it would seem fitting and in the best taste that, instead of following the European styles of plagiarism, we should adopt the style of the European originals—our own too—modified in various ways by the suggestions and requirements of this clime and soil. Of all forms or modes of past civilization (excluding the Egyptian, Hindoo, and so forth) the classic touches us Northerns most coldly. The classic novel or story —such as the "Last Days of Pompeii," or "Letters from Palmyra"—(the best of the kind) does not reach our sympathies like something lying in the line of our ancestries. Poor Sir Walter Scott looked on the relics of classic Italy with a heedless eye. But a wolf-dog, in the porch of an old castle of the Apennines warmed his heart, and he caressed the Gothic hound with evident pleasure. This was human nature—the nature of us all; and in discarding or neglecting the Gothic and Mediæval styles of building, in our public and private edifices, we deny ourselves a great deal of the warmth, grace, and poetry of architecture.

Having thus seen how the older influences of transmitted literature have been able to damage the free developments of man's mind, we would now consider how the shoals of printed books operate all about us in the present day; convinced that they are unfavorable to any growth of great minds, or to the robustness of the intellect in general. The mind does not live by books alone, or by the information hived, any more than the body lives by food alone. This last needs exercise and repose; and the mind requires to think, and odd as some may think it, to sleep. To sleep—perchance to dream? No doubt, to dream. The mind needs its sleep and its dreams, and it is only all the worse for it when circumstances tend to defraud it of these. The rapidity with which books come flying all abroad, makes literary or scientific thinking a work of difficulty. We bolt our mental aliment; and the hasty and imperfect process of digestion brings very little intellectual vigor along with it. People in general are disposed to praise the habit of reading. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, among others, recommends it as a delightful amusement. No doubt it answers very well for those petticoateries in which individuals have, as Addison used to say, tender hearts and little or nothing to do. And, indeed, respecting a certain class of our people, also, we would concede that it is better they should employ their vacant moments in reading than in dram-drinking, saloon-fighting, or any other such mode of expectorating their cares and unbending themselves. But considered in connection with the worthier exercises of literature, the case is different. A habit of indiscriminate reading, without thought, renders a man incapable of growing strong on his mental pabulum. Bacon says reading makes a full man. But a full man is very often a very ineffective man; without a strong power of digestion, he tends to bigness of stomach and apoplexy. Experience shows

Digitized by Google

both negatively and positively, that very great reading is debilitating. Self-educated men, who have had few books, generally show genius or originality, of some kind or other. The man of one book is proverbial for his power; and we know how the perusal of "one book" has moulded the character of poets and soldiers. With regard to very great readers we find them, for the most part barren. Magliabecchi, Mezzofanti, Porson, and other great book-worms, whom the reader will remember, did little or nothing. Tom Moore, who read and discussed every thing, shows scarcely a profound or solid thought in all his flimsy memoirs. Rogers, the poet and banker, who fed himself on books and criticism for seventy years, was only a feeble and talkative gossip, as his "Table Talk" proves. We knew an amazing old pundit whose knowledge of facts seemed wizardy. He knew the secret European gossip of three generations. He was a man of ten thousand—ten thousand of brick, without any mortar. He had no thoughts on any thing. There is a certain fullness, which, like that of Falstaff, will undo a man.

In the present state of things, however, no one gets full on his feed; it runs through him with too much velocity. Literature now-a-days is so easy that he who runs may read; and he does so; he reads running—sometimes at the rate of thirty miles an hour. For there is a railway order of mental aliment. And on some of our railroads, by the by, Drelincourt and Dodd should be provided, in the benevolent octavo shape, for sinners who may be "short taken." A word to the wise. But, we repeat—the throng and celerity of the book-making business amongst us, are things to wonder at. The press groans, night and day, in the throes of parturition. Biographies of people are written before they are dead. Lives of men who have made money are manufactured; auto-biographies also—chiefly in self-defense against literary Wehr-wolves and scandal-mongers; compilations on the subjects of historic men and picturesque women are made; they are made again; and, once more, with illustrations; a man with a drawer of old engravings says, "Indite me some reading matter for these"—and it is done; eleven persons collect their newspaper paragraphs and magazine verses into a fascicle, and present them with good wishes and a taking title; others cull by-gone matter from periodicals, and galvanize it with praise; correspondents of journals lump their old letters and print them again; bards put forth imitations—chiefly of Tennyson, Bailey, Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson; an industrious proser will gather the writers of all sorts, past and present, into a book—male and female gathers he them—and the speculation is a shrewd one, putting all the personal vanities on the *qui vive*, and interesting them; till some body else in the same line comes and fustigates the whole arrangement, like an avenger; novels and tales pour forth with the general sparkling of those anarithmic waves of the Greek poet—the writers being mostly ladies, who beat Scott, and rival Dumas in fleetness of composition; men rush in, too, where the angels don't fear to tread, and vainly try to compete with these in the story-telling line; while lecturers—those birds of

Digitized by Google

Minerva—(no offense, gentlemen!) go about at night to improve the stray hours of the public, and give intellectual nutriment in even smaller and lighter mouthfuls than those of printed books.

> Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
> They rave, recite and madden round the land.

The *tempestarii* of the street-corners sell every one a wind—like accommodating Lapland witches—and give life to the whole energetic system.

The effect of all this pell-mell haste is to lower the tone of our literature which, necessarily suiting itself to circumstances, runs greatly on surface themes, facts, manners, personalities, pedestrian speculation, and the flying opinions of crowds bearing on the common current of events—a gossiping kind of activity, which is too much the echo of another, over the way. The rapidity with which books are put forth is a caution—not heeded, however. Except Bryant, Longfellow, and such writers, no one can be sure his book will be remembered at the end of a year. Volumes come out, are puffed, criticised, run through, and lo! another shoal, hot-pressed and vociferous, comes demanding perusal, and pushing their precursors from the platform. Those touch-and-go-tastes of the gay public discourage writers—especially those dependent on literature—from the task of composing with thought and care, compelling them to fall in with the rapid fashion of things, in self-defense. At the same time our criticism is not calculated to mend matters. It is too good natured, and lacks gall. Critics treat writers as Hamlet would treat the players—beyond their deserts, with what seems a compunctious regard to the business interests which they probably believe to be more involved in the matter than those of the intellect. This leniency works unfavorably—encouraging mediocrity, and discouraging the better order of writers, who see the others treated nearly as handsomely as themselves. A flogging has always a wholesome effect in school; it deepens the current of the feelings; and schools without severity turn out minds without discipline. A grand castigation of another wonderfully rouses and pleases the rest, and also warns and teaches them. It does good in every way; and the beaten man pulls up very soon, and looks as well as ever.

Such are the effects of those wild charges of our "Light (book) Brigades," on the general mind—working unfavorably on both writers and readers, in a vicious circle. On the higher order of intellects the multiplication of books is not less damaging. Plato, in his own day of small libraries, was of opinion that the increase of parchments, and other membranes, was injurious to science and philosophy, seeing that men received results eliminated by others, instead of themselves working for them—took signs for facts. The Greek habit of learning orally—in a great measure—making the mind attentive and tenacious, created a muscularity, so to speak, and love of exercise in it; a consequence of which was a pleasure in high and subtle speculation. The modern men of science and philosophers bring no such athletic minds to the study of things. They accept the conclusions of

Digitized by Google

others, and begin to investigate where these have left off. Elder thinkers, who began at the beginning, and carried with them the vigor and interest of the course, were far better fitted to press forward to new conclusions. The moderns, with less mental fatigue are less vigorous of conception than their precursors; while, at the same time, the literary noises and announcements distract the attention of men of science, and prevent the persistence necessary to great things. Hence it is, that later intellects have almost generally turned from the exercise grounds of lofty speculation, and settled on those of empiricism. Men in the arm-chairs of science deprecate any more of the high-flying Greek theory, or the funamble work of the scholastic times, and refer you to Bacon. This may be less a true philosophy than a shortness of breath, or a stiffness of sinew.

It is objected that, with all their subtle power of wit, those Greek theorists, and mediæval alchemists, were not exact in their views, and went astray at times. But there was truth in their errors. The arrow of Acestes, though missing the mark, was not vainly shot. It made a certain blaze of light, and taught others to aim better. So with the Nous of the world, the astrologies, the philosophers' stones, and elixirs of life. These theories grew from what is best and loftiest in this strangely-mingled nature of ours:

> The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow;
> The longing for something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow.

And the wisdom of those elder thinkers, so full of guesses and wild beliefs, showed, as it were, the nebular matter of truth which was, at last, symmetried into the sciences, as we have them. Astrology was the parent of Astronomy, and first taught Urania herself to study the choragium of the stars. Those errors were the vestibules of truth, and we agree with Carlyle in thinking that wonder and enthusiasm are the very natural accompaniments of man's thoughts on the cosmos and its elements.

With respect to poetry—which Bacon calls the third part of human learning—that habit of rapid and indiscriminate reading is unfavorable to the genial thought and mental cultivation, without which it can not thrive amongst us. People, borne on by the fast current of things, with minds too much diverted for any thing like brooding or shaping thought, go a shorter way to work and adopt the ideas and style of them. Their intellects board out. A fashionable sentimental love of poetry is produced, but not the real thing itself. Our shortcomings in this way are attributed to our commercial influences. It would be well if it were no worse. But the great evil is imitation, and it is curious enough to see that it is in poetry which should come from the simplest and most impulsive feelings, and which should have a certain marked style, with a free and easy people like this, that our minds have least vigor, and show the most unrepublican deferences. Our poetry does not look as if it belonged to a rough democracy.

Digitized by Google

It has the forms, style, and sentiment of a polished and fastidious old literature; a softness and refinement which never belong, in any natural way, to any thing like youth.

No good ever came of imitation, and a respect for models. It is a fallacy to think the goodness of a model justifies copying. "Nothing is good, I see, but with respect," says the admirable Portia, and very truly. The philosophy and poetry of Greece were good and glorious on her own ground. Elsewhere, they were neither the one nor the other. What has imitation of Greek sculpture done for modern artists? Left them a good way behind, making naked figures. What has it done for the poets? Disgusted them and us, in the end, and left us looking to the ancient ways. As we have said, it is in painting, of which antiquity has left no models, that modern artists have done best. Greece had no models for herself. She worked from nature—from the ground where she found her loveliest architectural capital, and where her autocthonous grasshopper sang, heedless—as an old philosopher used to say—of the opinions of critics, or the rules of art; and, for this reason, the Greek mind has never been equalled. We have tried to fancy what the philosophy, poetry, and arts of the world would now be, if that splendid republicanism had not been; and suppose they would exist with far more genuineness and vigor, in other forms and developments, marked by local diversities and full of original impulse.

As to that imitation of English literature which so enfeebles ours, the matter might not be so lamentable, perhaps, if the models had any thing like fitness to recommend them. But they are bad in themselves, even in England, where a hypocritical order of progress sours and lowers the national thought. If we regard the departments of imaginative literature and social philosophy, in that country, we find that, in the agitations and reverberations of the great war, Godwin, Porter, Radcliffe, Scott, Banim, and other men, were moved to write with earnest feeling, and even romance. A succeeding generation changed all that, and men began to sneer and carp at every thing about them. Scholars played with their erudition; they stuck a feather in its hat, and called it macaroni. Misty men of letters—finding what a little way principle could go, among the shows, appearances, and idolatries of the oligarchical world—flung it away, and began to hit right and left. A skirmishing and sparkling kind of intellect became the fashion, to amuse its one period for a while, and be utterly worthless for any other. Sartor Carlyle came forward, with his great sneering metaphors, crying *O'Clo!* and vending a great many second-hand notions of things (but good ones, nevertheless) with a remarkable applause. Then rose Dickens, Thackeray, and "Punch;" and then and since, there has been a regular *battue* of the shams and snobberies, like that of the dunces, in the superficial time of Pope and the wits, and that of the priests and their dogmas, in the scoffing days of the encyclopædists. Bulwer, James, and others, of the duller kind, have used the more earnest style of sentiment, but the satiric and sparring-school is the predominant, and its business is with the common-place and the artificial.

Digitized by Google

Of those English *frondeurs* it may be said, they resemble the old French levellers who would pull down, but give no help to build up; they scoff at the evils of British society, but do not suggest the true remedy. Carlyle seems for brave natures, and against social wrongs; he is hard on red-tapeism, but he shows no sympathy with the people. He is all for a strong devil of a man, who will kick shams to a grotesque place, and make every mortal work, work, work, hammer and tongs. His philosophy is that of a sardonic dominie, with a pickled rod for the silly boys. He is for brigading and setting men to work, but laughs at the idea of giving them liberty. Such is Tom the Sham-killer. Then, there is Thackeray, whose genius finds sympathy among a practical people grumbling over facts. He presents things as he thinks they are, and says: "That's your sort." His characters are like the portraits of a daguerreotype gallery—the ghastliest picture-gallery in the world. His delineations only gratify the lower parts of our nature, be sure, and he confines himself to one artificial department of men and women. He never comes to the stronger and finer passions and emotions; and these, surely, belong to human nature, even in cities and coteries. But he works in a little gallery, with little air, and little light.

Dickens is the finest intellect of that school, and though he is inspired by the mind of his time to describe the conventional and common phases of life, in a light, satiric way—shooting folly as it flies, and catching the manners living as they rise—it is interesting to see how much he differs from the "Punch" people. He finds that the daguerreotyping is not the thing, and, with a true sense of nature, gives us perfect characters, full of the fine feeling, and others touching us by their pathos. Still further to show, that daguerreotyping won't do, he goes for his shadings and effects to the grotesque—and, in this, proves his genius. He gives the meanest things a genial coloring, and sets forth the romance of the streets. Dickens loves the people; but he expects their social regeneration will come through Parliament—emanate from the strong-hold of the oligarchy. He thinks the house will be re-constructed from the upper stories.

Then there is the other representative man—Macaulay—playing historic see-saw with Hume, "for all our goods." This writer, ranked highest in his class, in England, and bought as largely as Dickens, is a clever memoir genius. A sparkling essayist, fresh and full from the boudoirs, lumber-rooms, and other penetralia of history and literature, he has aspired to be historian. Not content with his fame, as the producer of most excellent cabinet pictures, he has tried the broad historical canvas, and fails, because he works on the one with the manner of the other. With a furnished mind, and a clear, transparent style, he can only be considered, after all, as a model of mediocrity. Once, with a fair critical taste for poetry, he cultivated the muse, and, though his judgment led him to adopt the promising style of the old English ballads, and Walter Scott, he showed his want of the genuine inspiration by going off for his themes to the indistinct kingly period of Rome, where modern sympathy could hardly follow him. He saw how Milton, Scott, and others, proved

Digitized by Google

the charm of nomenclature in verse, and stringing his cold, classic names together, in vigorous imitation, he becomes wearisome and indistinct. The color of Macaulay's history is too much of the Whig partisan order for the philosophic reader; and, as for his lauded style, though clear, it is provokingly short-stepping and mannered, reminding you of the gait of Crummles up the church-aisle, and tires only not so soon as Gibbon's; whilst its peremptory and, sometimes, truculent tone, proves that he has not the calm candor requisite for his task. He throws some of his facts at you, especially if you are a Jacobite, or a bog-trotter. His *lexis* is behind that of Hume, and even of Goldsmith, in all qualities of good and graceful writing. On the whole, his history, falling in with the spirit and tenor of the times, shows the current of the fact-gathering, critical industries, and low inspirations of English literature, and the absence of that free, broad style of sentiment which would best suit the wants and ideas of such an age as this.

Such is, in general, the English school—a school of modes, morals, and domestic life—something analagous to the Dutch school of painting—and expressing no ideas of progress. The most earnest and feeling writers, such as Kingsley, only ask that the people shall not be starved or trampled on. It is the influence of that critical school that has led most of our writers into their style of disquisition, and the fashion of representing scenes of artificial society and common-place facts, in an easy conversational manner. We have no very great success in following such exemplars, and the effort of imitation is visible enough. This is a good sign—showing that, though we try to adopt the forms, we can not feel the spirit of that satiric, unsatisfactory literature of the island folk. We are too impulsive, and too apt to be in earnest. We have too much energy and hope, and, consequently, too much sentiment, for that fine old crusty satire which is ripened under the skies of England.

In the poetic department, our imitations deserve a similar failure—and find it. A querulous, wrestling, and lamenting order of poetry has, in England, succeeded the more healthy strains of Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, and the rest who heard the cannonades. Poets dip their thoughts in psychology, invest them in hard hobbling sentences and hemistichs, sigh after the transcendant, mingle with the moon, stars, winds, seas, and forests, and try to make the shapes of inorganic matter sympathize with their reveries and agonies; talking, as Drayton says of Lylie:

> "Talking of stones, stars, planets, fishes, flies,
> Playing with words and idle similies."

The English mind somewhat resembles the German. The latter is excluded from the arena of politics, and turns to learned editorship and transcendental philosophy. The English see nothing beyond that "fatal drollery," constitutionalism, except an expectorating fellow who whittles, and they, therefore, either sneer or draw caricatures in prose, or sigh forth syllables of dolor in poetry, against fate, and yearn for something, which takes shape, indistinctly, in a whirl of words, and a mob of metaphors. If these English bards had a

Digitized by Google

wholesome inspiration of popular liberty, they would sing another song, we promise you. We have what they want, and yet we fall into the habit of imitating their doleful order of poetry. A foolish mistake, we take it. Such poetry does not suit the genius of any young and enterprising nation. Our poets should be aware, that the most glorious and touching themes of song—those which concern man and his passions, his being, doing, and suffering—are not at all exhausted. The fine old inspirations of heroism and warlike progress, and human liberty, are as strong as ever they were; and while that beautiful vein of poetry remains open—to say nothing of the imperishable melodies of Youth and Love—it is too soon to go maundering away into the forests, sighing our souls out to the stars, and mingling with the general aspects of nature. It is the chief business of our own bards to make cheerful noises in a genuine independent style, to encourage the general progress of humanity along the rugged roads of the world—as Napoleon used to help the march of his soldiers over the Great St. Bernard, by a rattling blast of music, now and then, from the bugles.

We have thus tried to explain most of the modes in which the incursion and overflow of books (the greater part of them feeble and worthless) do injury to the literary mind of the country, and will do, for some time to come. And, indeed, it is time that must bring the cure of these evils. No amount of well-meaning objurgation or critical effort will ever do it. Things take a very natural course, at present, and it is only a natural course that must change them for the better. No force of mere exhortation or bold eloquence can bring about any revolution. It is with the growth and elevation of the national mind from the ground, as it were, that its literature of all sorts will grow dignified too. The best sort of chafing and other treatment will not make the right arm strong, unless Monsieur Gaster be properly nourished Our history and progress must yield themes and spirit to our muses. This country has had the finest war-inauguration on human record; but, since that first struggle, it has, so to speak, spent its nonage, unobtrusively, remote from the thronged arenas of the world, in the ways of commerce, the industries, and tillage—only, occasionally, knocking down certain scoundrels, (see how unconsciously we imitate Macaulay's style!) who came to the doors to rob the house, and sending them home with sore heads. Our poetry, for a couple of generations, has been, if we may so express it, of the Eclogue and the Georgic order mostly. But, turn over a leaf, and we come to *Arma, virumque*, as the readers knows.

It is only natural and logical to suppose that when this nation shall take the large place that awaits it, and assert its charter on a broader field of action (to which we must come, sooner or later, whether drifting or striding, seeing that our neighbors hate us cordially, and are very willing to pummel us) the change we speak of will surely begin to get under way. And when the popular mind, now sufficiently occupied with its eager industries, and light literary luxuries, shall recognize the grave necessity of sacrifice and struggle,

Digitized by Google

and rise to the height of a great argument full of peril and loud with the voices of war, the genius of the Republic will not be found dallying in the primrose paths of imitation, as before, or awed by the semi-sneering tones of conventional criticism—a thing which we always insist, before our shallow, sarcastic folk, grows from a poverty of national feeling, and an uneasy self-contempt. Nature, and the greater passions, would clear away that rubbish of the plagiarisms and small considerations, and poetry, as in the times of the Cyclic poets, Æschylus, and the rest, would begin to talk to an intelligent people, in their own animated vernacular modes. There would be no longer any need to woo the muses in the elegant sink-a-pace way; they would present themselves of their own accord, no longer lisping, mincing or moralizing, but with a bold, flushed manner. They would, "like Amazons, come tripping after drums"—as the maidens did in the fighting days of England—find their way among the ranks of the soldiery, and give us the "Voices of the Camp," to begin with, in the right Hohenlinden style of such things. Better things would follow in due time and order.

Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?

We should be sorry to think it was; and believe it lies very naturally in the common prose path of our national progress.

Meantime, those book-flurries—those charges of the "Light Brigades"—must go on, apparently. Let them go on. We do not advise a prohibitory law for the publishers, seeing the ill-success of the Maine enactments. If the people will drink—we are for strong drink—the drink that makes strong; and, since they are muddling on such thin potations, we would speak of the full-bodied, blood-warming tipple, fragrant with a genuine spirit, and bearing the brand, so to speak, of the highest carousals. For the shallow draughts, we would have the "reaming swats," and the great williwaughts, as Dr. Chalmers used to say.

As matters stand, our literature is not without a promise of something better, seeing there is a force of native movement and action in the country, and out of it, from which it must derive a genuine spirit and character, in time. Our pioneers and *avant-couriers* of progress, in every direction around us, are preparing the foundations of many things—and, among them, a worthy order of literature.

Digitized by Google

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

THE satirists say the world is divided into two great classes —knaves and fools. If it were only equally divided between wisdom and folly we should get back to the time of good neighbors, which lay next door to the golden age fabled by the poets. Unhappily, Wisdom has but a small party, and the multitude dance madly enough to the jingling of the bells on Folly's pointed cap. More unfortunately still, we, "United Staters," seem determined to turn the dance into a "Tarantula," and ape the grotesquest contortions of men bitten by the spider. With the worst of bad taste, too, we can cut our capers to no tune but "SLAVERY." Disguise it as we may with variations, the old "theme" runs perpetually through our best concerted pieces, and the air comes in at the end with all its naked discord. Now, as we have a double orchestra almost, and thirty-one States are perpetually pounding away at the kettle-drum, thundering with the ophicleide, sawing at the fiddles, or squaking out from the piccolo, the upshot is a tintamarara worse than the noisiest finale of the "brassy and impossible Verdi." We are fond of good music, and hate discord, moral or musical; therefore we take the liberty of calling that sort of thing pluperfect nonsense and outrageous folly.

The matter might be less ridiculous if they confined themselves to a grand noise of fiddlers all committing assault and battery, with intent to kill, on horse-hair and cat-gut at once; at least, it would be sooner done with: but every man in the national orchestra is a Paganini, in his own conceit, and must have his solo. Heaven help us who are condemned to play audience. We can never think of any thing but Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," and feel a wish like Nero's—that all the crowd of discordant yelpers and clamorers had but one throat, so that we might strangle them with a single halter.

Why, it has come to be out of all measure farcical. It colors every thing black—this Nigger-mania. It pervades, permeates, combines with, absorbs, saturates, and comes trickling through every thing. In the name of common-sense, has this American people come to be a nation of fools and madmen, that they insist upon being nigger-ridden, and sleep with a black nightmare on their hearts, and carry a thick-lipped,

Digitized by Google

flat-nosed, ape-jawed, black-a-vised, old man of the sea upon their backs all the day long? Rather

> "Let us meet,
> And question this most bloody piece of work,
> To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
> In the great hand of God we stand; and thence
> Against the undivulged pretense we fight
> Of treasonous malice."

A member of Congress, from a Northern State, introduces, if you please, a bill for a bounty on codfish. Ah! that is unobjectionable. No hook to hang a doubt on there. A deep sea-line can not haul up any thing obnoxious out of that. We shall have an hour's calm in the councils of the nation. Blessed be codfish, exclaims the honest citizen, with a sigh of relief, deep drawn from the bottom of his heart. Never reckon without your host, my dear sir. The gentleman from South-Carolina, or Georgia, or somewhere else, spies a runaway-nigger in the net; and, straightway, the fishing-smack is metamorphosed, by the astuteness of a perverse ingenuity, into a grand fugitive-slave line, got up for the sole purpose of hovering along the coast, and picking up foolish darkies who prefer hard work and Abolition sympathies at the North, to idleness and a good master at the South. Pop—whiz-bang—fizzle—splurge—crack—off they go, neck or nothing. Every mother's son of them makes Rome howl with first-rate nonsense and second-hand patriotism. It is of no use to tell them we've heard it all before. Every Congressman is bound by his duty to his constituents, and his own vanity, to make an immense Judy of himself on his own hook. You can't make him believe that the world is laughing at him. Not a bit of it. He is as sure as he is of his own existence that every body, from Indus to the pole, is standing transfixed in admiration of the honorable gentleman from Stumptown! He is sent there to talk Buncombe. He is paid eight dollars a day for talking it, and he is a conscientious man: the world must have its eight dollars' worth a day, and the Codfish Bill is not to be let go without his having a hook in its mouth.

And so, they fight three months over the Codfish Bill, with a fugitive-slave amendment, and then they table it—a beautiful illustration of the good old Latin, "Ex nihilo nihil fit." Who will have the impertinence to tell the honorable gentlemen that they have been acting like a parcel of zanies, and that every body knows it except themselves? Heaven forbid that we should do it; for we are of those pious souls who will

Digitized by Google

treat Beelzebub himself with distinguished consideration, if his sulphuric majesty will permit. The Codfish Bill being "quietly inurned," a Southern gentleman introduces another quite as pregnant with danger to the republic. It is, probably, a bill to appropriate fifty dollars for the relief of John Niles, or John Niles' wife, or some other equally meritorious person. Now for a solid square of Northern men, with the artillery, the great guns of the opposition at the angles. In a minute you will hear the bones rattle and crash like glass, before the rhetorical grape and canister of the veteran patriots, the old guard of abolitionists and Union-savers, "par nobile fratrum," or rather, if we may be permitted the free collegiate translation of "Arcades ambo"—scoundrels both. John Niles is a stalking horse. Let the patriots alone for finding that out. He is a mere stalking horse, behind which that horribly agressive slave-power is creeping up to take a deadly aim at the liberties of millions yet unborn. And off they go again—pop—bang—whiz—splutter, for three months more, at the people's expense—who, good, easy souls, are all the while sitting comfortably at home, quite unconscious of the dangers they are threatened by, and hideously ungrateful to the gentlemen at Washington, for their herculean efforts to make a hydra first, and knock his heads off afterwards, "with quiddets quick and paper pellets of the brain." Oh! dear, good gentlemen, why can't you be satisfied with "honorable," as a handle to your names, and let the pump-handle of patriotism be quiet for a little—why can't you? You are a mere nuisance; a running sore on the body politic; a laughing-stock to gods and men; a double-distilled and forty thousand times exposed humbug. Will you not do one wise act in your foolish, useless lives; will you not go home, and, if there be a night-school in your neighborhoods, cram Lindley Murray?—for your weak, washy everlasting flow of Buncombe, in addition to its inanity has not even the poor merit of being English—but, contrariwise, is very sad ungrammatical gibberish and fustian. Take Hamlet's advice to Polonius, and try and "play the fool nowhere but in your own houses." Then, if we be a nation of such strange simpletons as you would make us look like, at least we may keep it a little to ourselves. Whereas it now goes abroad, and all the world has us in derision. To be

> "A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
> To point his slow unmoving finger at,"

and show the gaping world these sores and shames; to be set

Digitized by Google

up as a butt for the wit of a set of beggarly slaves who lick the dust that a lord spurns into their faces with his most noble heel; to be a jest and by-word for the cringing sycophants of Bomba and Franz Joseph—to be dwarfed, belittled, trod into the mire of contempt on your account, and by your procuration! O honorable men! is not this a mean and most dishonorable thing?

Happily for you there are a few just men amongst you; a few who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of office, nor passed through the persecuting fire kindled before the gods of Know-Nothingism and Black-Republicanism; there are a few DEMOCRATS among you—a little salt to save you—a little leaven of wisdom and honesty. Without that we should be almost driven to think that Providence had entirely deserted as a people, and given us over to the uncovenanted mercies.

And see again what infinite mischief you do. You are like babies playing with lucifer matches in a powder-mill or a hay-mow. You set fire to a very small splinter of wood, but you blow up every thing with it. Reporters must live, and down go your blusterings in short-hand, Next day every press in the country is repeating the wretched stuff, and, not content with that, adding a little more quite as wretched and wicked of its own. So that treason to the Constitution, to the people your masters, to the rights of man and the will of God—is the sweet morsel of sin always under your tongues. You have gone far enough. You have gone infinitely too far. Stop it! —or a Providence, eternally just, and never to be offended with impunity, will, by the loss of all which ought to be most dear to you, avenge itself signally upon you!

You, who should be the conservators of the public peace and quiet of this commonwealth of independent States, are the very men who play the incendiary. You fire the train, and a thousand little mines exploding at once cast their dirt and rubbish in the people's eyes. Would to Heaven we could only see "the engineers hoist with their own petards."

Thus, things and men, truly impotent, little, and contemptible in themselves, receive an importance and assume dimensions not only infinitely beyond their intrinsic worth and power; but even so much and great as to be dangerous and alarming.

A foolish Southern paper, edited by some reckless fellow, whom his own best friends hardly dare to trust a mile from home without a keeper, stumbles over the word "disunion," and fancies he has found a mine of rhetoric. He has no idea

Digitized by Google

that he is like the magician's servant who opened his master's book of sorcery, and read a spell for raising the devil; but when he had raised him had no power to lay him again, and so was torn in pieces. But our young fire-eating editor is not a whit less an inconsequential numbskull. He blurts out the filthy, execrable word, a word it is the most detestable of treasons for any honest American even to whisper in the silence of his own chamber; he, we say, blurts it out with all the other biggest and ugliest words of braggadocio he can find in his well-thumbed copy of "Walker" or "Webster," at the back of it, and then goes to sleep at night ignorant that he has conjured up a legion of devils, the least of whom is wiser if not wickeder than himself. And pray what is it all about; what wind-mill has our Don Quixote to run a tilt against? What Mambrino has stolen our rhetorical knight-errant's helmet? What flock of innocent sheep has his wisdom mistaken for an army of Paynim chivalry? Why, forsooth, he is running a muck against the Union, because a set of fellows, crazy as himself, and not a whit more so, called abolitionists, have held an anniversary and made speeches in the city of New-York. Nothing will do him now but murder, pestilence, and war. He is a political Othello in the turning of a handspike, and roars, "Blood! blood! Iago!" and calls on all true Southern men to see that, instantly, every sentiment of love for their whole country and its Constitution "yields up its hearted throne to tyrannous hate," till the very skies threaten to come tumbling down on us with the horrid din and outcry. And now, in sober sadness, what has that terrible meeting been? Why, but for him and such as him, it would have been a contemptible "fizzle," a thing of no more validity or effect than the meeting of so many idle loafers in a corner groggery. Let any body who has seen testify. Go up to the corner of Houston and Thompson streets, or the New-York Tabernacle, and look into the little church there, or the bigger one there where the gentlemen who deify niggers most do congregate. Go there when their greatest guns are charged to the muzzle and firing off a broadside at a time, and what do you see? All New-York rushing there; all New-York excited, interested, sympathetic? Not a bit of it. For all New-York cares about it, the great guns might be firing off their folly in Cochin-Chinese instead of English. The man who lives next door to the church don't know what has been going on until he finds it paraded in the newspaper; and why paraded? Simply because reporters and newspaper editors must live, and the greater fuss they can kick up, the larger edition

Digitized by Google

they put off upon a most infantile and gullible public. Excitement is their capital, and abolition is a jolly good card to play. It is trumps all the time. Well, our good citizen sees it paraded in the paper, and his hair stands on end with horror. He had no idea he was next door to such a laboratory of infernal machines, and mentally resolves to move on May-day, two miles off at least. Suppose, however, he had had curiosity enough to go in, and see for himself the day before, what was going on! What would he have seen? Why, sirs, he would have seen about two hundred snuffy old women, fifty lank-jawed, hungry-eyed men in the body of the house, and a dozen sanctimonious, unhappy-looking individuals, in white chokers and a suit of sables, mounted on the platform, and alternately pouring out the vials of their wrath against American Slavery. If, in addition to his eyes, our good citizen has a good ear, he will discover in a minute or two, by the confusion of the aspirate, and the general style of their delivery, that two thirds of the gentlemen in the white chokers aforesaid, are unmistakable John Bulls! And this conventicle of insane tabbies and snufflers, wire-pulled by impudent Englishmen, so obscure in itself, so impotent and wretched an abortion, is magnified and howled over till half the people South of Mason and Dixon's line actually believe the whole city of New-York a grand daily convention for the immediate abolition of the "peculiar institution!" Was there ever such inexcusable ignorance, and reckless disregard of truth? And this idea is fostered by a hundred papers both North and South for their own purposes of gain. Pandering to a vicious craving after excitement, they stimulate the taste they play upon, until common enormities will not satisfy it, and the superior relish of treason and disunion must be added to their cookery before the palled and jaded appetites of their customers can be excited to a paying point, and their poisonous wares uttered to an eager market.

Thus the persistent cunning of the opposition has rung the changes upon his name until the whole South really fancy Mr. John Van Buren the representative of the New-York Democracy on the one hand, and the great exponent of Free Soilism on the other. The latter part of the proposition is probably pretty near the mark; but the former is a most singular figment of the imagination. Mr. Van Buren is an eminent lawyer, a staunch friend, a witty and agreeable companion, a gentleman of courtly manners. Few men ever associate with him without being pleased by his society, or go away without a vague idea that he never was in earnest or sincere about any

Digitized by Google

thing in his life, outside the limits of his circle of private friendships and social relationships in the "club" or the "set." Therefore, there is not a precinct in the State of New-York where Mr. Van Buren could be elected by direct popular vote to the office of road-master. If we may believe his often-iterated assurances, he has no ambition that way, and aspires to nothing beyond professional successes. Can any thing, then, be more preposterous than for sensible Southern men to permit themselves to be frightened from their propriety through the adroit use made of that gentleman's name, or any other particular man's as a scare-crow, by one or two Northern presses whose mendacity is only equalled by their cunning? Our word for it, he is one of the most harmless men north of the Potomac. The very prominence given to him has made him so. It is next to impossible for a man to do a dangerous act, or one liable to injure the community, when every body is so well warned against him, that they go near to watch him closely enough to know what he eats for dinner, and how many times he sneezes per diem, when he has a cold in his head. There are more and stronger jails than those made of stone and iron. Clap a man into the lock-up of popular distrust; let the idea become universal that he is a clever fellow enough, but "*mighty onsartin*," and not to be depended on even by his friends, and he must be *diabolus ipse*, if claw and fang are not both drawn.

It was our happiness in 1848 to have the chance of doing our little best for Lewis Cass against the Van Buren bolt. Then and for years after it was a faction dangerous for numbers and venom. But it has ceased to exist. Those who were honest in their free-soil proclivities have gone over bodily to the Black Republican camp. Those who made their game on it, to win a personal stake or ruin an adversary, have achieved their purpose, and have quietly glided back into the ranks of the old line Democracy, as is well shown in the article entitled, "The Union—The Dangers which Beset it," in our March and April numbers. The whole Democracy of the Union, and no part of it more sincerely than the Democracy of New-York, stake their existence upon an unqualified opposition to all illiberal and disorganizing theories, and bating no jot of heart or hope, enter with a cheerful alacrity into the contest against Black Republicanism and Know-Nothingism. They regret that their adversaries are not more noble and worthier of their steel; but they entertain no apprehension of the result. The Democratic party relies upon God and the people. It puts on its

Digitized by Google

armor once more as the champion of State Rights, the compacts of the Constitution, and freedom of conscience. It can not fail.

It is true that the spirit of aggression upon the reserved rights of the States actuates a large and fanatical portion of the inhabitants of the Northern States. But the very radicalism and unreason of that fanaticism has disconnected those who yield to its malign influence, from the Democratic party North as thoroughly as South, and combined them, no matter from what organization sloughed off, in the Black Republican party. There they stand—known, open, and notorious fools and fanatics—and it is the business and duty of every real patriot, indeed of every man in the enjoyment of his senses, to combine against them. This combination can only be effectually made upon the Democratic ticket. James Buchanan and John C. Breckenridge stand in such a position and relationship to the true interests of the whole country as to possess a prescriptive right to the support of every honest and sensible man in it, no matter by what party name he may have heretofore been known.

But, for the sake of common-sense, let us have done with this miserable unmeaning snarl and bow-wow between the North and South. The whole thing is worn out, worn to rags, to very tatters. Any thing short of a born natural can see through its "looped and windowed raggedness." You at the North, when you talk of the South, leave filth and froth to Black Republicanism, and please to remember that the great mass of Northern people know that there are just as many sensible, God-fearing, Union-loving, noble fellows the other side Mason and Dixon's line as on your own; and that the Bobadils of the Southern press are just as much laughed at there as with you. And you at the South when you write of the North, forbear to put arms into the hands of faction by pretending to assume what you know to be untrue, that the *North*, the whole North, is filled with a spirit of aggression against you. Be sensible and just. Speak of the Northern Black Republicans, and stigmatize them as you please, but cease to offend and alienate your true and hearty friends by thrusting them into such company. If you desire to be loved, do not outrage the sentiment of affection for you and for your rights and interest, which is an active principle in the breasts of the great mass of thinking men at the North, by pretending to doubt its sincerity. Let us have a little wisdom on both sides the Potomac!

S. W. C.

Digitized by Google

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

An anecdote of Dumas, dramatically paraphrased.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lord Satan,
The Bailli of Goschenen,
Master Werner,
Walter Furst,
Arnold,
Burghers, Mechanics, Singers,
Catherine Walden,
Young Women, Singers.

SCENE—*Goschenen, Switzerland. Time,* 1666.

SCENE I.

The Alps. Mountains covered with snow.

Enter SATAN, *by a jump from a side elevation. Thunder.*

Satan.—There, beat that who can! Ten minutes from Constantinople, and the intervening space cleared at a single bound! There's nothing like practice. When I began to jump, two hundred miles was reckoned quite a leap. But, patience and perseverance! I have worked it up to fifteen hundred; and shall soon be able to skip across the Atlantic. Eh? It's devilish cold here! Where am I? This is not Tunis! My secretary, Beelzebub, has mistaken his geometry. I told him to make me a west-*south*-west course, right straight for Tunis; and the vagabond has made it west-*north*-west, and landed me, the Lord knows where! Where's my quadrant? My jack-knife will do. Eh? 47° north, 9° east; Switzerland, by the Lord! I booked myself for the sunny coast of Africa, and my man has pitched me into the Alps. I'll be revenged on some body! It's no use to discharge Beelzebub; for he knows my ways, and it would be inconvenient; and he could get another place in five minutes, and set up opposition besides. No, no! I'll pay it off on these cursed Swiss——whe—w—w! how that north wind cuts through a fellow's vitals! Ah! they have just built a bridge across the black, roaring river. Quite a passable bridge, too, for human mechanics. If they could see a bridge of *my* building!—Egad, I have an idea! I'll astonish these Swiss. I'll make an impression on my first appearance among their devilish snow-

Digitized by Google

drifts! I'll get up an excitement, cold as it is! I'll just put my toe behind one of these peaks of ice, and—topple—tumble—crash—down will go their wonderful bridge, that has taken, I warrant, six months in the building. Serves 'em right! Next time, let Beelzebub take more pains with his reckoning! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Room in a cottage.

Enter CATHERINE, *knitting.*

Cath.—These stockings must be finished and taken home to-night, or the Bailli will never forgive me, Yet, how tedious is work, when the heart is so sad!—Walter, Walter! why do you not come back to me; or write me of your welfare; or in some way, any way, furnish me with a pretext to resist the suit of this detestable Werner? Oh! the crushing power of poverty! How it humiliates us! How it takes from us almost the power and the perception of right! My Bible tells me that the love of money is the root of all evil; alas! to my poor mind, the *want* of money is the source of far greater calamities. Walter, Walter! I shall go mad if you do not come back to me!

Enter WERNER.

Wern.—Walter, Walter, it's always Walter, Katy, and never a word for poor Werner.

Cath.—I have always a word for you, Master Werner, and a frank one: your visits are any thing but welcome.

Wern.—Yes, that's the old story, and it's too frank by half. Here is Valentine's day close at hand; and half-a-dozen of your companions are to be married, and you refuse to make me the happiest man in the canton, and to be, yourself, the finest lady of the Grisons, all because you hope some of these days to hear from Walter, who hasn't a farthing to bless himself, and is, most likely, at the bottom of the sea.

Cath.—The bottom of the sea! Alas! if Walter *is* at the bottom of the sea, I will mourn him as never widow mourned before.

Wern.—Widow? Good gracious! you are not married to Walter?

Cath.—I am, in my heart. I am pledged to him—sworn to him—and I would sooner lay my head on his bosom in the depths of the ocean, than give one word of encouragement to his hated rival.

Wern.—Well, that's complimentary of a winter's morning, any how.

Cath.—Hear me, Werner. You presume on my poverty and loneliness to oppress me with your suit. My father is dead, my mother is ill, and we are reduced to precarious labor for our daily bread. You offer us the comforts of a home, and the long catalogue of all wealth can purchase; but on an unworthy and impossible condition. It is just the case of the old song, over again, with this difference: Robin was kind to the living and respectful to the dead; you abuse both.

Digitized by Google

Wern.—You can not expect me to speak well of the man who has stolen your heart from me.

Cath.—*Stolen* my heart! It was given to Walter freely, joyously. And, stolen *from you!* You never had even my respect; for you began your acquaintance and your courtship by letting me know that your money would *buy* the heart of any woman in the land.

Wern.—You had better not take on quite so grand, Katy. You may provoke me, at last, and you know that, poor as you are, I hold a mortgage on your miserable cottage and all that appertains to it, and you know the conditions, Katy:

(*Produces a paper.*)

(*Reads.*) *That if Catherine Walden shall, before the set of sun, on St. Valentine's day, in the year of grace,* 1666, *bestow her hand in marriage on the said Werner—the said hand to be demanded and claimed by the said Werner, in person, on said day, in the presence of the Bailli of Goschenen—then the aforesaid obligation to be void and of no effect.* (*Thunder.*) What's that! thunder in the winter, and in broad sunshine?

(*Looks out of the window.*)

Good heavens! there goes a peak of ice as large as a church, crashing down into the valley! there! it strikes right upon the new bridge and shivers it all to atoms!

Cath.—Ha! (*Shrieks.*) What's that?

Wern.—What! What!

Cath.—That man—is it a man?—in the road there!

Wern.—Why—why—his boots are broad and round, as if they covered *hoofs* instead of feet! A long spur projects from his right heel! Is that a man or a demon? (*He drops the paper.*)

Cath.—Thank heaven, he has turned off toward the town! If that *is* a spirit of evil, you, Werner, had better be on your guard.

Wern.—Pooh! do you think I am afraid of that fellow?

Cath.—There, he stops again! He moves this way! Go, Werner he is waiting for you!

Wern.—Eh! Why, so he is! O Lord!—I mean I don't care for him—I—(*thunder*) Deuce take the fellow; does he carry thunderbolts in his pocket? Where's the gun, Katy? (*He seizes a gun from the wall.*)

Thunder. Enter SATAN *through the window.*

Back! back! back! (*Werner fires the gun.*)

Satan.—(*Catching the charge in his hand.*) Five buck-shot, and each one as big as a gooseberry! Next time, try a silver bullet, my boy.

Wern.—O Lord! O Lord! it's the devil!

Exit WERNER *in great terror.* CATHERINE *swoons and falls on a chair.*

Satan.—Exeunt omnes! It is all one. I just dropped in for this bit of paper. (*Picks up Werner's bond.*)

Digitized by Google

Pretty flower of the glaciers, I have no power over thee; and here comes one that will be welcome!—Pah! I am getting sentimental among the mountains. Let me see. My next man is the Bailli. (*Exit.*)

Enter WALTER.

Walter.—Joy! joy! once again—Katy! Katy! Dear, sweet Katy, what's the matter?

Cath.—(*recovering.*) Walter, dear Walter! Is it possible? Is this really you, my own dear Walter? Oh! this is too much of happiness! and I had such a fright—and— (*She weeps on his shoulder.*

Walter.—Well, well; cheer up now, my own pretty darling. How's mother; and how are you; and how is Werner and all the neighbors?

Cath.—Mother is ill; but she will be well, now; all will be well. O Walter! we thought you were drowned in the ocean.

Walter.—Faith, I was half-drowned. Seven days in an open boat; all my shipmates washed overboard, and I had, at last, nothing to live upon but the gold I had picked up in my travels. See! I know what you would say: are there five marks? Not quite, Katy; and to-morrow is Saint Valentine's day. I know that, too; and I well remember the mortgage and the condition. But we'll balk Master Werner yet. I am going to see the Bailli, and never trust me, if some good doesn't come of it. So, be of good courage, my own dear Katy, and all will go well. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The Bailli's house. Grate and fire-place, with a good coal fire.

The Bailli is discovered sitting at a table covered with papers, writing-implements, etc. Certain mechanics standing around.

Bailli.—The bridge is really completed, then?

1*st Mech.*—All complete, please your Excellency. I drove the last nail myself, not two hours ago.

Bailli.—Then, I suppose, I have nothing to do but to pay for it?

1*st Mech.*—If your Excellency pleases.

Bailli.—I don't know about this, Willer. It is not my way of doing business. I am not in the habit of paying out such sums of money until I have first examined the work.

1*st Mech.*—Your worship may take our words for it. Such a bridge was never before built in Switzerland. I believe it would stand a dozen avalanches, all at once. And, for me, I lose money enough by the contract.

Bailli.—No doubt, no doubt! You are always losing money by your contracts, and always growing rich in spite of them. I never knew a contractor who didn't lose money by his contracts! You are willing, I suppose, to guarantee your bridge against an avalanche?

Mechanics.—Yes, yes, yes!

1*st Mech.*—Yes, against a score of avalanches. (*Thunder.*)

Digitized by Google

Bailli.—What's that! I shouldn't wonder if *that* was an avalanche. It couldn't be thunder; for it's clear, broad sunshine, and winter into the bargain. Well, here is the money, carefully told out in three bags; three hundred marks of gold. Sign this acknowledgment and we shall be quits.

(*They all then sign the paper.*)

It's a huge sum of money, Willer.

1*st Mech.*—But such a bridge, your honor!

Bailli.—I can't say; I can't say; I've never seen it yet. An avalanche may knock it into a cocked-hat, for all your boasting. There, you may go. I have a multitude of other things on my hands. Good day, my men; good day. I am sorry you lose so much money by your contract!

(*Exeunt mechanics.*)

I must have a clerk. If crimes go on at this rate in the valley of Goschenen, and each offender is to be indulged with a separate mittimus, I must have a clerk to draw up the papers. The year of grace 1666 is yet but six weeks old, and here we have already one man arrested on suspicion of debt; another for being jealous of his wife; and a third, for running away with a horse—or, a horse for running away with him—Egad, I'm not certain which. I must look to this, or the rogue may escape.

Enter Arnold.

Arn.—If you please, sir, Walter Furst is below.

Bailli.—Walter Furst! Why, he's drowned!

Arn.—His friends all thought so, sir; but he has come safe to land for all that.

Bailli.—Some mistake, Arnold; some mistake, depend upon it. I am sure the boy is drowned, for I read it in the newspaper. However, show him up, Arnold. (*Exit Arnold.*)

Walter was an honest lad as any in the valley, and his father was a brave soldier in the last war; but it's no use talking; if he's drowned he's drowned. —Yes, yes, this mittimus is wrong. I expected it. Let me see.

Enter Walter.

The man could not have run away with the horse, unless—Good day, Walter—no, the horse must have run away with himself, while the man—something wrong here. I must look to it.—Why, Walter, is this you? I thought you were drowned.

Walter.—It is not strange, sir, that every one thought so; but I am yet above water. I hope your Excellency is quite well.

Bailli.—Nothing to complain of, Walter, but business. Crimes are on the increase; very bad people hereabout, Walter.

Walter.—If your honor is engaged, I will call another day.

Bailli.—It's all one as to that, Walter. I am always engaged; always busy; what can I do for you?

Walter.—If you please, sir, I—that is—to-morrow, sir, is Valentine's day.

Digitized by Google

Bailli.—Well, what of that, Walter? I am a bachelor, turned of fifty, and have naught to do with vanities of that sort.

Walter.—Master Werner, sir, of the Grisons—

Bailli.—Yes, a rich man, positively; a young man, comparatively; and a marrying man, superlatively. He is your man for Valentines. Well?

Walter.—You must know, sir—

Bailli.—Precisely; that's just what I want.

Walter.—That Catherine Walden has promised to marry Werner, if—if—she does not marry me.

Bailli.—Well, as she can't marry you both, that is a very prudent resolution on her part.

Walter.—But, sir, she does not like Werner.

Bailli.—No! Then let her keep her promise to you. Why not?

Walter.—That's just what she wishes to do, sir; but the difficulty is, that—I have not got the full sum of money that the law requires. I have not quite so much as the five marks.

Bailli.—Oh! that alters the case; but perhaps we can do something for you, Walter.

Enter Arnold.

Arn.—Burghers of Goschenen, sir, in great haste.

Bailli.—Show them up; show them up. (*Exit Arnold.*) What's to pay now, I wonder? Walter, you must call on me to-morrow; to-morrow, Walter; to-morrow morning; we will see what can be done.

(*Exit Walter.*)

Enter several burghers.

Good day, gentlemen; good day. What's the news?

1*st Burg.*—Sad news, Bailli; this is an evil day for Goschenen!

Bailli.—What is the matter? You frighten me!

1*st Burg.*—And well we may frighten you! Such an avalanche!

Bailli.—Avalanche! Where? When?

1*st Burg.*—That beautiful bridge!

Bailli.—Eh? what? has any thing happened to the bridge? It isn't a quarter of an hour since I paid three hundred golden marks for it!

1*st Burg.*—And it isn't half an hour since an ice-peak as big as the cathedral rolled down from the top of Saint Simon, and dashed the bridge into ten thousand pieces.

Bailli.—Bless my soul, is it possible! then it's no use to have a bridge at all, unless the devil himself should come and build us one of stone!

(*Loud thunder.*)

There! there's that thunder again! Thunder in clear sunshine! It's very odd!

Enter Arnold.

Arn.—A man, sir—at least, sir, a person—is below—O Lord! O Lord!

Bailli.—Who—who is he?

Digitized by Google

Arn.—I beg your pardon, sir! He's a very strange-looking person, and he gave his name, Lord Satan!

Bailli.—I had a misgiving of this! Gentlemen, withdraw. Arrange the room, Arnold, and poke the fire, and—and show up Lord Satan!

(*Exeunt all but the Bailli.*)

I'm all of a sweat—or, a chill—or, something of that sort. No doubt I spoke rather too hastily about that unfortunate bridge; but who could have expected to be taken up so quick! He's coming! What a remarkable step! No matter; who's afraid? I am an honest man, and no honest man need fear to face the devil. Let him come on; I'm ready!

Enter SATAN.

Your humble servant, sir!

Satan.—Sir, you are too good—if you are in earnest! The Bailli of Goschenen, I believe?

Bailli.—The same, sir. I have the honor to address, I presume—

Satan.—Lord Satan, sir, *your* humble servant. For my own part, I always retain my title; but my friends in Europe, Asia, Africa, and especially America usually drop the *Lord*, and address me more familiarly by the plain patronymic. It comes to the same thing, however; for as there is but *one of us*, I am never mistaken for another. As my old friend Richard the Third says: *I am myself alone.*

Bailli.—Will you do me the honor to be seated?

Satan.—Thank you.

Bailli.—Perhaps you would prefer a seat near the fire. It is extremely cold to-day.

Satan.—You are very considerate. It *is* shockingly cold. In all my travels I have never before encountered such a temperature; and, to tell you the plain truth, I am accustomed to such warm weather at home, that—ha! ha! ha! thank you.

(*After sundry bows and formalities, they seat themselves at the fire. The Bailli puts his feet toward the grate, and Satan puts his on the coals.*)

Bailli.—My dear sir, you will burn your boots.

Satan.—Much obliged to you for the suggestion, my good friend; but there's no sort of danger. There are plenty of salamanders in my dominions, and I give them free range on condition that they furnish me with their own skins for shoe-leather.

Bailli.—Does the fire really have no effect on them?

Satan.—No more than on a steel poker.

Bailli.—That is very remarkable—I beg your pardon—is not the fashion of your boots rather odd?

Satan.—Matter of taste, mere matter of taste, my friend. Some people prefer sharp toes, some square toes, and some round toes. In my country, now, all the natives prefer rounds; while the naturalized citizens wear, indiscriminately, the squares and the sharps.

Digitized by Google

Bailli.—Are your laws of naturalization very strict?

Satan.—Not at all; quite the reverse. We make no distinction of color; require no previous residence; charge no fees, and keep open Sundays. We're a devilish democratic set of fellows, I can tell you, One man is as good as another in my dominions. No upper ten there!—Yaw, yaw—this fire is vastly comfortable. (*Takes out his bowie-jacknife and cleans his nails.*)

So, my good friend, you have occasion for my services, eh?

Bailli.—I must confess that they would be invaluable to us just now.

Satan.—You refer to that cursed bridge, I suppose. I sympathize with you for the loss of that bridge; it is very necessary to your people, is it not?

Bailli.—Indispensable. In fact, we can not yet on without it.

Satan.—Very unfortunate, isn't it?

Bailli.—Very.

Satan.—How long had the new bridge been built?

Bailli.—It was finished only this morning, and I have just now paid the rascally mechanics for their work.

Satan.—Great cheats, those mechanics!

Bailli.—They are indeed, and I believe that the dev— I beg your pardon—the old boy, that is, I mean, they will get their deserts some fine day.

Satan.—Never fear about that. I have my eye on them. But the matter in hand is, that you want a new bridge?

Bailli.—We do, truly, and, to make a long story short, just be a good devil and build us one.

Satan.—To be candid with you, that's just what I came to propose.

Bailli.—Indeed! then we are in luck to-day, after all. Under these circumstances, I suppose the main thing will be to agree upon the—the—

Satan.—The *price*, you would say?

Bailli.—Ye—yes.

Satan.—Oh! as to that, I shall not be very particular with you.

Bailli.—I am very glad to hear you say so. The bridge that is just destroyed cost us three hundred marks of gold; but if you will build us one of stone, and warrant it, you shall have double that sum; six hundred marks. You will agree that that is liberal on my part.

Satan.—Psha! What do you suppose I want of your gold? I've no use for it; besides I can make as much as I please. Look, this is now a live coal from the fire; I blow it thus—what is it now?

Bailli.—Why, really—

Satan.—Take it. Don't be afraid. Take it.

Good gracious! why, it is—yes—an ingot of pure gold, and as cool as if it just came from the mine!

(*The Bailli makes an unwilling motion to return the gold.*)

Satan.—By no means, my dear sir! Keep it as a token of my personal regard. I make you a present of it.

Digitized by Google

Bailli.—(*Complacently pocketing the gold.*) If you positively insist—

Satan.—To be sure I do.

Bailli.—Ah! I understand! You choose to be paid in some other coin. I shall be happy to meet your views; but, as I am ignorant of your private fancy in these matters, I must beg you to—to—name your own terms.

Satan.—Well, that *is* liberal; though, indeed, no more than I expected from so courteous a gentleman. Let me see. I will build you a bridge of stone; have it completed by sunrise to-morrow morning, and warrant it to stand five hundred years, on condition that I shall have the soul of the first one that, by chance or design, may cross the said bridge.

Bailli.—Agreed! I will draw up the contract.

(*The Bailli turns to the table and writes.*)

Satan.—He is very prompt at taking my offer. I wonder if the rascal thinks he is going to cheat me! I see no loop-hole for that. The bargain is too simple and direct for any *catch* on his part, the old fool!

Bailli.—Here is the document, in duplicate; shall I read it?

Satan.—Of course. I never put my name to a paper till I know what is in it.

Bailli.—(*reads.*) *I hereby agree to build for the Bailli and people of Goschenen, and have the same completed by sun-rise to-morrow, a bridge of stone over the Reuss, on the site of the new bridge just destroyed by an avalanche; which bridge I warrant to stand good for five hundred years; conditioned that I am to have, in lieu of other compensation, the soul of the first one*—

Satan.—One?

Bailli.—One; you didn't bargain for *two*, did you?

Satan.—No; but that word might mean—

Bailli.—(*reads.*) *the soul of the first one that, by chance or design, may cross the bridge after it is finished. Agreed to on my part, Francesco Hofer Bailli of Goschenen.*

I have signed both contracts. Put your name there, if you please.

Satan.—One moment; I must first compare them. Business, you know, is business, and admits of no ceremony—hum—hum—hum—These seem to be all right. I don't quite fancy that word *one;* however, here goes.

(*As he is about to write a loud peal of thunder is heard. He starts up from the table.*)

Bailli.—Very odd! there's thunder again; and yet the sun is shining as brightly as a ball of gold.

Satan.—(*uneasily.*) That's not *my* thunder. What have you been doing to this paper? I see, I see! you have made a—a—you know what I mean—after your name.

Bailli.—A cross; yes, of course. What's the name good for without it?

Satan.—It's so good, that, if you do not presently erase *that*, our bargain is at an end, that's all.

Bailli.—Oh! very well; if you will be content with my name alone?

Digitized by Google

Satan.—Perfectly; for, after all, what is a man's bond but his word?

Bailli.—There, the cross is entirely erased. I consider myself equally bound in either case.

Satan.—(*writes.*) And I will deal with you upon honor. You shall have such a bridge as was never before seen on the face of the earth.

Bailli.—My dear sir, you shall have such a soul—but I will not boast!

Satan.—Never mind; I am satisfied with my bargain. Farewell, my excellent friend. If you ever chance to visit my dominions—

Bailli.—Really, you are too good!

Satan,—I should be more than happy to—

Bailli.—Your majesty is the most condescending—

Satan.—Don't mention it, my dear friend; nothing could give me greater pleasure—

Bailli.—I really want words—

Satan.—You shall have the warmest welcome—

Bailli.—I can not tell you how much—

Satnn.—And the hottest apartments—

Bailli.—Upon my word—

Satan.—I have the honor to renew the assurance of my distinguished consideration!

(*Exeunt, ceremoniously bowing each other out.*)

(*Conclusion next month.*)

Digitized by Google

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

The dismissal of Mr. Crampton, and his Consular assistants in the benevolent enterprise of embroiling England and the United States in war; and the recognition, by our own, of the Walker-Rivas Government in Central America, has at last brought the long-vexed enlistment and Isthmus questions to a plain and unmistakable issue. For this solution of continuity, a continuity, which at one time threatened to "stretch to the crack of doom," we should be duly thankful. No matter what the upshot, we have reason to congratulate ourselves. We have been in doubt long enough. It is time something was resolved. If we are to fight let us fight and have done with it. The longer we bluster on both sides the Atlantic the more involved we shall be. Ill words break no bones—Sancho Panza would say. But honest Governor of Barataria, and Prince of Squires, ill words are foul breath, and foul breath stinks; and, in this top-loftical summer weather, with the thermometer making a quicksilver Heugler of itself, and turning somersaults on the nineties, bad smells are exasperating. Let us cut the sentimental and highfalutin, and come to cues. Fight or settle—at once. We are willing to pay the piper, and dance to either tune—only let us finish something. The tone of the English press has begun to be decidedly more amicable and sensible. The London *Telegraph*, after a very plain statement of what the English Army did not do in the Crimea, and how the "Circumlocution Office" at home helped them "*not* to do it," says:

"A war with the United States would be a very different kind of affair. In that republic we have a powerful foe—the American flag floats on every sea. Her sailors are sailors. Her ships equal our own in tonnage. There is no cooping up her ships in a Sebastopol harbor, for the American harbors are numberless, and her steamers and ships are the finest specimens of naval architecture afloat. It was all very well our 'talking big,' and bragging in the Bunkum style when war with the United States was only an idle rumor. We could then afford to reciprocate a joke with our cousins, who talked of 'beating all creation,' and rattle on about bombarding the Atlantic cities. That is all, however, very 'big talk,' and is much easier said than done. In the war of 1814 we never succeeded in firing a broadside into an Atlantic city, and our nearest approach to such an achievement was at New-Orleans, the remembrance of which should crush our high-flown ideas of battering down American towns. It must, further, not be forgotten that there is not one harbor on the Atlantic coast which could not easily be closed to all approach from the sea, and that as effectually as Sebastopol harbor was rendered inaccessible to our fleet. And as to any hope from the diversion in our favor of the slaves in the Southern States, we must not forget that in 1814 the slaves remained true to their masters, and we are not aware that the 'darkie' element is one whit more enlightened now than it was then. A war with the United States would in fact be a guerilla war upon the ocean. Her ships would prey upon our commerce, and countless privateers would swarm the ocean path. In fact, during

Digitized by Google

that war, all our commerce would be at an end. Our mills in the north would stop for the raw material; the cotton of Louisiana would be wanting to feed them. Hundreds of thousands would be thrown out of work. Then, as for our colonies, the first act of war would be tantamount to a 'declaration of independence' for Canada, the West-Indies, Australia, and the Cape. The Muscovite would again sniff the tainted atmosphere of blood. Persia with the Russ would then indeed have a fair chance of an invasion of India, and could we then hope that our gallant ally will remain faithful to England in the immensity of her fresh warlike entanglements? The idea is absurd. No one expects it. A war waged upon the great Powers of the earth must necessarily place France in antagonism to England. Then let us see how we would stand—England *versus* the world. The struggle would be a fearful one, and we tremble to contemplate the contingencies of a termination to it. To expect that our own shores would never experience the horrors of war would be to hope for too much. Half a million French soldiers would, doubtless, not remain inactive, viewing the smiling fields of England only from the Napoleon Column at Boulogne.

"We must have no war with the United States. That war is, however, now imminent, unless we recall at once those official personages whose presence is distasteful to the American government. There is nothing humiliating in our doing this. Allow no Crimean brigade to land in Canada. The ten thousand soldiers would be but as a drop in the bucket to stem the progress of a million American riflemen. The presence of this brigade is irritating, and the Cabinet of Washington hint that its landing will be considered as a *casus belli*. We will not now canvass the right of the United States to interfere in this matter. The fact is all that we can discuss, and the question resolves itself under one head—Is England prepared to go to war with the United States for Mr. Crampton and his three Consuls? Is she prepared to risk the contingencies we have pointed out, and to seek anew the 'bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth?'"

True as Gospel—every word of it. But what a blessing that an honest sensible Englishman had the moral pluck to write in an English newspaper any thing so full of good sense and genuine manly feeling! Had we written it, what end would there ever have been of sneers and laughter at our egotism, our impudence, our ridiculous self-sufficiency and Yankee bluster? We should never have heard the last of it. But there is no need to "recall official personages whose presence is distasteful to the American Government." The American Government has saved the Cabinet of Great Britain the trouble of explanation or disavowal of the acts of its agents, by giving them their passports. Now let common-sense, and common honesty, such as obtain between man and man in the ordinary business of life, take the place of political slang and diplomatic double-dealing, and the people of England will find the people of America always ready to play a brother's wager frankly and fairly with them. *Verb. Sap.*

DOMESTIC.

The Presidential contest has opened. The Democracy are in line of battle; every State and regiment, true to its oath of allegiance to the Union and the Constitution, takes its place, with singleness of purpose, in the line, and looks to the old banner of State-Rights and Self Government, with heart-felt conviction and affection. Veterans and conquerors on a hundred fields, they follow to victory again a leader whom they love, and serve a prin-

Digitized by Google

ciple which, next to their belief in God, is sacred in their eyes. Their right, resting on the slopes of the Alleghany, their left, upon the lakes of New-York, they present to the enemy an unbroken front, swept by such a park of constitutional artillery as even the Democratic party scarcely ever before brought into position. Behind them the whole South and South-west mass themselves in reserve. In front, the conservative legions of the North and East, deployed as skirmishers, are eager to bring on the battle, and test once more the great question of "man's ability for self-government." Below, scattered here and there, over a marshy and broken plain, beset with quagmires, and offering scarcely anywhere a mile of firm ground, may be seen, by the aid of the glass, a confused crowd of raw recruits and undisciplined levies, united by nothing but a common hatred of Democratic truth, and the fundamental principle of Republican Government, as formalized in the territorial legislation of Congress. Away off there at Philadelphia, dogged by the shade of the unhappy Prüce, whom living, he *would n't pay* for making the discoveries, the credit of which the gallant Colonel is now saddled and horsed on, for the campaign, you see John C. Fremont whipping and spurring among a confused rout of Abolitionists and renegade Know-Nothings. Clustered around New-York City you see next a pie-bald-crowd, waiting for George Law's wagon to take a ride to the field. Happy inspiration! A general, worthy of such an army, may at least be recognized in their chief, since his dispositions for the fight are evidently confined to providing a system of ambulances to carry off the dead and wounded, in November. We insist upon having justice done to Mr. Law. His wise provisions in that respect, entitle him to be ranked as a philanthropist. We would suggest, however, that a single omnibus for the candidates—Republican, Know-Nothing, Abolition, Bolters, Sub-Bolters, etc., will be quite enough. The rank and file will get no serious wounds. Like the little boys, who went a-skating all on a summer's day, the minute

The ice shows thin,
And they all fall in,
The *rest will run away!*

In fact, the whole affair of these four-and-twenty black-bird parties, all in a row, is so entirely farcical, that we have scarce patience to spend time and ink in writing down the names of the misguided gentlemen, who are permitting themselves to be "fooled" by them "to the top of their bent." For one of them, indeed, we feel seriously pained. We respect Millard Fillmore as a man, and knowing with how much consistency he has maintained the constitutional rights of the whole country, during an extended public career, we are pained to find him belying his record, and soiling his escutcheon, by allying himself with Know-Nothingism. We can put it down to nothing but a temporary aberration of mind, and sincerely hope that he will have recovered his usual solid, good sense, and real Americanism of feeling, before cool weather.

Digitized by Google

In conclusion, we put upon record the dignified, manly, and conservative letter of acceptance of James Buchanan. The man whom it fails to satisfy that our nominee is safe and sound upon every question of foreign and domestic politics, we think must be far gone in lunacy. With such a record as his; with such a blameless life-history; with such a proclamation of fidelity to all the interests of the country, issued to the great Democratic army, can any man fail to see that, when the word to "charge" is given in November, they will advance by columns of States, and sweep the field like a tropical tornado?

Let the letter be read at the head of every company, and nine cheers for BUCK and BRECK!

WHEATLAND, near Lancaster, June 16, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 13th instant, informing me officially of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention, recently held at Cincinnati, as the Democratic candidate for the office of President of the United States. I shall not attempt to express the grateful feelings which I entertain towards my Democratic fellow-citizens for having deemed me worthy of this—the highest political honor on earth—an honor such as the people of no other country have the power to bestow. Deeply sensible of the vast and varied responsibility attached to the station, especially at the present crisis in our affairs, I have carefully refrained from seeking the nomination either by word or by deed. Now that it has been offered by the Democratic party, I accept it with diffidence in my own abilities, but with an humble trust that in the event of my election I may be enabled to discharge my duty in such a manner as to allay domestic strife, preserve peace and friendship with foreign nations, and promote the best interests of the republic.

In accepting the nomination, I need scarcely say that I accept in the same spirit the resolutions constituting the platform of principles erected by the Convention. To this platform I intend to confine myself throughout the canvass, believing that I have no right, as the candidate of the Democratic party, by answering interrogatories, to present new and different issues before the people.

It will not be expected that in this answer I should specially refer to the subject of each of the resolutions; and I shall therefore confine myself to the two topics now most prominently before the people.

And, in the first place, I cordially concur in the sentiments expressed by the Convention on the subject of civil and religious liberty. No party founded on religious or political intolerance towards one class of American citizens, whether born in our own or in a foreign land, can long continue to exist in this country. We are all equal before God and the Constitution; and the dark spirit of despotism and bigotry which would create odious distinctions among our fellow-citizens will be speedily rebuked by a free and enlightened public opinion.

The agitation on the question of domestic slavery has too long distracted and divided the people of this Union and alienated their affections from each other. This agitation has assumed many forms since its commencement, but it now seems to be directed chiefly to the Territories; and judging from its present character, I think we may safely anticipate that it is rapidly approaching a "finality." The recent legislation of Congress respecting domestic slavery, derived, as it has been from the original and pure fountain of legitimate political power, the will of the majority, promises ere long to allay the dangerous excitement. This legislation is founded upon principles as ancient as free government itself, and in accordance with them, has simply declared that the people of a Territory, like those of a State, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits.

The Nebraska-Kansas act does no more than give the force of law to this elementary principle of self-government, declaring it to be "the true intent and mean-

Digitized by Google

ing of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." This principle will surely not be controverted by any individual of any party professing devotion to popular government. Besides, how vain and illusory would any other principle prove in practice in regard to the Territories. This is apparent from the fact admitted by all, that after a Territory shall have entered the Union and become a State, no constitutional power would then exist which could prevent it from either abolishing or establishing slavery, as the case may be, according to its sovereign will and pleasure.

Most happy would it be for the country if this long agitation were at an end. During its whole progress it has produced no practical good to any human being, whilst it has been the source of great and dangerous evils. It has alienated and estranged one portion of the Union from the other, and has even seriously threatened its very existence. To my own personal knowledge, it has produced the impression among foreign nations that our great and glorious confederacy is in constant danger of dissolution. This does us serious injury, because acknowledged power and stability always command respect among nations, and are among the best securities against unjust aggression and in favor of the maintenance of honorable peace.

May we not hope that it is the mission of the Democratic party, now the only surviving conservative party of the country, ere long to overthrow all sectional parties, and restore the peace, friendship, and mutual confidence which prevailed in the good old time, among the different members of the confederacy? Its character is strictly national, and it therefore asserts no principle for the guidance of the federal government which is not adopted and sustained by its members in each and every State. For this reason it is everywhere the same determined foe of all geographical parties, so much and so justly dreaded by the Father of his Country. From its very nature it must continue to exist so long as there is a Constitution and a Union to preserve. A conviction of these truths has induced many of the purest, the ablest and most independent of our former opponents, who have differed from us in times gone by upon old and extinct party issues, to come into our ranks and devote themselves with us to the cause of the Constitution and the Union. Under these circumstances I most cheerfully pledge myself, should the nomination of the Convention be ratified by the people, that all the power and influence constitutionally possessed by the Executive shall be exerted in a firm but conciliatory spirit, during the single term I shall remain in office, to restore the same harmony among the sister States which prevailed before this apple of discord, in the form of slavery agitation, had been cast into their midst. Let the members of the family abstain from intermeddling with the exclusive domestic concerns of each other, and cordially unite, on the basis of perfect equality among themselves, in promoting the great national objects of common interest to all, and the good work will be instantly accomplished.

In regard to our foreign policy, to which you have referred in your communication, it is quite impossible for any human foreknowledge to prescribe positive rules in advance, to regulate the conduct of a future administration in all the exigencies which may arise in our various and ever-changing relations with foreign powers. The federal government must of necessity exercise a sound discretion in dealing with international questions as they may occur, but this under the strict responsibility which the Executive must always feel to the people of the United States and the judgment of posterity. You will, therefore, excuse me for not entering into particulars; whilst I heartily concur with you in the general sentiment, that our foreign affairs ought to be conducted with such wisdom and firmness as to assure the prosperity of the people at home, whilst the interests and honor of our country are wisely but inflexibly maintained abroad. Our foreign policy ought ever to be based upon the principle of doing justice to all nations, and requiring justice from them in return; and from this principle I shall never depart.

Should I be placed in the Executive chair, I shall use my best exertions to cultivate peace and friendship with all nations, believing this to be our highest policy

Digitized by Google

as well as our most imperative duty; but at the same time I shall never forget that in case the necessity should arise, which I do not now apprehend, our national rights and national honor must be preserved at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

Firmly convinced that a special Providence governs the affairs of nations, let us humbly implore his continued blessing upon our country, and that he may avert from us the punishment we justly deserve for being discontented and ungrateful whilst enjoying privileges above all nations, under such a Constitution and such a Union as has never been vouchsafed to any other people. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

MONTHLY LITERARY RECORD.

Doesticks: What He Says. New-York: Livermore & Rudd.

Q. PHILANDER is palpably before us. We have caught the rascal. We have impounded him in a book. We have shut him up in "boards." We have him fenced in a volume. Erratic and volatile as he is, he can not escape us. Let us take a good look at him, and consider his dimensions. Is he a Jonah's gourd, or a durable plant? We do not think that we hazard much in prophesying that he will not wither in a night. On the contrary, we frankly believe he will grow stronger, and ripen with the stealing hand of time, to bear lustier fruit than these sketches. He is of purely indigenous growth, and the native soil must nourish him. Almost all new writers are brought before the public by some one of those benevolent "mutual admiration" coteries, which constitute themselves the guardians of the public taste, and purveyors general to the public appetite. "Doesticks" escaped the curse of such an introduction. He wrote—probably without knowing that he could write—wrote, because it tickled his own fancy to do it, neither caring nor knowing whether it would tickle any body else's. What he wrote was fresh, novel, real. He struck a new vein of absolute humor. He hit upon a form of *bizarrerie* entirely original, and it took like an epidemic. It took, because the American people love real fun, and have a truer appreciation of genuine humor than any other in existence. Without a herald, without preparation or puffery, the whole land received, understood, and broke out into a genuine laugh over his first sketch. He was spontaneously elected by the popular suffrage of the whole Union, a President of fun. And so, Philander, you have been sworn in on a comic almanach, and this book is your Inaugural. Good! The next thing is to go on with your administration. The popular voice is with you, and, for a while, of course, the critics will shrug their shoulders, and say, *taco* is the Latin for candle. But do not be deceived. They will be at you by and by. We

Digitized by Google

like you truly. We like to laugh with you, and we like better to see that your writing proves anew the distinction between wit and humor—wit, a quality of the head—humor, of the heart. There is a rectitude of thinking about you, which lends an additional charm to your novel trick of words. But look to your English, Philander. You are a little careless with it, now and then, which is a shame for one to whom words come by nature. Your demon has baptized you in ink. You are gathered in that spell. You can never escape. You must write—write—till the cows come home. Now, sir, as you are full and running over with matter of fun, and have given us a new fashion of it, very fresh and laughter-moving, just cram me Charles Lamb, and leave no chance, at any time, for any ill-natured critic, to catch you even on a word. You owe it to yourself, you who have many thoughts to convey, to make their medium as perfect as close study will enable you. We don't want you to tie up yourself to any precise shape, nor to abandon your former fashions of speech. Much of the charm is in them. We simply wish you not to write in a hurry. Fire the same old gun, but swab her out thoroughly, and weigh the charge exactly, so that she may carry her farthest and best. You're a credit to the American school, sir. Go up, head. But mind you stay there, and don't fancy that you can do so without study.

The Quarterly Law Journal. Nos. 1 *and* 2. *A. B. Guidon, Editor. Published by J. W. Randolph, Richmond, Va.*

It seems rather curious that this Law Journal should be the only periodical publication of the kind in all the Southern States. We are informed in the introduction that this is so, and, as far as our own knowledge extends, we have no fact to oppose to the statement, and find ourselves somewhat puzzled to account for it. Both the Bar and Judiciary in some of the Southern States have been sufficiently famous for legal ability, and it would be strange, indeed, if the State which claims Madison and Marshall as her citizens, can not support a magazine devoted to the science which they so eminently adorned. It is more especially strange, when we consider that a great many topics of the law, as administered to our Southern brethren, never come under discussion with us; so that our law periodicals, numerous and able as they are, leave a gap for the Southern lawyer which must be filled for him at home, or not at all. The present publication seems well designed to supply that need, and, in addition, to contain a great variety of valuable matter, extracted with judgment from the English cases and others, promising to form, if continued, almost a complete law library in itself. We should like to see something more in it in the shape of original articles, discussing important legal topics, reviewing celebrated cases decided in their courts, etc.; and that in the future numbers of the Journal we shall be gratified with discussions of this nature from some of the able pens which we know make Southern briefs, we can not doubt.

Digitized by Google

The Island of Cuba. By Alexander Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish; with Notes, and a Preliminary Essay, by J. S. Thrasher. New-York. 1856.

THE residuary legatee of a great estate might very naturally be supposed to take the deepest interest in the condition, resources, and capabilities of that property he hoped, at no distant day, to call his own: but the disciples of "manifest destiny" have, hitherto, presented an exception to this normal rule. For although that portion of Baron Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," which relates to the Island of Cuba has been translated and published as a separate work, in both French and Spanish, we are indebted to Mr. Thrasher for its first introduction to the American public. It would be out of place for us to do more than remind the reader that Baron Humboldt is the author of the text, to which Mr. Thrasher has added such further particulars and statistics as his long residence on the island, and minute acquaintance with its social and political condition enabled him (better than any other man) to collect. We have a succinct view of the agriculture, mineral resources, climate, timber, water-power, and labor market of the island—each subject divided into its own particular chapters, thus forming a work of accurate and easy reference. With the political condition of Cuba, and all the more recent developments of a spirit of independence in the Creole population, Mr. Thrasher is, of course, intimately conversant. Himself the victim of Spanish tyranny, his sympathies are strongly enlisted in behalf of the suffering colonists; and we are convinced that a general perusal of this work (which is got up with great beauty, and accompanied by an excellent map) will tend to hasten the chariot-wheels of the destiny which promises to absorb the whole Northern continent, and the islands thereto adjacent, in one confederated bond of liberty.

The American Railway Map; showing the Dépôts and Stations. New-York: Ensign, Bridgman & Fanning.

THE summer tourist, and indeed all travellers generally, will do themselves a favor by procuring a copy of this map before embarking on the railroad channels of our country. A practical pocket-guide of this description needs only to be known to be considered indispensable. The very beautiful execution of the map, however, deserves our eulogy as a work of art.

The Year-Book of the Nations for 1856. *By Elihu Burritt. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

THE "learned blacksmith," it would seem, is equally at home in figures and in languages; and not less familiar with the commercial and financial statistics of humanity than with the tongues they speak. As a work of reference on all international concerns, it may be called the *multissimum in parvissimo.*

Theognis; a Lamp in the Cavern of Evil. By Catuis Junior. Boston: Wentworth & Company.

WE have not yet completed the perusal of this volume, and may as well confess it; for the little that we have read assures us, that it is a work entirely out of the common run, and by no means to be treated with the ordinary levity of criticism. That "Catuis, Junior," the author, has an extremely good opinion of himself, we do not need his "lamp" to discover: it is not buried in the "caverns"

Digitized by Google

of the body of the book, but sticks out, so to speak, like a burning and a shining light—on the threshold of the preface. But whether this good opinion be well founded, or the reverse, we are not at present in a position to pass judgment. Perhaps it may be considered some recommendation to say that we do really long to get at the bottom of what "Theognis" means: the style is so unique—the affectation of antiquity and Pilgrim's-Progressism so striking, that it is a positive refreshment to the mental eye to rest on them after having surveyed for months the dead level of hackneyed phrases which are now commonly in use.

Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases; so classified and arranged as to facilitate the expression of ideas, and assist in literary composition. By Peter Mark Roget. Revised and edited by Barnas Sears, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

WITHIN so small a compass we have seldom seen so much useful information compressed. The synonyms with which it supplies us greatly increase and facilitate our command of expression; and the idiomatic phrases which are classified in their intellectual, not alphabetical, connection, are the greatest helps that could be furnished to the young composer or conversationist. With the common dictionary the purpose is to explain the meaning or idea of a given word. With the "Thesaurus," the object is very usefully reversed, and we are furnished with a variety of words to suit the expression or conveyance of a given idea. In addition to the complete work of Roget, the American editor has supplied us with an alphabetical list of all the foreign words and expressions which we most frequently meet with in works of general literature; these quotations embrace the phrases most frequently made use of from the French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and German languages. No higher commendation of the care, good taste, and judgment with which this volume has been revised and enlarged by its present editor, can be given, than the mention of the fact that its author, in the later editions of his work, has adopted its American form, and incorporated (though without acknowledging) a great number of the additions and improvements made on this side of the Atlantic. To those who aspire to facility and elegance of diction, this volume will prove an invaluable help. We wish, with all our hearts, for the sake of our noble mother tongue, that this verbal treasury may be read and ransacked as widely as it is capable of diffusing information.

Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography; embracing a series of Original Memoirs of the most Distinguished Persons of all Times. American edition. Edited by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. New-York: D. Appleton & Company.

SOME short time since a "Cyclopædia of Biography" was published in London, edited, we believe, by Mr. Rich, and at once obtained the approbation of the critics as a work of immense research, great historical accuracy, and ready and compendious reference. The criticisms in the various departments appertaining to history, politics, law, the fine arts, ecclesiastical affairs, and military science, were distinguished for the thorough mastery and familiarity with which they were separately treated. The secret of this perfection—for it approached that quality in so far as it went—was extremely simple. The critical and biographical notices of the men belonging to each of the departments above referred to, were intrusted to the

Digitized by Google

care of the most eminent living authorities in their peculiar branches; Sir David Brewster, and Professor Nichol, for example, taking charge of the mathematical and physical sciences; Sir Archibald Alison, Professor Ferguson, and others, devoting themselves respectively to history, politics, and war. The English volume had but one serious drawback, and that has been remedied by the editor of the volume which now lies before us. Whether from ignorance or European superciliousness, the British compilers almost totally ignored the existence of any eminent Americans: they likewise allowed their political prejudices to interfere with their better judgment, and omitted the names of many European celebrities, whose lives or opinions happened to clash with their individual mode of thinking.

The extent of their shortcomings in this respect may be estimated from the fact that Dr. Hawks has been obliged to add some thousands to the names comprised in the English publication; and though the names of his collaborateurs and assistants are not appended to these added notices, they furnish us with intrinsic evidence that the excellent plan of the English publication has not been departed from, but that the various departments of American intellect have been separately intrusted to writers whose acquirements and experience peculiarly adapted them to form a competent opinion. This work brings us down to the year 1855, and is by far the completest universal biography that we have anywhere seen: it contains upwards of a thousand pages of small, clear type, and a large portion of the names are illustrated with choice portraits and engravings.

As a labor-saving-machine to the literary student its value is incalculable; it is in harmony with the age of telegraphs and railroads, and may be looked upon in some sort, as a royal road to knowledge. How often, in the course of our desultory reading, do we come across a name of which we desire to know something more than the volume in our hands reveals! How much more frequently in composition or conversation, do we find ourselves at a loss for a date, a locality, or some biographical item connected with a character which it would profit us to introduce! In such perplexities, this cyclopædia will prove a Jove's shoulder, (such as the lazy rustic prayed for,) to help our mental cart-wheel out of the rut in which it has stuck fast. It is a library in itself, and should not be missing from the shelves of any who aspire to a general acquaintance with *belles lettres*.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. Vol. III. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

DISAPPOINTMENTS *per se* are neither pleasant nor unpleasant. They are a kind of neutral quality, depending upon extrinsic circumstances for their good or evil report. The quince is in itself a most insipid fruit; if you preserve it in sugar, its flavor is agreeable; if you pickle it in salt, the reverse. When Moses, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," made such a bargain, as he thought, for the gross of silver-bound green spectacles, he must have known that a disappointment awaited him: a delightful one if the eye-assisters were of the value represented: a very bitter one if they turned out to be, as they did, the merest trash.

This little analysis of the word "disappointment," was suggested by the occurrence of that word in Mr. Irving's preface to the present volume of his noble "Life." When he commenced the compilation, it seems that his materials, for a full portrait of the Father of our Country, were limited — so to speak — though

Digitized by Google

larger and of more varied interest, than any other biographer had either the means or the industry to collect. He "informed his publishers," therefore, as he tells us, "that he should, probably, complete the biography in three volumes," upon the faith of which assurance or probability they "worded their advertisements," and so forth.

As soon, however, as it became generally known that such a competent biographer was engaged in the construction of a literary monument worthy of him, whose deeds, whose virtues, whose genius and self-sacrifice the world has not yet found marble white enough or gold that is pure enough to record—as soon as it became known that Mr. Irving had devoted the ripe summer of his years to the payment of a tribute which no other pen could pay so fitly as his own, a thousand treasured documents, long locked up in privacy, were tendered for his aid; his materials were increased by copies of private letters, important memoranda, authentic anecdotes and curious biographical or contemporary details which were preserved as precious heirlooms, in families whose proudest boast it is, that their progenitors shared the confidence of Washington.

His resources, thus expanded unexpectedly and beyond his hopes, he now apologizes, forsooth! for "laying his third volume before the public, with his task yet unaccomplished." His apology reminds us of the pleasant badinage with which a rich and generous old gentleman of our acquaintance sometimes surprises a mendicant by the unlooked-for greatness of his bounty.

In our April number we promised an extended review of the whole, when the third volume should appear: this promise was, of course, based on the supposition that the third would be the last, and is, therefore, nugatory from the non-fulfillment of the condition for the present. Renewing it for whatever volume *shall* be the last, we can only say of the one now under review that it is full of many thousand interesting facts which never before saw the light—that it gives us the completest picture ever drawn of the period which is mirrored in its pages, and that it is illustrated with maps, diagrams, plans, engravings, and battle-charts, which enable the most inexperienced mind to see and understand the various movements of the grand drama which resulted in the independence of our country. Full many a field, over which the farmer now drives his plough, between Oswego and Albany—or along the shores of the Hudson, or the Brandywine——without a thought of the great past which lies interred in the clods beneath his feet, will be regarded as a Marathon or Thermopylæ when reviewed in connection with the illustrations which adorn this volume.

Vagabond Life in Mexico. By Gabriel Ferry. New-York: Harpers.

We have not much faith in the *bona-fide* existence of Señor Gabriel Ferry, as an individual, but his book has delighted us. It is just what we had a right to expect it would be from its title—a series of adventures among the *mauvais sujets* of priest-ridden, revolutionary Mexico. We are introduced to bull-fighters, thieves, assassins, and similar "minions of the moon." We share the pleasures and perils of Señor Gabriel, now drinking aguardente in his worshipful company at some dirty way-side inn, and now barely escaping the knife of some ill-looking, unwashed bravo. Our perceptions of right and wrong are hardly as active as they should be while we skim through his jaunty pages. Thievery does not seem as

Digitized by Google

bad in Mexico as elsewhere, and as for assassination, murder, and other such trifling peccadiloes, why, they are merely the institutions of the country! Señor Gabriel is no moralist, for what would a moralist be doing among such vagabonds? But he is something better for all author-purposes—he is a lively, rollicking chronicler of Mexican manners and customs, some more honored in the breach, than the observance. His book recalls the lesser novels of Cervantes and Le Sage, with this exception, he neither indulges in, nor describes intrigues. You wonder if Guzman d'Alfarache and Lazarillo de Tormes did not emigrate to that New World, and open branch houses there each in his peculiar line: at any rate, some of their descendants must have done so, you think, and must be doing a thriving business. Not, perhaps, with gentlemen who have cut their worldly eye-teeth, like Señor Gabriel, but among *los gringos* generally. Read "Vagabond Life," and be thankful that you are not a vagabond.

Sketches and Adventures in Madeira and Portugal. By the Author of "Daniel Webster and his Cotemporaries." New-York: Harpers.

We didn't read "Daniel Webster and his Cotemporaries" when it came out, not having, in our private capacity, much liking for that sort of thing: but if it was as good as some portions of these "Sketches and Adventures," it was well worth the reading. Books of Spanish travel are by no means rare, as every body knows; but none with which we are acquainted are so good that another should not be added to the list. A really good book on any subject is never *de trop*. The one before us describes a "run" through the regions specified in the title: it commenced in October, 1852, and ended late in June, 1853, a period of about nine months, during which time Mr. March learned to talk as well as walk Spanish. His chief tutor in the first-named accomplishment was procured for him, of course at great expense, by a good-natured but rather worldly friar of the order of St. Francis. She was a feminine, and her name was Dolores, (the tutor, not the monk.) As the man in the play says, it seems to us that we have heard the name before. His acquaintance happened in this wise. He wanted to go to a great Bull Fight in Seville, at which Cuchares, the successor of the famous but now defunct Montez, was to assist, and not wishing to enjoy the fun alone, his obliging friend, the Franciscan, introduced him to Dolores and her mother. The former accompanied him to the bull-fight, which, by the by, is graphically told, and explained to him a good many *Cosas de España*. He was an apt scholar in his innocent way, but not so apt as the old lady wished; for when the priest sounded him on his intentions, which were honorable, we are happy to say, a hint was thrown out that he might make a settlement on Dolores, and enjoy her virgin affections while he remained in Seville. The hook was well baited, but the fish was no gudgeon. He didn't bite at it. That COSA was not in his line. (No joke intended here!)

But this and many other things—how Mr. March tasted a variety of wines in Madeira, their names, and how they were compounded; how he wore the *majo* costume, and attended a beggar's ball in Granada; the old cathedrals that he visited; the *muchachas* that he was gallant to, etc., etc.—are they not all written out at full length in his book? Go to that if you would know more.

Apropos of Spanish books. We had on our table for notice "The Attaché in Spain," published by the Appletons; but before we could read it some of our good

Digitized by Google

friends attached it for themselves. To judge of it by the title that we glanced at, we should say it was lively and piquant. Unlike Mr. March and Señor Gabriel, its anonymous author moved only in the first circles, among the hidalgos and nobles, the *Sangre azul* of Spain, a gentleman among gentlemen. Balls, fêtes, political intrigues, noted men and women, figure in his pages: "come like shadows, so depart." It is not a book to remember, but it is just the book to read once, amusing, graphic, and spiced with courtly wit.

Wau-Bun, or the "Early Day" in the North-West. By Mrs. John H. Kenzie. New-York: Derby & Jackson.

If we may credit Mrs. Kenzie's unpretending narrative, and it bears on its face the unmistakable evidence of genuineness, "the times that tried men's souls" were not confined to the Revolution. The Pioneers of the West, as late even as 1838, had a very hard road to travel. What with the primitive mode of conveyance in those days and regions, the hardships and diseases to which they were liable, and the unsettled state of our relations with the various Indian tribes, it was a marvel that so many lived, and were so hardy and enterprising. In its way Mrs. Kenzie's book is as good as a novel, and it is from just such books that half the novels in the world are written. We do not expect the novelist to travel over the ground, or to mingle in the events that he describes; but we have a right to expect faithfulness and truth in his descriptions, and these for the most part can be got only from authentic narratives and books of travel. Were we ever to write a Western novel, but we never shall, we should make beforehand a study of movement and character from such books as "Wau Bun." It possesses a great deal of interest for the general reader; the life that it paints is so different from all that we are accustomed to in our great Eastern cities and towns, while to those who live in or near the localities mentioned in it, it must be a source of agreeable information. Most of us like to know how things were before our time. If our fathers achieved any thing worthy or remarkable so much the better for them; it increases our curiosity concerning them ten-fold. For our own part we should very much like to know the history of the spot of ground on which our present domicile stands; and still more the history of the men, women, and children, who have occupied the little room in which we pen this notice. If the inhabitants of Chicago have the same feeling, they will doubtless purchase a fair number of copies of "Wau Bun." Mrs. Kenzie, who, by the by, draws very prettily, gives us a sketch of her husband's house, as it was years ago. It is a niceish country cottage with a long portico, and four Lombardy poplars standing in front of it like sentinels. It was the first house built in Chicago. This was in 1831. We won't run the risk of a bullet in the thorax, or what would be nearly as bad, an indignant letter from some public-spirited Chicagan, by guessing how many houses, hotels, churches, etc., there are there now. Statistics is not our present intention. In addition to the cottage just mentioned, there are sketches of "Four Leg Village," at the entrance to Winnebago Lake; "Winnebago Fort," "Big Foot's Village and Lake," and "The Grand Chûte, Fox River," as they were before they took the Sarsaparilla of civilization. (You remember, reader, the two famous cuts in Dr. Townsend's almanacs, one of a gentleman, badly afflicted with an indefinite number of running sores, labelled, "*As I was before I took the Sarsaparilla;*" another of the same gentleman, looking younger

Digitized by Google

and happier, and dressed in a suit of new clothes, which we presume were bought on the strength of Dr. Townsend's recommendation, with never a pimple on his face, labelled, in larger type, As I was after I took the Sarsaparilla!) Well, "Wau Bun" gives you the West before it became what it is; before the sores of its early rough-and-tumble life, and the daily danger of losing one's scalp had subsided into the new clothes and unpimpled beauty of its present civilization. The change is striking. The book, as we said, or meant to say, a few paragraphs back, is interesting. It is simply and pleasantly written, amusing in some portions, and tragic in others. The Indian massacre in Chicago is painfully exciting. We congratulate Mrs. Kenzie on what she has lived through.

Paul Ferroll. New-York: Redfield.

Paul Ferroll is a remarkable book, and had it been published ten or twenty years ago, before the present inundation of trashy novels commenced, it would have been, what every silly story now pretends to be, a sensation-book. There is stuff enough in it to make the reputation of any half-dozen modern authorlings. It is not a pleasant book: on the contrary, the impression it leaves on your mind is grim and melancholy. But it is full of power, sound, legitimate, healthy power.

Paul Ferroll is a man of fine talents and iron will. In youth he loved a noble girl, from whom he was separated by the machinations of a woman who afterwards became his wife. The book opens with his taking an early morning ride, from which, however, he is diverted by the intelligence of his wife's murder. She is found in her room stone dead. He is terribly shocked, but his iron will supports him through the horror of his situation. His gardener is arrested on suspicion, but finally cleared for want of evidence. Paul sends him to America, and leaves the neighborhood himself, but only to return to it again, a married man. His second wife is his first love. You suspect all along that he is the murderer, but you can not prove it from the book, it is so skillfully managed. You know that he walks the world with a terrible secret in his heart; but neither his wife, nor his child know it, he is so serene and impassible. He shuns society, and lives in the bosom of his family, in the light of his wife's eyes, in the warmth of her smiles. He is happy, or rather he would be, but for the price of blood.

The cholera breaks out in his neighborhood, and he shows himself the most active and practical philanthropist. Where the danger is greatest there Paul Ferroll is to be found. He is a stranger to fear. He seems to bear a charmed life. There is an outbreak or rising of the peasantry, which he quells by shooting the ringleader. He is tried for his life, and hardly escapes hanging. But he does escape, so inexorable is his destiny. In the course of time his old gardener dies, and his wife returns to England. At the time of the murder she had robbed her mistress of certain jewels, which she has not the wit to conceal. She is reärrested on the double charge of robbery and murder, and convicted of both. To save her life Paul Ferroll comes manfully forward, and proclaims himself the murderer. He is arrested, tried, condemned. It breaks his wife's heart. She dies, and he escapes to America. Such is the story of Paul Ferroll—a bare and meagre, but awful tragedy. It is admirably wrought out. Painful at any time, it is doubly so at present, it is so true a picture of certain morbid tendencies of the English mind. It is a dark comment on the Palmer case.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google